

# FORTY THOUSAND MILES

OVER

## LAND AND WATER

*THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR THROUGH THE  
BRITISH EMPIRE AND AMERICA*

BY

MRS. HOWARD VINCENT

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

London :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,  
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET

1885.

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# CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC	1

## CHAPTER II.

NEW YORK, HUDSON RIVER, AND NIAGARA FALLS	6
---	---

## CHAPTER III.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA	25
------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV.

THE AMERICAN LAKES, AND THE CENTRES OF LEARNING, FASHION, AND GOVERNMENT	40
--	----

## CHAPTER V.

TO THE FAR WEST	64
-----------------	----

## CHAPTER VI.

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY	98
---------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VII.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC	139
--------------------	-----

## CHAPTER VIII.

	PAGE
COACHING THROUGH THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND ; ITS HOT LAKES AND GEYSERS, . . .	150

## CHAPTER IX.

THE SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND ; ITS ALPS AND MOUNTAIN LAKES . . . . .	214
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

AUSTRALIA—TASMANIA, AND VICTORIA . . . . .	237
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

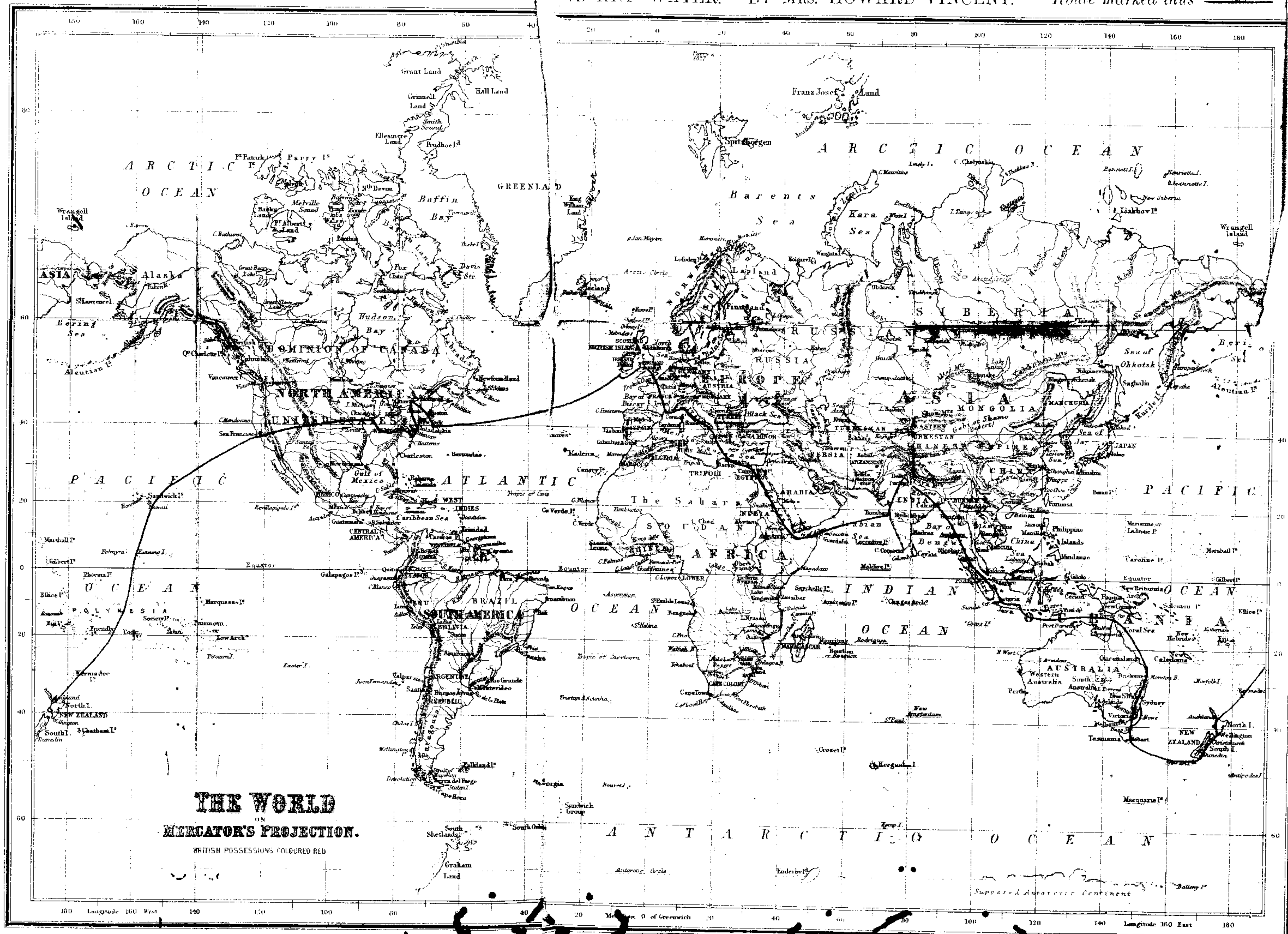
AUSTRALIA—NEW SOUTH WALES, AND QUEENSLAND .	266
---	-----



The White Terrace, Hot Lakes, New Zealand.



ROUTE MAP TO "FORTY THOUSAND MILES OVER LAND AND WATER." BY MRS. HOWARD VINCENT. *Route marked thus*



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LONDON :  
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

TO  
OUR FRIENDS,  
THE CHILDREN OF THE METROPOLITAN AND CITY POLICE  
ORPHANAGE,

**This Journal is Dedicated**

• BY

THEIR CONSTANT WELL-WISHERS.



## PREFACE.

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My husband, during his six years' tenure of the office of Director of Criminal Investigations, took the greatest interest in the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage.

In taking leave of his young friends he promised to keep for their benefit a record of our travels through the British Empire and America.

I have endeavoured to the best of my power to relieve him of this task.

It is but a simple Journal of what we saw and did.

But if the Police will accept it, as a further proof of our admiration and respect for them as a body, then I feel sure that others who may be kind enough to read it will be lenient towards the shortcomings of a first publication.

ETHEL GWENDOLINE VINCENT.

1, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON,

*May, 1885.*

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
The White Terrace, Hot Lakes, New Zealand . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
"That horrible fog-horn!" . . . . .	I
Elevated Railway, New York . . . . .	8
Parliament Buildings, Ottawa . . . . .	<i>to face</i> 33
The Capitol, Washington . . . . .	59
The Royal Gorge of the Arkansas . . . . .	<i>to face</i> 85
The Sentinel, Yosemite Valley . . . . .	„ 113
The Cathedral Spires, Yosemite Valley . . . . .	116
Big Tree, California . . . . .	122
Maori Chieftain . . . . .	162
Tutuāhahi Geyser, New Zealand . . . . .	188
Lake Wakitipu, New Zealand . . . . .	229
Government House, Melbourne . . . . .	<i>to face</i> 243
Sydney Harbour . . . . .	„ 266
Govett's Leap, Blue Mountains . . . . .	280
Zig-zag on Railway, Blue Mountains . . . . .	<i>to face</i> 282

# CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC	1

## CHAPTER II.

NEW YORK, HUDSON RIVER, AND NIAGARA FALLS	6
---	---

## CHAPTER III.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA	25
------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV.

THE AMERICAN LAKES, AND THE CENTRES OF LEARNING, FASHION, AND GOVERNMENT	40
--	----

## CHAPTER V.

TO THE FAR WEST	64
-----------------	----

## CHAPTER VI.

SAN FRANCISCO AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY	98
---------------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VII.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC	139
--------------------	-----

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	PAGE
COACHING THROUGH THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND ; ITS HOT LAKES AND GEYSERS, . . .	150

## CHAPTER IX.

THE SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND ; ITS ALPS AND MOUNTAIN LAKES . . . . .	214
--	-----

## CHAPTER X.

AUSTRALIA—TASMANIA, AND VICTORIA . . . . .	237
--	-----

## CHAPTER XI.

AUSTRALIA—NEW SOUTH WALES, AND QUEENSLAND .	266
---	-----



# FORTY THOUSAND MILES OVER LAND AND WATER.

## CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



AT.  $43^{\circ} 15' N.$ , Long.  $50^{\circ} 12' W.$

All is intensely quiet. The revolution even of the screw has ceased. We are wrapped in a fog so dense that we feel almost unable to breathe.

We shudder as we look at the white pall drawn closely around us. The decks and rigging are dripping, and everything on board is saturated with moisture. We feel strangely alone. When

hark! A discordant screech, a hideous howl belches forth into the still air, to be immediately smothered and lost in the fog. It is the warning cry of the fog-horn.

We are on board the White Star steamer *Germanic*, in

VOL. I.

mid-Atlantic, not far off the great ice-banks of Newfoundland.

It was on Wednesday, the 2nd of July, that we left London, and embarked from Liverpool on the 3rd.

I need not describe the previous bustle of preparation, the farewells to be gone through for a long absence of nine months, the little crowd of kind friends who came to see us off at Euston, nor our embarkation and our last view of England.

I remember how dull and gloomy that first evening on board closed in, and how a slight feeling of depression was not absent from us.

The next morning we were anchoring in Queenstown Harbour, and whilst waiting for the arrival of the mails in the afternoon we went by train to Cork.

The mails were on board the *Germanic* by four o'clock. We weighed anchor, and our voyage to America had commenced. The often advertised quick passages across the Atlantic are only reckoned to and from Queenstown. The sea-sick traveller hardly sees the point of this computation of time, for the coasts of "ould Ireland" are as stormy and of as much account as the remainder of the passage.

And now we have settled down into the usual idle life on board ship, a life where eating and drinking plays the most important part. There is a superfluity of concerts and literary entertainments, the proceeds in one instance being devoted to the aid of a poor electrical engineer who has had his arm fearfully torn in the machinery, and whose life was only saved by the presence of mind of a comrade in cutting the strap.

Fine weather again at last, for we are past the banks so prolific in storms and fog. The story goes that a certain captain much harassed by the questioning of a passenger, who asked him "if it was always rough here?" replied, "How should I know, sir? I don't live here."

We are nearing America, and may hope to land to-morrow.

The advent of the pilot is always an exciting event. There was a lottery for his number and much betting upon the foot with which he would first step on deck.

A boat came in sight early in the afternoon. There was general excitement. But the captain refused this pilot as he had previously nearly lost one of the company's ships. At this he stood up in his dinghy and fiercely denounced us as we swept onwards, little heeding.

Another pilot came on board soon afterwards, but the news and papers he brought us were very stale. These pilots have a very hard life; working in firms of two or three, they often go out 500 miles in their cutters, and lie about for days waiting to pick up vessels coming into port. The fee varies according to the draught of the ship, but often exceeds 30%.

At two o'clock a white line of surf is seen on the horizon. Land we know is behind, and great is the joy of all on board.

We watched and waited till behind the white line appears a dark one, which grew and grew, until Long Island and Fire Island lighthouse are plainly visible.

Three hours more and we see the beautiful Highlands of



plain with the lighthouse which marks the entrance—and we cross the bar of Sandy Hook. As we do so the sunset gun goes off, and tells us that we must pass yet another night on board, for it closes the day of the officer of health.

We pass the quarantine station, a white house on a lonely rock—then entering the Narrows, anchor in the dusk off lovely Staten Island.

The lights of Manhattan and New Brighton beach twinkle in the darkness. Steamers with flashing signals ply swiftly backwards and forwards. A line of electricity marks the beautiful span of Brooklyn Bridge, and over all a storm is gathering, making the surrounding hills resound with the cannon of its thunder and the sky bright with sheets of lightning.

And so we pass the night, within sight of the lights of New York, with pleasurable excitement looking forward to our first impressions on the morrow.

*Sunday, July 13th.*—By six o'clock all is life on board the *Germanic*, for a great steamer takes some time getting under weigh. Breakfast is a general scramble, interspersed with declarations to the revenue officials who are sitting in the saloon.

We pass the Old Fort on Governor's Island, now the military station, in our upward progress, see the round tower of Castle Garden, the emigrants' depôt, and by eight o'clock are safely moored alongside the company's pier.

On the wharf are presently to be seen passengers sitting forlorn on their trunks, awaiting the terrible inspection of the custom-house officer. The one detailed to us showed



signs of becoming offensive, being unwilling to believe the statement that a dress some six months' old was not being taken round the world for sale; but on making representations to his superior we were able to throw the things back into the boxes and "Express" them to the hotel.

## *Forty Thousand Miles*

### CHAPTER II.

#### NEW YORK, HUDSON RIVER, AND NIAGARA FALLS.

As we drove over the rough streets of New York in the early hours of Sunday morning, it appeared as a city of the dead. There was no sign of life as our horses toiled along Broadway and up Fifth Avenue to the Buckingham Hotel, where we had secured rooms.

This hotel, though comfortable, had the disadvantage of being too far up town for short sojourners, but it has the merit of being conducted on the European system—that is, the rooms and meals are charged for separately. The American plan is to make an inclusive charge of from four to five dollars a day, and it is often troublesome only being able to have meals in the dining-room between certain hours. Besides, it is pleasant to be able to visit the restaurants of New York, which are admirable, and equal, if not superior to those of Paris. Delmonico's, where we dined one evening, is particularly excellent.

We were glad when eleven o'clock came and we could go to St. Thomas' Church, close by. It is one of the most frequented of the many beautiful churches of all denominations in New York, and of very fine interior proportions. Upon the dark oak carving is reflected in

many hues the rich stained glass. The service was rendered according to the ritual of the English Church, which is followed by the Episcopal Church of America. They succeed in America in uniting a non-ceremonial service with a bright and hearty one. We listened to a very powerful sermon on St. Paul on the Hill of Mars, in which the eloquent preacher boldly declared that the political honesty of the Athenians 2000 years ago was superior to that of the United States of to-day.

On our way back we went into the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was just opposite to our windows at the "Buckingham," a very large marble building, but still unfinished.

We found four reporters waiting at the hotel to "interview" my husband. He had eluded them on the landing-stage, but they would take no denial here, and we were much harassed by others in the course of the day.

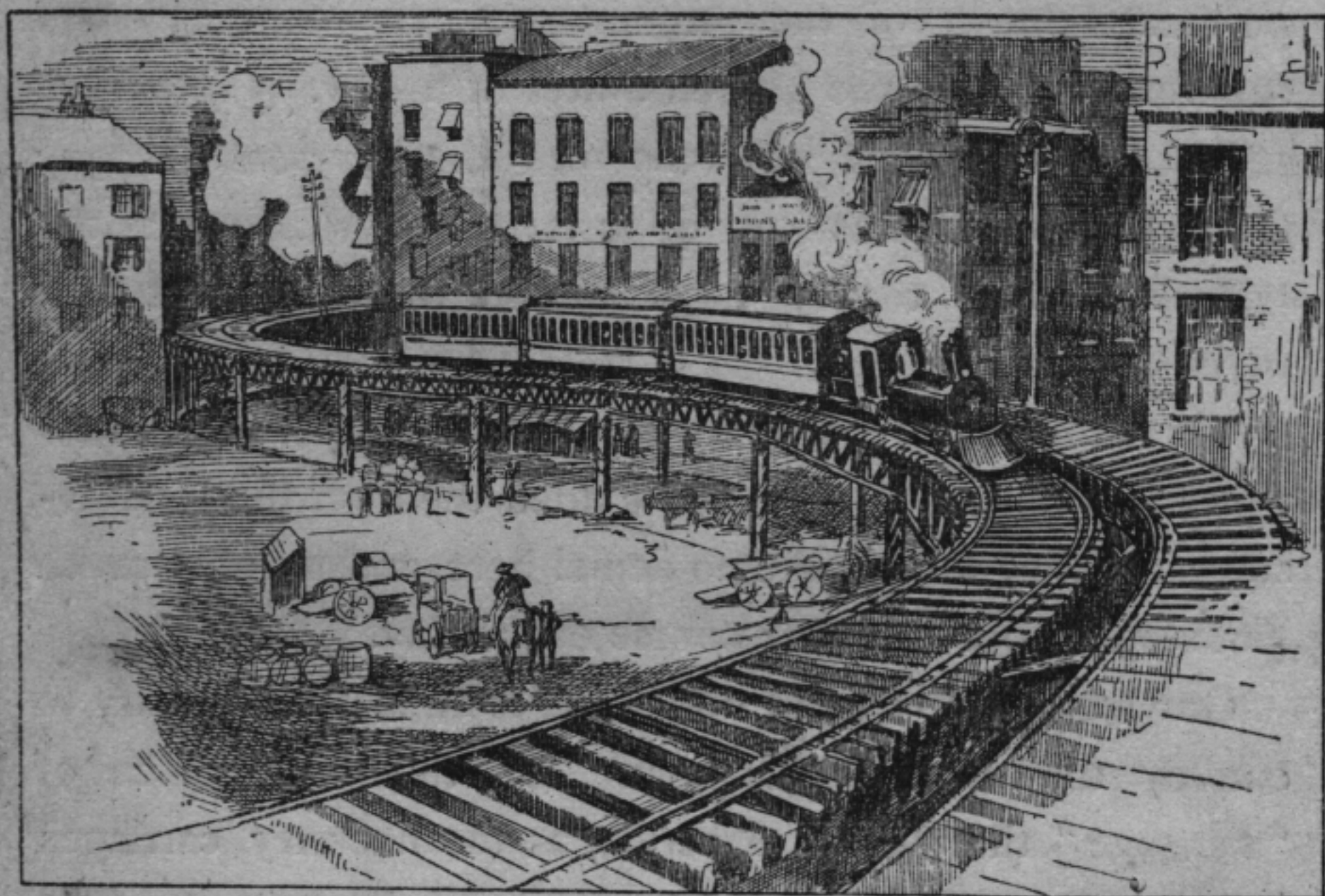
Our luggage arrived at noon. It is almost a necessity to employ the Express Company for the conveyance of "baggage" throughout America, as the hackney carriages and hotel omnibuses are not prepared to take it. The charges are very high, and it is often extremely inconvenient having to wait two, three, or even four hours for it, after arrival in a town.

The geography of New York is exceedingly simple, and is followed in nearly every American city. "Avenues" traverse the length of the town, which are called first, second, or third avenues, and the "streets" which intersect them.

it is the third street from the commencement of Fifth Avenue.

The houses are built in blocks, and for the most part in the upper portion of New York, of dark red sandstone.

There are ample means of cheap locomotion by two "elevated" railways, and innumerable tramways. Each of



Elevated Railway, New York.

the former runs the whole length of the city, a distance of ten miles. They were built by rival companies who afterwards amalgamated. A double line is laid upon iron piers in the centre of the street at the height of the third stories of the houses on each side. One wonders how the necessary powers to build such a line were obtained, but in "free" America, vested interests and damage to property



are not taken into account, when financiers have a scheme to carry out.

It is said that the value of the surrounding houses has been increased rather than otherwise by the proximity of the Elevated: more curiously, the tram lines running below it, and which were formerly insolvent, are now paying well.

The uniform fare is ten cents, except after four o'clock on Sundays, when it is reduced to five cents, the same as the fare of the "trams." The train consists of an engine and four light coaches, all of one class, and fitted with comfortable cane seats. They succeed each other every five minutes. A conductor is on the platform of every carriage, and opens the iron gate at the end as soon as the train stops. There is a marked absence of all confusion and haste, partly attributable to there being no collection of tickets, which are dropped into a box on the platform immediately after purchase.

Cabs are few in number, and very expensive. They charge four and a half dollars, or nearly 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ., from the quay to the hotels, without luggage, and one dollar a mile, or a dollar and a half per hour.

Independently of these exorbitant prices, driving is very unpleasant from the streets being paved with blocks of granite, and being kept in shocking repair.

It is alleged that the extremes of climate prevent the use of any other material, but there is probably more truth in the statement that the money voted by municipal councils

with good pavements, without ruts or holes. Above the thoroughfares is a maze of telegraph and telephone wires, and poles and standards abound in the streets. At nearly every house there is a telephone to put the inmates in connection with some place of business or some relative.

In the afternoon we went to Trinity Church, which may be called the cathedral of New York. The service was just ending, and the choir were filing out of the chancel under a blaze of golden glory from the sun shining through the east end window, singing the hymn, "Angels of Jesus, Angels of Light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

The voices grew fainter and fainter, and finally died away on the breathless stillness of the air. Then the huge organ, blown by electricity, pealed forth, and the spell was broken.

Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Astor, and the Stewart family live in gorgeous palaces, and one is struck how even this Republic cannot prevent a monopoly of property and an accumulation of wealth. Mr. Vanderbilt has three adjoining houses, forming a block, in Fifth Avenue, for himself and his married children.

The squares and gardens are well kept, and it is pleasant to see them all open, full of people sitting in them, without the railings which make London squares so gloomy and of so little pleasure even to those who have the *entrée*.

We drove round Central Park—a perfect triumph of

to the band, and boats were plying on the lake. There were not many carriages, the fashionable world having fled from the fagging heat of New York; but those we saw had servants in livery, a comparatively recent innovation, and one much disapproved of by the people.

The cross-bar waggon in general use, weighing little over two hundredweight, with their skeleton wheels, whirl along at a great pace, but the horses all have a check-rein passing over the head, which is far more cruel than even our gag bearing-rein.

*Monday, July 14th.*—We began our wanderings by going over the beautiful Brooklyn Bridge, which unites New York with its monster suburb, the home of half a million of people, principally of the working classes, of whom a large proportion are Irish. It is a marvellous structure, the finest suspension bridge ever built, and a mile and a quarter long. So graceful and light is the curve it describes that from a distance it seems to be a spider's web suspended in mid-air. We had a long "tram" journey through the dull and dirty streets to Greenwood Cemetery, the great burial-place of New York. A gateway of much beauty marks the entrance, and over the centre arch are the words, "Weep not, for the dead shall be raised." A granite obelisk in the centre of a grass plot attracts our attention. Below it lie the bodies of 103 persons who perished in the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre in 1876. Under that green mound what a mass of human passions were laid to rest! Some of the monuments are very finely conceived in design, and

running through this valley of the dead, the surroundings bright with marble, flowers, and shrubs—only a sweet garden where the people come and walk in the evening cool, watching the sun sinking over the harbour, and thinking, it may be, of how they too will likewise join those who lie at rest here.

In the afternoon we paid a visit to Wall Street, the scene of so many fortunes lost and won. The din in the Stock Exchange was deafening, and the appearance of the frantic, yelling speculators anything but attractive.

The “stores,” or shops, in Broadway are very fine inside, but the windows are not so well set out as in Paris or London. The goods for sale are also more general in character, and nearly double in price. This arises from the high duties or imposts in a great measure, but also because the unit of a dollar (4s. 2d.) is so high. It seems as easy to ask one dollar as one shilling or one franc, and the former coin scarcely goes farther than the latter throughout the States.

The *New York Herald, Times, World*, and other papers come out with long accounts of the interviews given yesterday. They went into the most precise details of dress, manners, and speech.

*Tuesday, July 15th.*—We had a pleasant morning in seeing the magnificent armoury of the “Seventh Regiment of the National Guard.” The Seventh Regiment includes in its ranks some of the best men in New York, and the National Guard corresponds exactly to the Volunteer force



a battalion, having a solid oaken floor so constructed as to prevent reverberation in marching. Each company has a room for itself, and the officers' room, the library, and the veterans' room, where those who have left the regiment come to meet their sons and relatives now serving, are beautiful apartments, richly furnished.

In the afternoon Sir Roderick Cameron kindly took us over to his charming place on Statten Island. It is beautifully wooded, and when the salt marshes are drained, and the mosquitoes reduced in numbers, his farm will no doubt be the site of a populous suburb.

*Wednesday, July 16th.*—By nine o'clock we were waiting on the shores of the Hudson River for one of the floating palaces which ply to and from Albany. The *C. Vibard* was seen presently coming—a magnificent vessel of colossal size, with three decks towering one above the other, and yet drawing but six feet of water. What we were particularly struck with on these river and lake steamers was that, although there is no distinction of class, no inconvenience whatever results. All is orderly and quiet; everybody is well-dressed and well-behaved. Indeed, throughout the States, rowdyism seems to be as absent as pauperism, and the deference paid to ladies might well be imitated in older countries. They have a separate entrance at hotels, and a separate “guichet” at post-offices and railway stations. A lady may travel with perfect comfort alone, and walk in the streets without fear of any annoyance.

A fresh wind dappled the blue sky, and raised the muddy waters of the grand old Hudson. Across from New Jersey

the busy hum of life. The well-wooded hills are clothed with villas, whose domes or towers peep out from amongst the dense foliage. Here and there, standing in a little park, were châteaux, or a cottage with gilt minarets, or, even in still more incongruous taste, a Chinese pagoda. It is here the merchants from the great city take their rest and pleasure, within ear-shot and easy reach of their familiar haunts around Wall Street. On the opposite shore the great wall of basaltic trap-rock, known to the early settlers by the name of the "Great Chip Rock," but to their more practical successors as the "Palisades," forms an impenetrable wall, rising in a sheer precipice from the river, a height of from 300 to 600 feet.

Meandering along by its mighty brother, unseen on the other side, there is another river, running at a lower level.

Historical associations crowd upon us as we sail up between the broad banks, stretching from the memory of the early band of settlers who under Hendrich Hudson, the Dutchman, made the first voyage of discovery up the river to which he afterwards gave his name; to the little villages of Tappan and Tarrytown, glowing with the memories of the brave but ill-fated Major André. Need I repeat his well-known story? In the dead of night he landed in the *Vulture* at Stony Point to meet Arnold, who had turned traitor, to arrange with him for the surrender of West Point, the key of the position. André was captured in returning by land, searched, the papers found on him, and executed, to the sorrow of both armies; whilst Arnold, escaping to

the monument afterwards erected to André in Westminster Abbey.

Sunnyside, a little white cottage, the home of Washington Irving, lies on the hill, almost hidden by the surrounding trees. The front is covered with ivy grown from a sprig that Sir Walter Scott sent from Abbotsford. "Sleepy Hollow," the scene of so many of Washington Irving's charming romances, is quite near. Every side of life is here represented. All manner of men have found their greatest happiness in the quiet beauty of the Hudson's banks. Besides authors and actors, such as Forrest, the great tragedian—science, in the person of Professor Morse, of telegraph fame, and the great merchant princes, such as Stewart, Astor, and Jay Gould, have made their homes here. Miss Warner, authoress of the "Wide, wide World," has a cottage near Teller's Point.

At Tappan Zee the river opens out into a lake ten miles broad. The gloomy fortress of Sing Sing, the State prison, lies on an island near the shore. Croton Lake is close by, and supplies New York with from 40,000,000 to 60,000,000 gallons daily, through an aqueduct thirty-three miles long. The wooden sheds found at intervals along the banks are the great storehouses where in winter the ice is cut and kept, ready to supply the vast consumption of New York.

The beautiful bay of Haverstraw leads to the narrow defile and the northern gate of the Highlands. In rugged and varied beauty the mountains close us in on every side,

undergrowth of stunted oaks. They are so like the Highlands that you look—but in vain—for the bracken and the furze.

“The glory of the Hudson is at West Point,” says a well-known author, and I suppose there could not be a more beautiful situation for the Military College of the United States, the Sandhurst of America, than at West Point. It stands on a commanding bluff, the river winding round three sides of the promontory in an almost impregnable position.

From the southern gate of the Highlands, green marshy fields, with weeping-willows trailing along the banks, form the chief feature of the landscape, and we pass several thriving towns like Peekskill and Poughkeepsie. In the afternoon, blue and purple in the far distance, we saw the glorious range of the mighty Catskill Mountains, forming one unbroken series of snow-capped domes, hiding in their deep recesses many of Nature’s grandest secrets. The evening was closing in as the steamer passed under the swinging arch of the bridge at Albany, the chief town of New York State.

Albany is chiefly remarkable for its very fine Capitol, which has been in process of building since 1871, and is still far from finished, though it has already cost an enormous sum. At the present time every one is talking about Albany, owing to the fact that Grover Cleveland, the newly-selected Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is the Governor.

Delaware House gave us shelter for the night; and at

This was our first experience of American railways. There is no distinction of classes in the railway company's fares, but greater luxury is obtained by travelling in the drawing-room or sleeping car. The former belong to the Wagner, the latter to the Pullman Company, who make a separate charge, which is levied by the special conductor. This is his only duty, except to make himself a nuisance, and generally objectionable. The beds are made up by an obliging coloured porter. The cars are very long, and run on sixteen wheels. There is communication through the train, but it is only used by the condescendingly grand officials and the numerous news and fruit vendors who torment you with repeated exhibitions of their varied wares. The windows are so large, that if opened dust and grit from the slack coal burnt by the engines smother everything, so that with the car full (and they hold from twenty to thirty) the atmosphere becomes terribly oppressive. In winter, and when the stoves are lighted it is even worse. The Americans are very proud of their railway system, but after travelling over most of their lines, it is impossible to see that we have much to learn from them. The traffic is conducted in a very happy-go-lucky style. There is an absence of civility, with a superabundance of officials, and a porter is not to be met with. The traveller must carry his hand-luggage himself. The system of checking the baggage is, however, admirable. A brass check attached to the trunk ensures its going safely to any destination, however distant, and only being given up on presentation of the duplicate, which is in possession of the passenger.



River. The operation of hay-making was going on in many of the fields we passed. The hay was cut, raked, turned over, unloaded, and stacked by machinery—the most convincing proof of the absence of hand-labour. Throughout the vast continent of America, from the farms of the east to the cattle ranches of the west, there is the same cry for labour. Still greater is the demand for domestic servants. American girls think nothing of serving in a “store” or at a railway buffet, or even in an hotel. They have their freedom at certain hours, and when their work is done they are their own mistresses; but domestic service they look upon as degrading. It is almost wholly confined to Irish immigrants. A gentleman told us of a large mountain hotel where the waiting during the summer months of the season was done by an entire school of young ladies, who at the end of the time returned with their “salaries” (the term of “wages” is never used) to pay for their winter’s schooling.

At Syracuse we experienced for the first time the strange custom of running the train through a street in the heart of the city. Many lives are annually lost, and terrible accidents occur frequently at the level crossings. “Look out for the locomotive” is on a large sign-board, but the public depend more upon the shrill whistle or the ringing of the engine bell. The effect of these engine bells is very melodious when, deep-toned and loud-voiced, coming and going in a station they chime to each other.

*Friday, July 18th, Clifton House, Niagara Falls.*—“What a moment in a lifetime is that in which we first behold Niagara!” And it is difficult with a very feeble pen to

when in the presence of one of Nature's most glorious works.

Notwithstanding all written and said, imagined or described, Niagara cannot be put into words ; cannot be conveyed to the imagination through the usual medium of pen and paper ; can only be seen to be—even then but partially—understood.

There is a blue river, two miles wide, without ripple or ruffle on the surface, coming down from a great lake, pursuing its even course. There are breakers ahead—little clouds, then white foam sprayed into mid-air. The contagion spreads, until on the whole surface of the river are troubled waves, noisily hurrying down, down, with ever-increasing velocity, to the great Canadian fall. The mockery of those few yards of clear, still water ! In a suction green as an uncut emerald, a volume of water, twenty fathoms deep, is hurled over a precipice 160 feet high. One hundred million tons of water pass over every hour, with a roar that can be heard ten miles away, and a reverberation that shakes the very earth itself, into the seething cauldron below, shrouded in an eternal mist :—“ There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard.”

In a minor key the American waters repeat the mighty cannonade, and blending their voices, mirror the sea-green colour of the wooded precipices as they flow on their onward course. Long serpent trails of foam alone bear witness to the late convulsion.

The gorge is narrowing ; the waters are compressed into

shooting shower of spray, and so struggle through the Rapids.

A gloomy pool, with darkling precipices of purple rocks, forms a basin. The waters are rushing too surely into that iron-bound pool. The current is checked and turned back on itself, to meet the oncoming stream. A mighty whirlpool forms. The waters divide under the current, and one volume returns to eddy and swirl helplessly against the great barrier, whilst the other volume, more happy, finds a cleft, broadened now into a wide gateway, and gurgling and laughing to itself, glides away on a smooth course, to lose its volume in Lake Ontario. What a world-renown that stream will always have—a short course full of awful incident.

On the 25th of July, 1883, Captain Webb was drowned while attempting to swim the rapids. Diving from a small boat about 300 yards above the new cantilever bridge, he plunged into the stream. The force of the current turned him over several times; then he threw up his arms and sank, crushed to death, it is supposed, by the pressure of the water. The enterprising owners of the restaurant at the rapids have arranged with his widow to come over during the season to sell photographs opposite the spot where her husband perished.

Goat Island forms the division between the American and Canadian Falls. The waters are rapidly eating away the banks, and the rocky promontory, which forms such a principal feature, may some day disappear. What a glorious junction it would be! Four years ago a large piece of rock in the ~~centre of the horse-shoe~~ came away, and

its symmetry was somewhat marred. The three pretty little Sister Islands are joined by their graceful suspension bridges to Goat Island. These islands, lying out as they do amidst the roughest and most tumultuous part of the rapids, have a magnificent view of the waters as they come tumbling down. The Hermit's Cascade is connected with the pathetic story of a young Englishman who, coming one day to see Niagara, remained day after day overpoweringly fascinated. Unable to tear himself away, he lived year after year for ever within sight and hearing of the falls. He is supposed to have perished in their waters whilst bathing one day, but whether intentionally or not was never known. I believe those who have sat and watched those tumultuous waters for any great length of time would understand the working of the spell on a sensitive brain.

Biddle's Stairs lead down to the "Cave of the Winds." It is awe-inspiring to watch the fall from below, and yet this is only a streamlet of the great volume of the fall. What must it be inside, when the beating of the spraylike hail, the roaring of the winds, mingling with the thunder of the cataract, form a combination of the majesty of the elements on earth.

After a morning spent amongst these terrifying wonders, we had a quiet drive along the right bank of the river through Cedar Island. The thunder and roar was succeeded by quiet pools and swiftly-flowing currents, calm and clear, rippling in the afternoon sunlight. Weeping-willows, long grasses, and bending reeds whispered in the cool breezes.

the Mermaid, looming white and mysterious in the gloaming.

Niagara becomes very dear—a child of the affections; and to those who are unfortunate enough to have to picture Niagara from description, I should say efface mine quickly, quickly I say, and turn to that of Anthony Trollope:—

“Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least, of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men’s hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of His creatures. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful.

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“We will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of that upper belt of waters.

“Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye-control which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else. And the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonized crash and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and, as it were, envelopes them; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbour without



is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art too, I fancy, it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery.

“And so here, at Niagara, that converging rush of waters may fall down, down at once into a hell of rivers for what the eye can see. It is glorious to watch them in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying colour, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. The vapour rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horse-shoe is like a tumult of snow.

“The head of it rises ever and anon out of that cauldron below, but the cauldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down—far as your own imagination can sink it. But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape you will be looking at is that of a horse-shoe, but of a horse-shoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which at first was only great and beautiful, becomes gigantic and sublime till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use. To realize Niagara, you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing but the rushing of the waters, and

You will find yourself among the waters as though you belonged to them. The cool liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful, and pure. Then you will flow away in your course to the uncompassed, distant, and eternal ocean.

“Oh! my friend, let there be no one there to speak to thee then; no, not even a brother. As you stand there speak only to the waters!”

## CHAPTER III.

### THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

SINCE our arrival at Niagara we had been on Canadian soil, and in view of the falls, which form Canada's greatest glory; but our first experience of the Dominion only really commenced when we left Niagara Station by the Grand Trunk Railway for Toronto.

It may have been prejudice, but we thought that the country bore signs of greater prosperity than over the American border.

The farms are more English in character and the cattle in greater abundance. The soil looks richer, and the pretty wooden zigzag fences, which take the place of hedges or railings, look most picturesque. In many places the blackened stumps of trees showed the recent clearing by fire.

From Hamilton, a prosperous town, we ran for nearly forty miles along the shores of Lake Ontario to Toronto.

Toronto is the capital of the province of Ontario, the chief city of Upper Canada, and the Queen City of the West. There is jealous rivalry between Montreal and Toronto.

is the centre for a rapidly increasing commercial interest. Five lines of railway converge to her termini.

Hamilton and London, both rising places, centralize their commerce here. Lake Ontario supplies water transit to Montreal and the ocean; and the numerous banks do a thriving trade. In 1871 the census of the population was 50,600; ten years later it was 80,445. Wide streets of great length, avenues of trees, and churches are the chief characteristics of Toronto. The churches are built from the voluntary subscriptions of the congregations, the pastors being chosen and maintained by them. There is no State Church, and the Dissenters have as fine places of worship as the Episcopal body. The Metropolitan Methodist Church, with almost cathedral proportions, was built by Mr. Puncheon, the American Spurgeon, and it compares as advantageously to the Tabernacle as do the Churches to the Chapels of England.

Toronto abounds in pretty suburbs, chief among them being Rosedale. The comfortable wooden houses of the upper and middle orders convey an idea of prosperity, with their neat gardens, a swinging hammock in the creeper-covered verandah, and the family sitting out in the cool of the evening.

The Provincial Parliament is a dingy building; but Osgood Hall—or the Law Courts—opened in 1860 by the Prince of Wales, and called after the Chief Justice of that day, is a very fine stone edifice, complete in all its arrangements. There are full-length portraits of the Chief Jus-

judges, receiving 5000 dollars a year, nominated by the Governor-General from local men. The bar and solicitors are united as in America, and work together in firms, and are both eligible for judicial preferment, and have a like right of audience.

The Toronto University is second only to Harvard on the American Continent. The lecture-rooms, hall, museum, and library are all worthy of the fine Gothic building. There are 600 students, many of whose families coming to reside in Toronto, add much to the pleasantness of society. We stayed three days at Toronto. Mr. Hodgins, Q.C., Master in Chancery, was most kind in introducing my husband to some of the chief political men—to Mr. Mackenzie, the late Liberal Premier; Mr. Blake, the present leader of the Opposition; Mr. Ross, the Minister of Public Education, and others. The latter Minister showed us over the Normal School for the Instruction of Teachers. It has a well-arranged library and museum, and copies of many works of the old masters, and busts of the principal men in British history. Toronto is considered the most English of all the Canadian towns, and the Torontans pride themselves on this, and take a keen interest in home affairs. The previous night's debate in Parliament is on the breakfast-table: cabled over, and aided by the five hours' difference between the time of Greenwich and that of the Dominion, appears in the first edition.

We dined with Mr. Goldwin Smith, the distinguished



Toronto. Their house is delightfully old-fashioned. Though in the centre of the town, the garden and some of the original forest trees are still preserved to it; and it contains the tail-end of family collections, valuable bits of China, busts by Canova and Thorwaldsen, ivory carvings, morsels of jade, and some relics of the first settlers. Amongst the latter are some wine-glasses belonging to General Simcoe, the first Governor-General in 1794, which are without feet,—“To be returned when empty.”

*Wednesday, July 23rd.*—We left Toronto in the afternoon by the steamer *Algeria*, coasting along the low-lying country of the left bank of Lake Ontario. Touching at the various thriving towns, we judged by the crowd who came down to the pier that it was the usual thing for the population to stroll down in the evening and watch for the arrival of the steamer.

All night we were crossing Lake Ontario, and at four o'clock the next morning, in the grey dawn, touched at Kingston. We waited here an hour for daylight, in which to approach the Thousand Islands. As we passed out we saw the gilt dome of the famous Military College.

In the freshness of the early morning, with the sun just flushing the waters and warming into life the bare and purple rocks, we wound in and out of the narrow channel of the Thousand Islands. It is the largest collective number of islands in the world. Some are formed of a few bare rocks just appearing on the surface of the water, others are large enough for a villa, a garden, and a boat-house, and others

though here and there one may be singled out for the prettiness of its woods.

At Alexandra Bay, a familiar summer resort, with two monster hotels, the St. Lawrence opens away from the lake, and we are descending between its monotonous banks for some hours.

The increasing swiftness of the current and the prevailing thrill of excitement of all on board, warns us of the approach of the Long Sault Rapids. We see a stormy sea, heaving and surging in huge billows.

All steam is shut off, four men are required at the wheel to keep the vessel steady, as we "shoot the rapid." One minute we are engulfed; the next rising on the crest of the wave. Intense and breathless excitement is combined with the exhilaration of being carried in a few minutes down the nine miles of descent. Every now and again a peculiar motion is felt, as if the ship was settling down, as she glides from one ledge of rock to another.

We pass some smaller rapids; but it is late in the afternoon before Baptiste, the Indian pilot, comes on board for the shooting of the great Lachine Rapid. Whirlpools and a storm-lashed sea mingle in this reach, for the shoal-water is hurled about among the rocks. The greatest care and precision of skill are necessary, for with lightning speed we rush between two rocks, jagged and cruel, lying in wait for the broaching of the vessel. A steamer wrecked last year lies stranded away on the rocks as a warning. These natural barriers to the water communication between Mon-

The Ottawa forms a junction with the St. Lawrence at the pretty village of St. Anne's, which has become famed by Moore's well-known Canadian boat-song,—

“Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,  
Soon as the woods on shore grow dim,  
We'll sing at St. Anne's our evening hymn.”

The Victoria Bridge, a triumph of engineering skill, spans the river above Montreal. It is built of solid blocks of granite, a mile and three quarters in length; and it is in passing under its noble arches that we get our first view of Montreal, the metropolis of the Dominion.

A filmy mist lay over the “city of spires,” spreading up even to the sides of Mount Royal—the wooded mountain that rises abruptly and stands solitary guard behind the city. The golden dome of the old market of Bonsecours, and the twin spires of the cathedral of Notre Dame loomed faintly out from its midst. Before us there is a sea frontage of three miles—vessels of 5000 tons being able to anchor beside the quay.

One hundred and fifty years ago the French evacuated Montreal, but you might think it was but yesterday, so tenaciously do the lower orders cling to the tradition of their founder, Jacques Cartier. The quaint gabled houses and crooked streets of the lower town, the clattering and gesticulating of the white-capped women marketing in Bonsecours, remind one of a typical Normandy town. Notices are posted in French and English, and municipal and local affairs are conducted in both languages.

The post-office, the bank, and the assurance company

make a fine block of buildings as the nucleus of the principal street of Notre Dame, but all the others are crooked, narrow, and ill-paved.

The Catholic Cathedral in the quiet square is very remarkable for its double tier of galleries, and for being painted and decorated gaudily from floor to roof,

The Young Men's Christian Association has erected another of its fine buildings at Montreal. The society seems to thrive and to be doing an enormous work of good throughout the length and breadth of the American Continent. We found it well-housed in every considerable town we visited, and what was our surprise when later we found it had penetrated even to the Sandwich Islands, and that the Y.M.C.A. was one of Honolulu's finest buildings!

*Sunday, July 26th.*—We went to morning service at the English Cathedral of Christ Church. The interior is bare and unfinished at present, but it is the best specimen of English Gothic architecture on the Western continent. There was a good mixed choir of men and women.

We had a charming drive in the afternoon, up Mount Royal from which the city takes its name. Fine houses and villas standing in their own gardens, lie around the base, and the ascent, through luxuriant groves of sycamore trees, is so well engineered as to be almost imperceptible. You do not realize how high you are till the glorious panorama opens out before you, and you stand on a platform—Montreal at your feet, the broad river flowing to right and left, and the blue mountains on the horizon line.

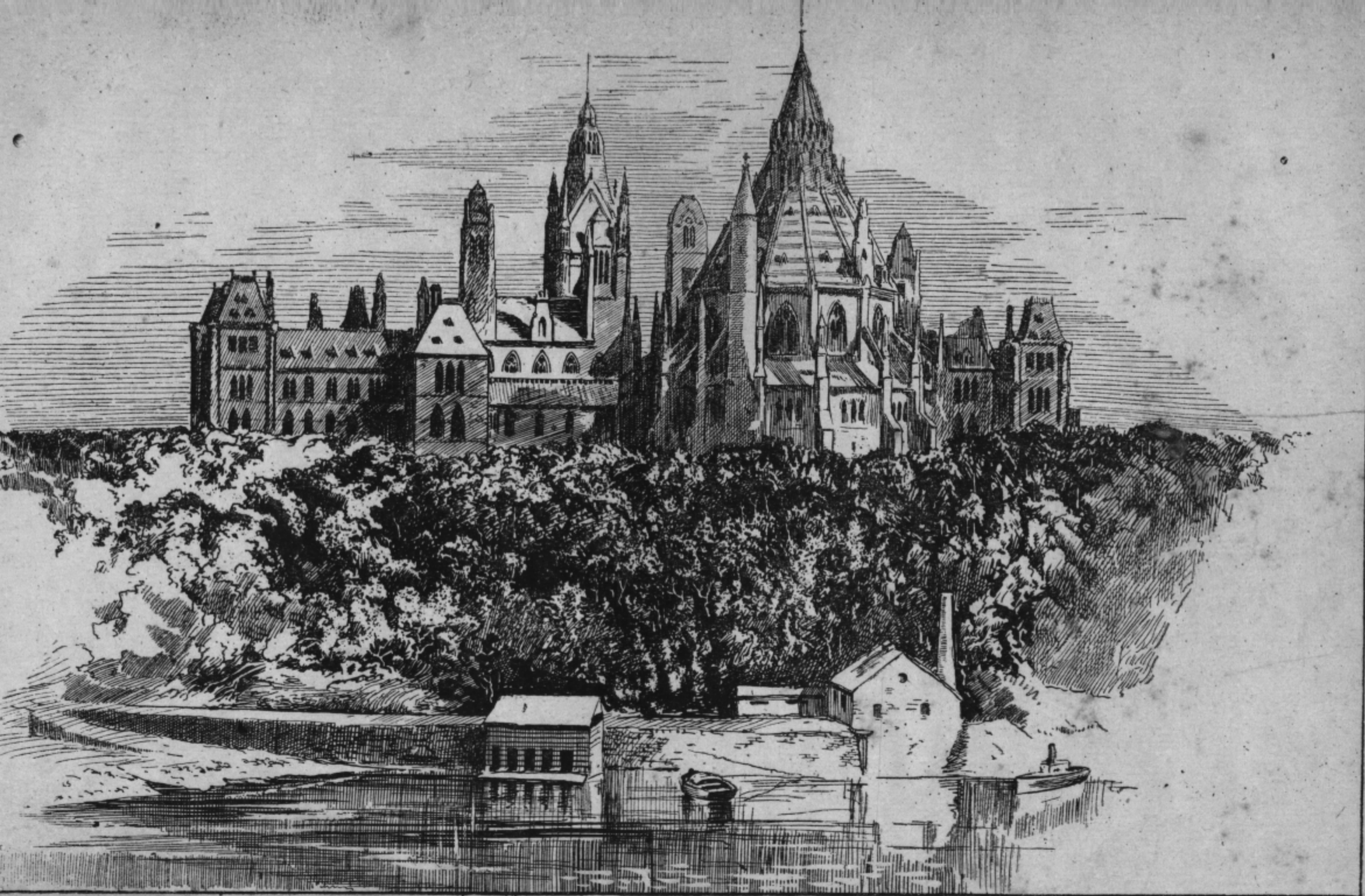
and smooth-shaven turf, made it a garden, and favourite drive and walk. At the entrance was a notice—a sarcasm on human nature—desiring persons “wishing to return from funerals by the mountain drive to remove their mourning badges!”

That evening we dined with Mr and Mrs. George Stephen in their beautiful house in Drummond Street. He is the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In two years' time this railway will run from ocean to ocean, and will join the Atlantic and Pacific; opening up the unlimited lands of the great North-West, so rich in mineral wealth, and containing the best wheat-growing country in the world. This discovery of the North West has altered the whole aspect of affairs in Canada, and by bringing into habitation a country as large as the United States, laid the foundation of an immense future for our great possession. Thirty-six thousand men are now working on the railway, and it will be completed in half the time of the contract, viz. five years instead of ten.

*Monday, July 27th.*—Three hours by rail, through a thinly-populated district and backwoods roughly cleared by burning, brought us to a gloriously golden sunset against which rose the spires of the Dominion Houses of Parliament at Ottawa.

Ottawa was only a small town with about 4000 inhabitants in 1867. All ask, “Why was it chosen as the seat of government?” which previously had been at Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto alternately. A minister's wife travelling with us in the train, laughingly gave us the answer. Quebec refused to vote for Montreal, Montreal for Quebec, and





Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

between them there was always warring jealousy. Toronto "WOULD" have voted for Montreal if Quebec had been willing to do the same. The authorities at home—it is said the Queen herself—taking the map, pointed to Ottawa as being equidistant from all, and on the borders of both Upper and Lower Canada. A magnificent pile of buildings accordingly rose, containing two legislative halls for the Senate and the House of Commons (both the same size as their English originals), and other public offices. The Parliament buildings are built of buff freestone with many towers and miniature spires, and have a very fine frontage of 1200 feet, surmounted by the iron crown of the Victoria Tower. The Octagonal Tower contains a library of 40,000 books, open not only to members, but to all the inhabitants of the town. In the centre stands a full-length marble statue of the Queen, by Marshall Wood. The members speak in French or English at will, and all notices of motions are in both languages.

Timber-lugging is the great trade of Ottawa. As seen from the upper town, the lower presents the appearance of one vast timber-yard; masses of piles line the banks, and cover the surface of the stream. These piles are cut in the winter from the back forests, and floated down some 100 miles. At Ottawa they pass into the yards through what is called a timber-slide, to avoid the dangerous channel of the Chaudière Falls. Here they are lashed together to form rafts, houses being built for the men who drift down on them to Quebec. From thence they are shipped to all parts of the world, principally to England. We went over some of the wood-



mensely interesting, with the perfection of machinery, entirely superseding any manual dexterity, and driven by the neighbouring water-power.

The La Chaudière Falls, so-called from the cauldron into which they seethe and boil, though not of a great height, have been sounded to 300 feet without touching the bottom. They contain a very angry, copper-coloured element.

We drove out to Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, who was away at the time. We found a very deserted, miserable building, about which the only sign of life was a sleepy policeman. A tobogging-slide seemed to usurp the greater part of the garden. The Ottawa public was much offended by a recent prohibition forbidding entrance to the park, which has hitherto been free to all. There is a little occurrence which will always remain connected in our minds with Ottawa, an example which we certainly found followed nowhere else. Our driver, even after considerable pressure, refused to take more than his ordinary fare!

Ottawa, other than the Parliament buildings, which are alone worth coming to see, is the dullest and most primitive of towns. C. was, however, glad to have been there, as it gave him the opportunity of meeting the Ministers of Inland Revenue, and Agriculture, and other authorities, and hearing their views on the rapid development of Canada.

Returning to Montreal, we took the night boat to Quebec. A golden, glorious sunset, sinking behind purple clouds, was reflected in the water, and this was succeeded by a trail of silver light from the newly-risen crescent moon.

*Tuesday, July 29th.*—At 7 a.m. on a cloudy morning, from

the deck of the steamer we were looking up at Québec, perched, Gibraltar like, on an inaccessible promontory of precipitous rock, formed by the junction of the River St. Charles with the St. Lawrence.

The narrow streets of the lower town, with their picturesque red-tiled roofs and overhanging gables, seem at first sight as if they were entirely cut off from the upper town by a shelving mass of rocks.

However, we were soon wending our way upwards by a street so steep that it could only be likened to climbing a mountain. The houses on either side seemed also to be climbing the roof of the houses above, the upper storey being on a level with the second floor of its neighbour. Any sand there ever has been was long ago washed down by the rain, leaving a stony surface as a precarious foothold for the poor struggling horses. This was the more circuitous route for carriages. A nearer one for pedestrians lay in the perpendicular flight of steps cut out in the face of the rocks leading immediately to Dufferin Terrace. This terrace was called after Lord Dufferin, the most popular of Governors-General, and is built on the old buttresses and platform formerly occupied by the Château of St. Louis. It is a favourite resort of the townspeople, perhaps as being the only level ground, so far as we could see in the town, but probably more so on account of the beautiful view it commands over the river. Vessels of all classes and sizes, coming from all parts of the world, but more especially from England, were anchoring in the broad basin formed by the confluence of the two rivers. Immediately beneath us were the wharves of the old town, where we could see two or three colliers

discharging coal, and even hear in the still morning air the rattling of the chains as the crane was swung to and fro. On the opposite side rose the fortified bluff of Point Levy, and on the other the St. Charles winding away up its peaceful valley. The white houses of Beaufort form a straggling line almost as far as the Montmorenci Falls, which latter seem only a speck in the distance. There was a light morning mist floating away over the opposite heights, and the murmur of the busy hum of life reached us from below.

The Governor's garden, facing the road on the opposite side, is only an enclosure overgrown with rank weeds and grass, but it contains the obelisk erected to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a novel idea to combine the names of the victorious and conquered, but it shows a true appreciation of the two generals who each gave up their life for their country in the hour of battle. In the Ursuline Convent, near by, we see Montcalm's grave, said to have been made by the bursting of one of the enemy's shells during the bombardment, with the inscription in French—

HONOUR TO MONTCALM.

FATE,

IN DEPRIVING HIM OF VICTORY,

REWARDED HIM BY

A GLORIOUS DEATH.

There are some very quaint old buildings and curious bits of architecture in out-of-the-way corners, and the town altogether has an old-world look, as if life were passing it

by. The outside of the Catholic Cathedral is homely and irregular, and very damp and musty inside; but attached to one of the pillars is a fine "Crucifixion" by Van Dyke; and the adjoining séminary has quite a large collection of pictures highly prized by the inhabitants, though by artists unknown to fame. The Laval University, chartered by the Queen in 1852, is the most modern building in Quebec.

The population is almost entirely French, and the maintenance of their language and institutions was guaranteed to them at the conquest. Descendants of the old noblesse still linger here, preserving among themselves the traditions of their forefathers in a circle of society renowned for its polish and refinement; preserving, too, in its entirety the purity of the mother language. They do not mix at all with the English.

The Citadel is gloriously situated on the high ground above the town, surrounded by walls and ramparts, but our approach to it was under the following untoward circumstances. We hired an ungainly cabriolet, a vehicle on two wheels, with a narrow board in front, on which the driver—a raw-boned Irish boy in our case—driving a sorry steed, was seated. After going up a very steep hill, the entrance to the fortress is over a wooden drawbridge guarded by massive chain gates. The hollow sound of the wood frightened the horse beyond control, and we discovered then that he *could* go, when he turned and bolted down the hill. We only prevented ourselves from being pitched out head-foremost by clinging on to the sides of the old-fashioned hood. The driver was powerless, and C. eventually stooped over and



jerked the reins happily with success. We must have caused much amusement to the soldiers looking out from the guard-house window.

The Governor-General's residence is part of the low stone building in the courtyard, the remainder of the Citadel being used for barracks; the windows on the river side command a superb view.

In the absence of Lord Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Melgund entertained us most hospitably, and very kindly took us on the river in the police launch after luncheon, near enough to obtain a good view of the beautiful Montmorenci Falls. The volume of water is powerful in the first instance, but dwindles into fringes, and evaporates altogether in mist at the base.

A storm was gathering on the heights as we returned, and a dense bank of fog rolled down the river. The thunder muttered overhead, and a rift in the clouds let a curious light stream over the roofs of the town; and then, closing up, the black cloud swept towards us, creeping up Diamond Cape, till the Citadel above loomed out white and ghostly from the surrounding clearness. In a downpour of tropical rain we reached the wharf.

We should liked to have managed an expedition from Quebec to the beautiful Saguenay River, combining a visit to Sir John Macdonald, the present Premier; but that great Nemesis, time, was already beginning to pursue us. We left Quebec the next morning, passing again through Montreal at five in the afternoon, and sleeping at Plattsburg, on the shores of Lake Champlain.

It was a great disappointment to us not to be able to see

more of Canada, but we shall hope to pay it a more extended visit on some future occasion. It offers as great attractions to the lover of nature as to the sportsman, and affords a glorious and unlimited field for the emigration of men and women since the opening up of the Far West.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE AMERICAN LAKES, AND THE CENTRES OF LEARNING,  
FASHION, AND GOVERNMENT.

*Thursday, July 31st.*—Up at 6 a.m. this morning to catch the steamer. However early we rise for these matutinal starts there is always a rush in the end to catch the train or boat. It is a depressing thought when we think of what frequent occurrence they will be for the next few months.

We were soon plying our way over the placid bosom of Lake Champlain, holding a central course. The shores on either side are flat and ugly, for the beauty of the lake lies in the broad expanse of unruffled waters reflecting the various changes of the sky, generally of a heavenly blue, but on this morning taking the leaden hue of the low-lying clouds.

Numberless islands lay dotted on the calm surface, kept fresh and green from the continued lapping of the waters around their indented shores.

The range of the green mountains of Vermont lay hidden by a transparent haze, the sun shining brightly behind, and

After crossing the broad bay and touching at a further point in the eastern shore—at Burlington, a thriving town—the waters narrowed and flowed on the one side through flat green meadows, pretty though uninteresting; but, on the other, rose in the full beauty of their verdant summer foliage, the mountains of the Adirondacks. The steamer threaded its way through the narrow channels, and we lay right under their mighty shadows, looking into the calm depths of the quiet pools formed by the boulders of rock, that in the course of ages have loosened their hold and slipped down the precipitous sides.

We looked up into dark ravines, piercing through the heart of the mountains, dividing one rounded peak from another. We followed the undulating outline of the mountains, now bare and stony, or more often fringed to the summit with pine forests. The dark green of these pines, and the bright foliage of the stunted oaks, formed a brilliant contrast to the orange lichen covering the grey protruding boulders.

Here and there we came upon a wall of rocks, descending in a sheer precipice to the lake, reflecting purple shadows on the still water.

And so we passed on, one scene of beauty succeeding another, till we reached Fort Ticonderoga. It was here during the Revolutionary War, that the brave Eathan Allen with his celebrated band of Green Mountain Boys surprised the British commander in the dead of night, and appearing at his bedside demanded the immediate surrender

tinential Congress," replied Allen,—and the fort was surrendered.

An hour by rail brought us to the head of Lake George. The Indians gave it the poetical name of "Horicon," or "Silvery Waters," from the great purity of the water. Its peaceful shores have been the scene of many a bloody battle in the great conflict between the Indian and the white man, and the mountains have oft resounded to the war-whoop and battle-cry of the savages and the despairing shriek of the captives whom they scalped alive. Now a death-like stillness broods over the scene. The scenery of Lake George is far grander than that of Champlain. The other only leads up to and forms a preparation for this one. The mountains which surround Lake George and close it in on all sides have a bolder, more sweeping outline. Here and there one projects lone and solitary, forming a promontory round which the steamer creeps, seeming to cling to its densely-wooded sides. The dark whispering pine forests grow down to the very edge of the waters, mingling their sighings with the rustling of the waters over a shallow bottom. There are numberless islands, some mere strips of sandy beach and rocks, dividing the silvery rapids on either side, and others are wooded with a stunted undergrowth. We noticed one curious conical-shaped mountain, formed of a sharp escarpment of rock from the summit to the base, which is called "Roger's Slide." The story goes that an Englishman, Major Rogers, being hotly pursued by the Indians to the edge of the cliffs, suddenly bethought himself of reversing his snow-shoes and retracing his steps, by this means leaving no foot-prints. The Indians tracked

him to the brink of the precipice, and then concluded he had slid down into the lake, under the protection of the "Great Spirit."

As the steamer turned into the "Narrows" we saw a beautiful little waterfall, falling down the ravine in a feathery shower of spray, spanned in the afternoon light by a vivid rainbow. At Sabbath Day Point the scenery is more striking and majestic. Think of the "Trosachs" in the Highlands, and that will give the best idea of the grandeur of the scene before us.

Adding to the beauty of all we saw that afternoon was the ceaseless play of light and shadow on the mountains. I tried to carry away with me in the mind's eye the picture of those mountains, dark and powerful as a background, the quiet beauty and picturesqueness along the banks as a foreground, and the deep calm blue waters of the lake all around.

Alas! a sudden storm came up and obscured the view before us, and we ended our journey at Fort William in a blinding hurricane of rain and wind. We were glad to find shelter from it in the train, which brought us to Saratoga Springs by the evening.

*Friday, August 1st.*—Saratoga is the Ems or Baden-Baden of America, the most fashionable resort as a watering-place, only equalled by the more select charms of Newport.

Seen on a sunny morning such as we had, nothing can surpass the brightness and gaiety of the scene in Broadway. Along its broad shady avenues stroll the collected beauty



waggon and buggies bowl swiftly by. There are no villas, but life is confined entirely to *pensions*, and the three colossal hotels in Broadway. The "United States" is perhaps the finest of them. It covers seven acres of ground, accommodates 1200 guests, and gives employment to 150 black waiters. Built round three sides of a quadrangle, there are broad covered piazzas running the entire length of the building, opening on to a large and beautifully kept garden, gay with flowers. Morning and evening the band plays here, when the piazza becomes a fashionable promenade, visitors from all the other hotels congregating in it.

American women are the best dressers in the world; for taste and skilful combination, particularly in pale colours, they are unsurpassed. A change of costume thrice daily is absolutely *de rigueur* at Saratoga, and it becomes at last quite exciting to see how many more varied dresses are going to appear.

Illustrating a great feature in American life is the wing devoted to the cottages where families come and live during the season, in separate suites, everything being provided by the hotel. A good example of the attendance which it is expected you will require can be gathered from the notice in each room: "Ring once for the bell-man, twice for stationery, and three times for iced water." The chambermaid plays a very unimportant part in any hotel, and a "bell-man" is attached to each floor. The consumption of iced water is prodigious; not only is it placed at your elbow at every meal, but large jugs of it are brought at stated hours of the day to every room. At the "United States" it was quite formidable walking the immense length of the

dining-room, or venturing across the vast spaces of the yellow satin-lined drawing-room. The lift has been known to go up and down 300 times in the course of the afternoon.

Amid the shady groves and green lawns of Congress Park we found the mineral springs bubbling up into artificial wells, with a few drinkers idling about, and languidly sipping their waters, but we came to the conclusion that visitors were not here so much for the purposes of health as of amusement. The springs are of all kinds, Vichy, sulphur, iron, magnesia, soda, &c., and it has often been necessary to bore down several hundred feet before finding the water. Two or three of the most powerful medicinal springs are some miles away, and these are bottled and brought in fresh daily for the drinkers in town.

The fashionable afternoon drive is to the lake, some two miles away, and is reached by a straight dusty road, bordered for the most part by rushes and long grass, where the frogs maintain a cheerful chorus of chirping. When you arrive there you find a primitive café, with groups sitting about the tables under the trees, and the lake, pretty enough, lying in the hollow, with small excursion steamers constantly plying from the landing.

In the evening there is generally a "hop," or dance, advertised in one or other of the hotels, but I confess that that evening we preferred the good-humoured crowd and the fireworks in Congress Park to the hop at Congress Hall Hotel. Alternating with the fireworks were the strains of the band wafted from the pagoda in the centre of the lake, and all sat about heedless of the heavy dew lying on the grass.

We were very sorry to leave Saratoga the next morning, and undergo a very hot and dusty journey to Boston. We passed Pittsburg, as famed for its great ladies' college, as its southern namesake is for its iron-works, and late in the afternoon reached Boston, Massachusetts. A red and yellow coach, suspended by straps to C springs, such as were in use in the last century, conveyed us to the Hotel Vendôme.

I think Boston the most charming of all the American towns. The broad sweeping avenues are bordered by houses of red sandstone, a soft mellow colour, that contrasts well with the green avenues of trees and grass borders. Commonwealth Avenue is the finest of these continuous "parks," and is a mile and a half long. The Common, with its avenues of fine elm-trees, forms a large open space in the middle of the town, and separated only by a road are the public gardens. A bronze statue of Washington rises in the middle, surrounded by a brilliant flower-bed, the colours blending in carpet-gardening to form a Moorish inscription, which translated means "God is all-powerful," a very fitting motto for the great hero. The gilded dome of the Massachusetts State House dominates them from the eminence of Beacon Hill; but far more interesting than this new erection is the venerable time-worn building of the "Old State House," where some of the most stirring scenes of the Revolution were enacted. From this balcony the Declaration of Independence was read to the people. Our troops occupied the buildings during the Stamp Riots, but at the close of the war Washington stood on its steps the chosen hero of the exultant populace. So many of the

buildings are closely associated with humiliating remembrances of that fatal epoch in British history when these fair provinces, owing to the lack of foresight and imbecility of her leaders, were for ever lost to England.

There is the old Scotch church, so famous as the political meeting-place of the Boston Tea Party; Tancred Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," nurtured by the patriotic orations of Adams, Everett, and above all of Daniel Webster; the harbour, with its numerous shipping, where was lighted the first straw of that great conflagration of the "Rebellion," by the throwing overboard of those few chests of tea.

The city is rich in churches, there being no less than 150 belonging to all denominations, who raise their spires heavenwards within its precincts. But Trinity Church surpasses all in beauty and design. It is built of granite and freestone in the form of a Latin cross, in Romanesque style. The stained glass is rich in harmonious colouring, depicting no subject, but blending into a mystery of blue, orange, and purple. Some lancet windows, filled with iridescent glass of pale blue, gave the appearance of shining steel.

We started early on that quiet Sunday morning for a drive to Cambridge in one of the "Herdic Hansoms." These curious vehicles with their jolting motion can only be described as covered two-wheeled carts. We passed the green hill on which stands Bunker's Hill Monument. It is inexpressibly grand in its massive simplicity, being only huge blocks of granite narrowing in such imperceptible

it. There is no decoration or inscription: it stands alone in its majesty, sufficiently raised to be a landmark to the whole town. Our road led through Charlestown, where the seafaring population chiefly live close to the harbour. A long, straight, dusty road, under a blazing sun for three miles, brought us to Cambridge, the immediate approach to which is through stately avenues of elm-trees.

The colleges of Harvard University are clustered together, forming an irregular quadrangle. There was a delightfully quiet and studious look about the dull red-brick buildings, low latticed windows, and ivy-covered walls,—a look of antiquity unusual to America. In this comparatively newly-risen continent so much is thought of age, that Harvard College, the oldest of the fifteen of which the University consists, is prized most highly for its foundation dating from 1636.

Chief amongst the colleges for beauty is the Gothic tower of Memorial Hall, erected by the alumni in memory of the students who perished in the War of Secession. It contains the great dining-hall with carved screens and galleries, busts and portraits of the founders of the college, and has stained-glass windows bearing the college and State arms. A theatre, library, museum, scientific school, and chapel are in different parts of the irregularly laid-out square, which is sacred to the University buildings.

It was vacation time, and the place was utterly deserted, save by a few straggling church-goers, their footsteps resounding on the narrow paved walk, and lingering amongst the tenantless walls. It must be a different scene in term, when 1300 students and forty-seven professors gather under

the classic shades of a university already numbering among its former students such men as John Adams the second President of the United States, Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Lathrop Motley, J. Russell Lowell, and Wendell Phillips. The University course extends over four years. It may be interesting to know, in face of the recent agitation at our own universities on the subject, that women are not as yet admitted to the University lectures, though allowed to matriculate and pass the different examinations.

Quite near the University is a battered elm-tree, whose shattered branches are sustained by iron stanchions, and which marks the place where General Washington took command of the rebellious colonists. Further on we passed a plain, square, wooden house, with pointed roof, and a small garden, surrounded by a high laurel hedge, a gravel path, and little white gate leading to the verandah and entrance. There was nothing particular to mark a house, homely enough in its exterior. But yet it was here that in 1775 Washington established his headquarters, when it was the scene of many warlike preparations and much enthusiasm. Later it has been hallowed by the quiet presence of the great poet Longfellow.

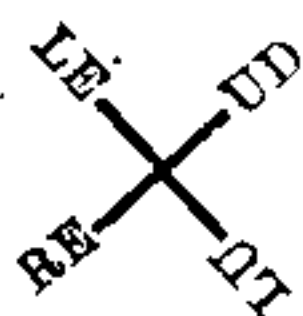
"The old house by the Lindens  
Stood silent in the shade,  
And on the gravell'd pathway  
The light and shadow play'd."

And it was in this quiet retreat that he passed away in 1882.



willow-trees, to Mount Auburn Cemetery, and with great difficulty found his last resting-place. We were terribly disillusioned. Not a garden of flowers, tended by loving hands ; not a simple marble monument with short inscription, prompted by a knowledge of the gentle, retiring nature ; but we found a great, ugly block of sandstone, a huge sarcophagus, with a name and date on one side, and

an ingenious pattern on the other, taking X as a centre letter, and forming a senseless device, and utterly inappropriate to the memory of the great poet.



No more beautiful garden than this cemetery could be conceived : grassy slopes, planted with waving palms and the choicest plants ; bright flower-beds interspersed among the white marble crosses and memorials of the dead ; an air of quiet beauty and repose, mingling with the many signs of respectful care on the different graves, such as bunches of newly-cut flowers. Those who have served their country had a miniature flag of the stars and stripes waving over their heads. The mortuary chapel stands on the high ground, and opposite to it there is a magnificent marble sphinx with this soul-stirring inscription,—

“ American Union Preserved,  
African Slavery Destroyed,  
By the Uprising of a Great People,  
By the Blood of Fallen Heroes.”

Throughout the length and breadth of America this intense respect to the dead may be seen in regard to their

last resting-place. In strange contrast is the irreverence shown in the removal of bodies. Several times we saw coffins, travelling *at first-class fares*, placed in the luggage-vans, piled under Saratoga trunks, and with the party of mourners in the same train.

In returning from the cemetery we passed Mr. Russell Lowell's country-house, standing in grounds fairly hidden by surrounding trees.

Boston is the great literary and scientific centre of America. The saying goes that at Boston they ask you "*what you know*," in New York "*what you have*," and at Philadelphia "*who you are*."

Fostered by its close neighbourhood to Harvard, Boston boasts more literary institutions than any other town in America; whether in its remarkably fine Public Library, its Athenæum (which corresponds to our Royal Institution), its two museums, or the English High and Latin School, the first public school in the States.

One of the celebrated steamers of the Fall River Line took us that evening to Newport.

What fascination the word exercises over "the aristocracy" of America! Filled throughout the summer months with society—select and fashionable, hospitable to foreigners, but difficult of access to new-comers, and closed to those who do not belong to the upper circle of finance. The gay butterfly life is carried on in "cottages," or villas, as we should call them—small houses, unattractive outside, standing in gardens adjoining the road, too public and suburban for English taste. So also is the life entirely

ning society thus early, does not prevent its being carried on at high pressure for the remainder of the day.

There is a well-known and accommodating Frenchman, who undertakes not only to supply a "cottage," but all the elaborate necessities, servants, linen, plate, &c., for a stay at Newport. The Ocean Drive and Bellevue Avenue are daily crowded with joyous equipages and neat phætons, driven by their fair owners, and equestrians.

The toilettes are very elaborate, and of unceasing variety. The cost must be enormous, seeing that prices are double, if not treble those of London and Paris. The profusion of lace and jewels is unending; but a feeling is gaining ground that elaborate costumes and diamonds are a little out of place in the morning. A coloured maid observed to her mistress, in response to a rebuke, that she had been accustomed to live with "people of quality." Pressed as to what she understood by people of quality, she promptly replied, "they were those who dressed simply and wore no jewels by day."

We had wretched weather; a sea fog which penetrated everything, and succeeded in damping even the bright life of Newport. Polo and yachting are very favourite amusements here. A dance was given at the Casino in the evening, in honour of the yachts which managed to come round in the course of the day from New Brighton, despite the thick fog, and to which we went. These Casino dances take place two nights in the week; the entry is only by payment, no vouchers are required. And yet I believe they

at Newport. The latter place and its inhabitants look down with ineffable scorn and covert sneer at the rival watering-place of Saratoga.

A tempest of wind and rain, added to the discomforts of the Ocean House (let no one be deceived by advertisements and a printed list of guests in daily papers into thinking it a palatial abode), caused us to abandon all idea of staying, and leaving numerous letters of introduction unpresented, we packed up and made the best of our way back to New York by a morning train.

*August 8th.*—After a day spent in New York we left for Philadelphia, crossing in the ferry to New Jersey City, where we saw the blackened ruins of the Pennsylvania Station, burnt a few days previously. Three hours' quick run brought us to Philadelphia, and the Hotel Lafayette.

Independence Hall is the centre of interest in Philadelphia; a low stucco building, supported by pillars, it is fraught with precious recollections of the great struggle for freedom. It was here that the Declaration of Independence was signed, on the 4th of July, 1776, and publicly announced from the centre steps. In the same chamber George Washington was appointed commander of the army, and delivered a farewell address, and here Congress afterwards held its sittings till 1797. In a room facing the hall are some relics. Amongst a medley of autographs and medals we singled out a cast of Washington's face taken after death, his horn spectacles, and compass. We saw an earthenware pitcher, brought over by one of the pilgrims of

the Declaration of Independence. "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof," is the appropriate motto graven on its mouldy green side.

The City Hall, yet unfinished, is of magnificent proportions. Square built, its four sides face, and form the very centre of the town—the point to which all the principal avenues converge. The blocks of marble used in the construction are enormous, and the four gateways are supported by colossal marble figures. Close by is the Masonic Temple, with a tower of quaint turrets, and a beautiful Norman archway; and opposite a church built of a curious green stone, called serpentine.

Many years ago a Frenchman, called Stephen Girard, came and settled in Philadelphia. He conceived the idea of bequeathing his property to the state. At his death it was valued at several millions; and a bequest was especially left of 2,000,000 dollars to erect a college for orphan children. His wish was carried out in the building of this magnificent Corinthian marble edifice, called Girard College. It contains large lecture and class rooms; the dormitories and professors' houses being in two adjoining wings. There is no question of election. Any orphan boy from Pennsylvania or New York State is eligible; and the number, now 1100, is yearly increasing, owing to the rise in value of the Girard property. One curious restriction alone there is. In accordance with a provision in the will, no religious teaching of any sort is allowed; only the elements of morality are taught, and no clergyman of any sect is given entrance to the college. A marble statue of the founder, representing him as

a little benevolent, wrinkled Frenchman, faces the entrance, beneath which monument he lies buried.

The Pennsylvania Hospital, though otherwise uninteresting, has such a very quaint inscription on the corner-stone, that I think it is quite worth giving:—

“In the year of Christ MDCCLV., George the Second happily reigning (for he sought the happiness of his people), Philadelphia flourishing (for its inhabitants were public-spirited), this building, by the bounty of the government and many private persons, was piously founded for relief of the sick and miserable. May the God of mercies bless the undertaking!”

We had a pretty drive through Fairmount Park, and ascended by the elevator (how great the Americans always are at any of these mechanical contrivances for saving labour!) to a platform 250 feet high, where we had a beautiful view of the 3000 wooded undulating acres that form one of the largest parks in the world. To give an idea of its comparative size, Windsor has only 1800 acres, the Bois de Boulogne 2158, the Prater 2500, and Richmond 2468. It is five miles long and six broad.

We had not time to go and see the Memorial Hall Museum, in the park, built in commemoration of the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and which contains the nucleus of an art industrial collection after the model of South Kensington.

A drive through Chesnut Street with a hurried glance at the fine “stores,” and we reached the station in time for



regularly and precisely intersected at right angles leading to the Capitol, City Hall, or State House, whichever is the presiding genius, are apt to become wearisome in the extreme. How delightedly then we compared Washington to these,—the beautiful “city of distances.” It were worth coming some way, if only to see the magnificent breadth of Pennsylvania Avenue at Washington, paved with asphalt, and lighted by electricity, sweeping in a perfectly straight line of one mile from the dome of the Capitol to the Corinthian pillars of the Treasury. The other avenues and streets are numerically as well as alphabetically named, commencing from the Capitol. Fifteen of the principal avenues take the names of the fifteen states which comprised the Union in 1799, when government first ordered buildings to be erected for the President, Congress, and public offices, and removed the seat of government to Washington.

The next morning was Sunday, and we went to service at St. John's, the fashionable church in the precincts of Lafayette Square, where the President attends, but a remarkably small dark edifice. We strolled back to “Riggs' House” through the Square. Here stands the equestrian statue to General Jackson, which is cast from the brass guns and mortars he captured. The poise of the figure is very fine as he sits the horse, which is represented as rearing. The balance of this position is only maintained by the flanks and tail of the horse being filled with solid metal.

The small red-brick houses in the square overshadowed by the neighbouring trees, where most of the senators and

members live, remind one of many a story of "wire-pulling" and place-hunting" exercised by the clever wives of influential senators. It is a centre of intrigue during the session, for the influence of women plays no unimportant part in American politics.

The White House is quite near. It is a low stucco building, standing in a garden, a small strip only of which is kept private, the remainder lying open to the public. From the entrance gate, where there are neither military nor police on duty, a broad gravel drive sweeps under the portico.

Inside there is a long corridor hung with portraits of former Presidents. A screen of coloured glass divides this corridor from another, which leads off to the principal sitting-rooms. It would be difficult to imagine any official residence so simply appointed as the White House. The state dining-room, which they say will hold thirty-five on occasion (but it must be a tight fit), is most suitable for every-day use. A room with terra-cotta walls is an ordinary drawing-room; the Blue Room is circular, and here the President stands and receives at the *levées*, which are open to all comers. The Green Room is a large drawing-room; and a ball-room in white and gold, with enormous pendant chandeliers, forms the entire suite. A back staircase at either end leads to the upper floor.

The State Department and the War and Navy have very fine buildings beyond the White House. An obliging official, a groom of the chambers, who descends in his

buildings on Sunday we found it was utterly impossible. The further south you come the more abundant are the black woolly heads of the negroes, with the flaming colours they love to wear, the orange plume with the purple, green, or alternating with stripes of red and yellow. The further south you come also the stricter is the observance of the Sabbath.

We took the car and explored the dreary suburb of Georgetown. As we approached a cross-street, the boom of muffled drums and the strains of a funeral march were heard, and we stopped to allow of a long procession, headed by various deputations, to pass. The open hearse, drawn by white horses, was followed by some mourning-coaches. It was the funeral of one of the unfortunate victims of Greely's Arctic Expedition. The press just now are celebrating the honours of his return, and side by side is raised a controversy on the awful doubt as to whether cannibalism was resorted to or not. Certain it is that when the bodies were disinterred by the rescue party to be brought home, the flesh was found stripped off the bodies in many cases. Some said it was used as a bait for fishing, but the more dreadful suspicion is that the survivors, pushed to the last extremity, devoured it. In the case of Private Henry, shot for stealing the stores, Greely is even accused by the relations of resorting to that punishment in order to provide sustenance. It is hard, very hard that after the intolerable dangers and hardships the brave little band endured, such suspicions should be raised to meet them on arrival at home.

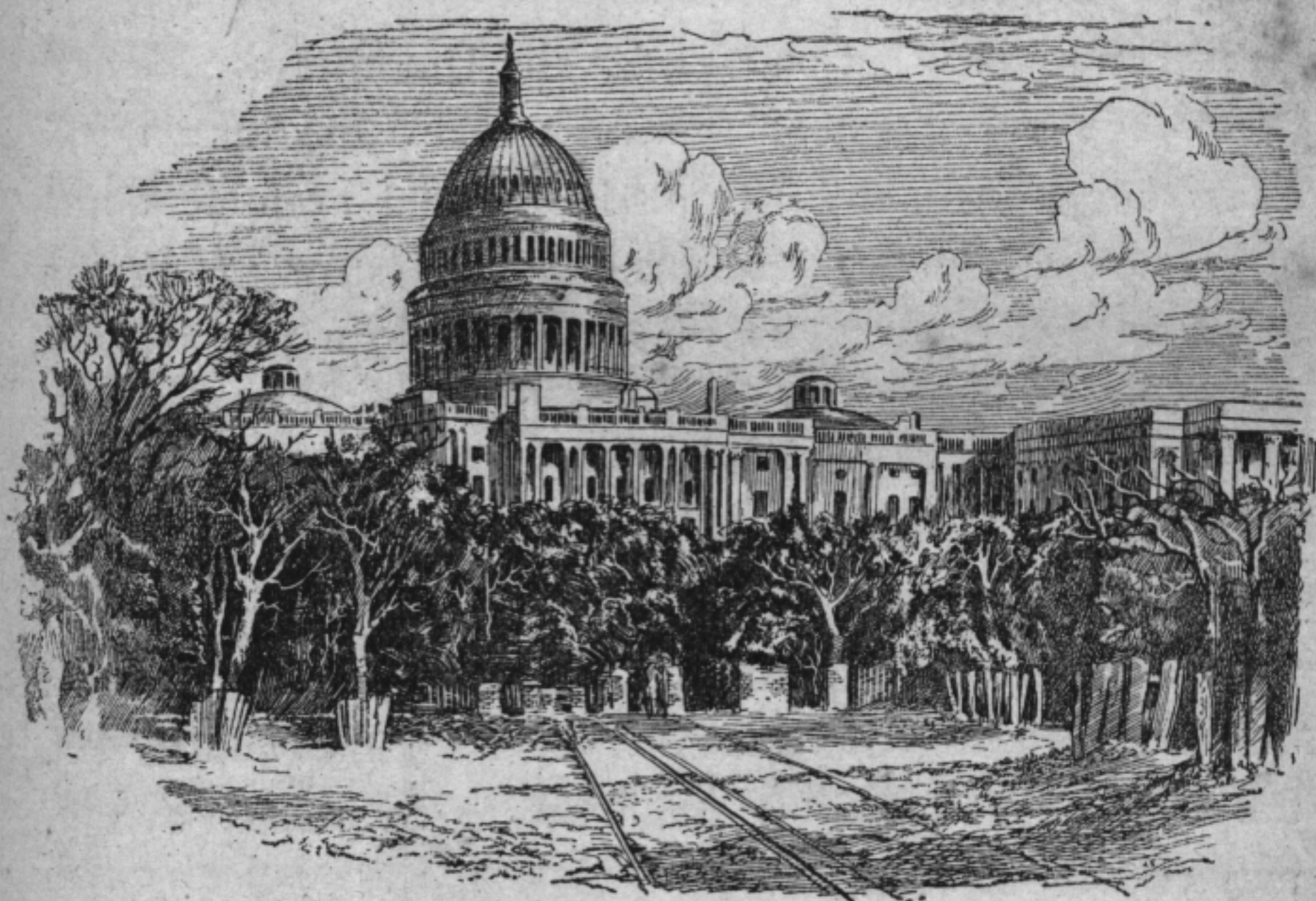
Strolling about the avenue rather aimlessly, we came to



an equestrian statue. On inquiring about the original, a passer-by advised us if we "wanted to see statues to go further on to the Circle." From here we occupied a central position, looking down no less than eight broad avenues, and seeing in them some six or all the principal statues of the city in a *coup d'œil*.

An ugly circular temple with an obelisk of granite, 550 feet high, is being erected as a grand national monument to Washington. It stands facing the semicircular portico of the back of the White House, between that and the River Potomac.

*Monday, 11th of August, Washington.*—We had to be up very early to see the Capitol before leaving by a ten



The Capitol, Washington.

o'clock train. What a beautiful building it is, standing as it

does on the Capitol Hill, with its broad stone terraces and grass slopes leading into a park. The west front, with a flight of innumerable steps the length of the centre building, commands the Plaza; and the newly-elected President, standing here, delivers his inaugural address to the people below.

The first building, laid by Washington, was burnt in 1793, and the present one was commenced twenty-eight years after. Daniel Webster laid the corner-stone and inscribed on it an inscription grandly worthy of the building that rose above it:—

“If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundation be upturned, and this deposit brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm, that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affection of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the liberty and happiness of the country, unite in sincere and fervent prayers that this deposit, and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures, now to be erected over it, may endure for ever.

“GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.”

The colossal bronze statue of Liberty crowns the iron

dome, and under the Corinthian portico are the bronze doors, almost as fine in workmanship as those of the Baptistery at Florence. They represent Columbus's interview with Ferdinand and Isabella, his landing in America, his battle with the Indians, triumphant return, imprisonment and death. The Rotunda is decorated with frescoes painted in such a way as to appear in bas-relief. Under the dome is shown the stone where Garfield's body lay in state for three days, visited by thousands of people. It was estimated that each incoming train brought its hundreds into Washington during those few days. The Americans were most deeply touched, and allude, even now, to the wreath sent by the Queen. The two wings are given up, the one to the Senate, and the other to the House of Representatives. The old senate chamber is now used as the Supreme Court of Justice, the highest judicial tribunal in America. The various lobbies and reception-rooms are very gorgeous in different coloured marbles, and ceilings frescoed and gilded, but the interior is hardly worthy of the plain but massive grandeur of the exterior. The gallery in the House of Representatives will seat 1200, and it is not reserved only for reporters or friends of members, but open to the public, and to any who care to hear the debates. There is a ventilator underneath each member's seat which enables him to regulate the hot air at will.

We were much amused at the ragged condition of the Speaker's table, the blue cloth being hammered to pieces in the interests of "order". A National Statue Gallery has



send statues of two of its most representative men. I admired particularly among the frescoes one by Leutze, called "Westward Ho," very touching in its speaking significance of the hardships the first emigrants endured. It represents the cart piled up with household goods, the mother pale and dejected, with the baby sitting on the top, the elder children plodding along unheeding, whilst the father points hopefully towards the West; in the background other emigrants are crowding along the track.

The Serjeant-at-Arms' room is small; too small they say for "pay" day, when the members come to receive their salaries. Fancy paying your member 1000*l.* a year to represent your interests. He must be dearly bought in many cases. The total comes to double our civil list. The President's salary is only 10,000*l.*—too meagre for the representative of such a great nation—and the ministers and judges only receive the insufficient salary of 1500*l.* per annum. Frequent scandals are the result of such parsimony. Such a beautiful view is obtained of the broad avenues and public buildings of the city from the windows of the west front, and the silver band of the Potomac winding round the outskirts at the foot of the green heights of Mount Vernon.

We should like to have found time to go to Mount Vernon, and have seen the plain wooden house, in a lovely situation, overhanging the river, which Washington made his home; also the key of the Bastille, given to him by Lafayette, and the room where he died. The plain marble sarcophagi near the landing-stage marks "the tombs of Washington, and Martha, his wife." The house after his

death was bought and presented to the nation by "the women of America."

We had to give up all idea of seeing the Smithsonian Institute, a Gothic building of red sandstone, standing in its own park, presented to the city by Mr. Smithson, an Englishman. And the Patent Office we found was not open at this early hour of the morning. Inventive genius is here protected and encouraged. In tin boxes, labelled and kept in pigeon-holes, is a model of every patent that has ever been taken out. The fees are much smaller than in England, and contrivances for the most homely details have been protected.

## CHAPTER V.

## TO THE FAR WEST.

IT was ten o'clock on Monday, the 11th of August, when we arrived at the station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which was to take us to Chicago. We had great difficulty in threading our way amongst several hundreds of negresses bent on a religious excursion. At first the train followed the winding course of the Potomac, through a fertile country; but presently we were going through a mountain gorge, wooded and precipitous, through which the river rushed and foamed. We crossed an iron bridge over the broad river to Harper's Ferry, the culminating point of a very beautiful mountain scene. As the train drew up at the wooden station, the absolute stillness, broken only by the sound of rushing waters, enhanced the spell of the mountains, which seemed to close us in on all sides.

At Cumberland the country then changed to long, undulating hills; and soon after a halt was called, and dinner served at the station. When further on a second engine was attached, a pleasurable excitement prevailed throughout the cars, and there was an underhand scuffle for the right-hand side of the carriage. We were approaching

the glorious range of the Alleghanies, and preparing to cross the mountains. It was a wild scene of the greatest beauty, the glorious solitude of the vast range, broken only by the hideous shriek of the engine, as we climbed the side suspended over a fathomless precipice. As we rose the view extended over many mountain-tops, a panoramic scene of great extent and beauty. We were going up a gradient of sixteen feet to the mile for eighteen miles, with curves so sharp that the middle of the train was doubled inwards or outwards, until we, in the last car, were almost parallel to the engine. We were hanging half way out of the windows, and in full enjoyment of the glorious view, when a sharp angle cruelly shut it all out, and the summit was reached. I was glad that the scene changed so completely at once. So often the full effect of some specially beautiful masterpiece is spoilt by a gradual preparation, Nature working herself up as she goes along ; but here the transition is sudden, and the open, park-like spaces present a gentle contrast—golden as they were in the setting sun.

It seemed as if the beautiful part of our journey was over, when we found ourselves on a yet steeper ascent ; and if the other was lovely, far more so was this one. Grand and gloomy the mountains stood above us. A line of silver and a gentle rushing sound alone told us of the presence of the Cheat River, coursing many hundred feet below, through a chasm in the rocks. The pine forests around us whispered softly. Some of their blackened trunks, hideous and deformed, waving their ghostlike and withered arms close to the line, tell of the fury of the

In the growing dusk we rushed with maddening and increasing speed down into the valley, the glowing furnaces of a manufacturing village sending out a ruddy glow into the dark night.

We passed the night in the Pullman sleeping-car, and I slept soundly. Indeed, there is no reason why you should not do so in these "sleepers." The upper berth lets down from the roof; a sliding partition and an ample curtain forms a "section;" and there are mattresses, pillows, and blankets to form a very comfortable bed, whilst the black porter produces clean sheets and pillow-cases. Dressing and undressing in a sitting posture requires dexterity, which comes with practice. And nothing is more amusing than looking down the length of the car—to see the mysterious heaving and bulging of the curtains, and the protruding arms and legs. I think the general scramble for the "Ladies' toilette" in the chill of the early morning is perhaps the worst part of a night in the cars. How I got to hate the large fringes and crimped bandeaux of the American ladies, which required such an undue amount of care and time in curling!

At Chicago Junction we were hurried out of the "Pullman" into one of the ordinary cars. This meant a carriage, dirty as a London Metropolitan third-class, crowded with thirty people of all degrees. We had been dreading our long journey to the far West, of which this was the first stage; and our fears were being realized. Terribly hot and wearisome was the long day, stopping at every small station. Very dusty, tired, and hot were we, as we skirted the blue shores of Lake Michigan at 7 p.m., and neared

the end of our journey, passing for the last four miles through Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago. We thought ourselves in the greatest luxury when we arrived at length at the Grand Pacific Hotel. •

*Chicago, August 13th.*—"Schicago," as the Americans softly pronounce it, is the great commercial capital of the West, receiving, as it does, the chief bulk of the enormous grain-producing country lying to the westward. Therefore do its streets present no fine buildings, except those of mercantile banks, business offices, and warehouses; and therefore are its streets blocked with drays and waggons, and present generally a bustling activity.

The streets are laid with blocks of stone, and perhaps it is the best kind of pavement after all, regarding health more than comfort. We found the wood pavement, not being properly kept, was far from pleasant in hot weather. The same might be said of the broad asphalted avenues of Washington, which under a blazing sun perfumed the air with a pungent smell of tar.

After the great fire of October, 1871, Chicago rose like a phoenix from its ashes. A curious calculation resulted in the discovery that in the period of six months one building, from four to six storeys high, was completed each hour in a day of eight working hours. It certainly presents an unprecedentedly rapid growth, and the population entirely keeps pace with it.

Chicago is just settling down after the intense excitement of the Convention, held here only the other day, when



country is convulsed with these Presidential elections, a tenure of office far too short to allow of any settled policy to attain to maturity. The country is blazoned with portraits of the rival candidates ; debased often to the use of advertisements, as when Mr. Blaine (who is dyspeptic) is seen standing by a bottle as big as himself of "Tippecande." The newspapers resound throughout the country with their mutual vituperations. "Blaine is corrupt!" cry the Democrats; "Cleveland is immoral!" retort the Republicans.

Party warfare descends even to the shape of the hat. In New York we had several times noticed the predominating number of tall white hats. It was explained they were Blaine's followers ; whereas Cleveland's wore a wider brim in a brown felt. In America, where *every* adult male, be he householder or not, has a vote, politics have a wider range, and are discussed eagerly amongst all classes. We got at last to have quite a "national" interest, and should like to have been in America during the final struggle coming in November.

We went to see the Central Grain Elevator at a large warehouse, which raises, weighs, and stores several thousand bushels of grain daily. The working of the machinery is somewhat complicated, but one of the vats, into which four wooden troughs converge and pour their contents, holds seventy feet of grain, which is afterwards shot down by machinery into railway waggons waiting in a siding below.

It was five miles to the Stockyards, which really constitute the great sight of Chicago. The cable cars, running so swiftly and silently as if by magic, by means of invisible underground machinery, down State Street, conveyed us thither and

back for the modest sum of 5*d.* The yards, with their well-filled pens on either side, presented a wild appearance. Drove of cattle were being driven by men on horseback, galloping and cracking their long whips, with the curious wooden stirrups and peaked saddle of old Spanish Mexican make. We threaded our way through them to Armour and Co.'s, one of the largest establishments, where daily many thousands of pigs, sheep, and oxen are purchased, killed, cut up, cooked, salted, and packed in the shortest possible space of time. We were allowed to wander about the reeking, blood-stained floors, and thoroughly sickened, and fearful that every turn would reveal more bloody horrors, I stopped opposite a gory pile of horns being carted away, whilst C. went to see the oxen killed. He described how they are driven in single file through a narrow passage into separate pens, over the top of which runs a broad plank, on which the "gentleman who does the shooting" stands with a small rifle. The poor beast looks up a second after his admission to the pen, and the rifle bullet fells him instantly stone dead. The further door is opened, and the carcase dragged away by cords to the cutting-up room. There could be no more merciful mode of killing without any unnecessary brutality.

We were told that they stopped killing hogs at noon every day. These have their throats cut (some say they are guillotined by machinery); and it is possible that half an hour after the pig has been squealing in the pen, it will be neatly packed in one of those enormous stacks of tins

windows swarmed over by a species of brown moth, with long bodies and gauzy wings, called Canadian Soldiers. They come from the shores of the lake, and are quite harmless, buzzing around the electric lights to their own destruction. A clock, showing the various times of the different capitals in Europe, carried us back in thoughts to London, which at that moment would be sleeping like a city of the dead, dawn only beginning to break. There is about six hours' difference in time, and yesterday we lost an hour in going from the 30th meridian to the 46th.

*August 14th.*—A very sultry morning; and to refresh us before starting on our journey of two days and two nights in the cars, we had a charming drive in Lincoln Park, along the shores of the lake. Broad gravelled paths, bordered with trees, numberless flower-beds dotted about, and a sheet of water, formed one of the prettiest parks imaginable. South Park, leading from Michigan Avenue, is still finer; and altogether Chicago possesses six of these beautiful parks, dedicated to the use of the people. Returning home through the suburbs we passed the Waterworks. The door was standing open, free to all comers, perhaps ready to inspire some child's mind with a taste for machinery (how different to our ideas!), and through it we saw the magnificent cylinders, revolving to the roof of the building, and the tiny wheels and cogs all performing their appointed motions. The water is supplied from "the crib" through a tunnel running two miles under the bottom of the lake.

It was wonderful what a different impression we carried away of Chicago after this drive. We should have

liked now to have stayed another day to have seen some "trotting races," and made an expedition to Pullman City, the Utopian village erected by Mr. Pullman for his large colony of workers, employed solely in the construction of his Palace Cars. The clean, well-paved streets; the model houses, with improved ventilation and sanitary methods; the fine gardens, and the complete absence of poverty, renders the little village quite celebrated. We had a letter of introduction to Mr. Pullman, through whose express permission alone the works are viewed.

We left Chicago at noon, by the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy route, familiarly known as the "C. B. and Q." A dining car attached to the train provided luncheon, and we travelled in a Pullman, with inlaid and polished panels, plush curtains, velvet cushions, and looking-glasses. The heat was terrible, and we gasped and panted through the long hours of the afternoon, taking refuge at last on the platform outside the car, sitting on camp-stools, heedless of dust and grit, and the deafening roar, as the on-rushing cars thundered over the rails, willing to endure any discomfort for the chance of a breath of air. In the evening, at dusk, we crossed the mile-long bridge over the Mississippi, and looked into the rolling volume of turbid waters. "Blackie" gave us a little supper, neatly and cleanly served on a movable table, of blackberries, bread and butter, cold tongue and eggs, iced tea and lemonade—so much nicer than the hurried meal at the railway buffet. The car was turned upside down, and beds made up at 9 p.m.

and unnavigable, owing to the large sandbanks which form between the swift currents. Soon we passed Council Bluffs, with Omaha, a large town on the broad plateau just opposite. Yesterday we were journeying through the State of Illinois, during the night through that of Iowa, and now through Nebraska, Lincoln, the capital of which we had just passed.

I believe every one, from the days of early childhood, from books of voyages and travel, forms some vague idea of the prairies. We were nearing them now, and I was longing for my first sight of that vast deserted plain, "the blankness of desolation." The scene was growing wilder and wilder; dreary, uninhabited expanses were succeeded by wooden shanties, clustering round a small store with a few cultivated fields and low-lying marshes; horses and cows were hobbled in the vicinity of the village to prevent their straying away to the plains. The sunflower, a smaller kind than ours, flourished luxuriously in large patches; but that was the only evidence of nature, usually so prolific, here so grim and stingy. The day was cold and gloomy, with frequent scuds of rain.

At length we seemed to leave all human habitations behind; and in the majesty of loneliness we were crossing the desert, on a single track, in the midst of the lone prairie lands.

Those beautiful rolling plains—millions of acres, covered with the short, yellow buffalo grass—extend to the horizon in undulating lines, a wide, uninhabited, lifeless, uplifted solitude. The blue of the sky overhead and the dried-up grass are the only blending of colours. Monotonous as

they are, there is the greatest fascination about the prairies. Involuntarily you cannot help looking for some sign of life, some tree or green plant. Sometimes too, far-distant specks resolve themselves into the cattle, roaming at will over the boundless plain.

Buffaloes there are to be seen now and again, but they are dying out fast. The indigenous prairie dog alone remains. These curious little animals are of a grayish-brown colour, always fat, with the long body and bushy tail of a dog, and the head of a ferret. They scamper away at the first sign of the train to their "villages," uttering a short, yelping bark. Their mounds are burrowed as much as two or three yards underground; and the rattlesnake and the burrowing owl are supposed always to share the home.

In the evening we had a grand sight, when a storm swept with terrific force over the prairie. A dense blackness enveloped the previously lurid sky, against which the forked lightning played in jagged edges, and the thunder pealed overhead, mingling with the rattling of the hailstones. The engine ploughed along,—we were swallowed up in darkness and gloom, till the sky lightened and gradually broke, and from a confused mass of purple clouds the rays of the setting sun converged into a pale gold mist on the distant hills.

When the storm cleared we found ourselves in the fertile little valley of the Platte River, the narrow stream winding and circling among green meadow-land, the banks fringed with waving grass and rushes; a scene of quiet beauty.



be an awful but marvellously grand scene. The heavens and the horizon are first seen like a furnace, and then the long line of flame, banked up with dark smoke clouds, comes sweeping on its resistless course. The wonderful thing is how they are ever checked, but most of these prairie fires are said to burn themselves out. And when they approach within two or three miles' range of the settler's ranch a counter fire is started, which eats up all before it, and, joining with the greater fire, leaves it nothing to feed upon. The flames will often travel twenty miles an hour, and leap angrily into the air to a height of fifteen feet. Sometimes they are started by the careless dropping of a match, or some ashes shaken from a pipe, but more often from the spark of a locomotive. It touches the grass, dry as tinder, and the breeze fans into life the little flame destined so soon to burn millions of acres. There is a very curious feature in connection with these prairie fires. So long as they rage, nothing but tufted or prairie-grass will grow; but so soon as they cease, trees, shrubs, and bushes of all sorts spring up spontaneously—in fact it ceases to be prairie. "It is an ill-wind which blows nobody good," for the next year the grass comes darker and richer than ever, and strange as it seems, this burnt-up grass is the finest feeding pasture in the world for cattle and horses. With this unfulfilled wish we lay down to sleep peacefully.

At three in the morning, we were awoke with a dreadful shock, under which the car shivered and upheaved. We heard the crash of falling china, and seemed to feel the furious application of the air brakes, which brought us to a dead stop.

In the awful stillness that succeeded, the conductor rushed through the cars and begged us to "keep still." Every head was protruded from between the curtains, and there were frightened exclamations to be heard from all sides. The suspense that ensued was terrible.

Too soon the truth came. There was our engine smashed to pieces off the line, the tender high in the air, telescoping the luggage van. Ten feet off was another engine of another passenger train. It was eastward-bound, and therefore on the main track, waiting for us, the westward train, to pass on to the siding. The signal, a covered head-light, had gone out; the fireman moving to replace it, accidentally waved a lighted lantern, which the driver of our train took as a signal that the east-bound train had gone into the siding instead, and, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, we continued running into the stationary passenger-train! The drivers and firemen of both engines saved themselves by jumping off, and we all had a providential escape from what might have proved a terrible accident. We were forty miles from a village, and eighty from a town and any surgical aid. A messenger was sent to walk to the nearest telegraph station, six miles away, and nothing remained to us but to wait. We looked out on the silent prairie, the stars solemnly keeping watch in the deep blue vault of heaven, thinking of the strange situation, till dawn broke and the sun rose. Then we could penetrate to the scene of the disaster. There was much *débris* scattered about the track, and the broken engines lay on the ground facing each other. The corpses of some murdered fowls were inside the luggage van, and, suspended in mid-air, I saw at once my new saratoga, a last American

acquisition. The remainder of the baggage was more or less injured, and two trunks were completely wrecked, and their contents strewn on the ground. We were resigned, and prepared to spend the day on the prairie, when, sooner than we thought possible by the earliest calculation, two relief engines arrived, and drew off each train. The eastward-bound was first sent on its way rejoicing, and we followed. The black porter had been very much to the fore about seven o'clock, providing breakfast for all, as those bringing provisions had calculated on arriving at Denver in the early morning. "Guess I'se best man on the car this morning," he said, with a grin, showing his white teeth. For the remainder of the journey we suffered dreadfully from the heat, and the sand penetrated into every crevice and corner. How we strained our aching eyes over that burnt, parched plain, in search of the vestige of a shadow, or *any* green thing to give relief! At last we did see something, a mirage it almost seemed, for the first moment, of dark blue mountains, with dazzling crowns of snow. They were the glorious range of "the Rockies" bounding the horizon, and Denver lay at their feet.

As we got out on the platform it seemed almost as if the atmosphere inside the car were preferable to that outside, so sultry and oppressive as it was; the heated pavement burnt the soles of our feet, and the trees near the station were drooping and white with dust. However, we took a more cheerful view after we had changed our dusty garments and been refreshed with a bath—thought it, in fact, almost worth while having felt so hot and weary, to be now so bright and fresh, and ready for a drive in the cool of the

evening. As we passed through those quiet, orderly streets, it was very difficult to realize that Denver sprang into existence with the discovery of the gold diggings, and twenty years ago was peopled entirely by the lawless roughs brought thither by the gold fever. They are being gradually superseded by a quiet, industrious population, centring here from the country districts. Though often even now you look into the face of many a man following some menial occupation, who shows traces of not being "to the manner born," but who, in the search for sudden wealth at the diggings, has left the little he had, below ground, and thankfully turned to any kind of work to earn a bare livelihood.

We passed a fine house, with the proprietor sitting in the garden, our driver pointed to him, "That 'ere man this time last year was a beggar, to-day he is one of the richest men in Denver." In five weeks he had made one million and a half of dollars at the diggings. The man spoke bitterly, and we more than suspected he too had had his turn of ill luck at them ; and the like story might be told of most of its inhabitants. There are a few streets, and the remainder of the town consists of pretty little villas and cottages, each standing in a garden, kept fresh and green by the unlimited use of water. They have an ingenious contrivance for watering, consisting of a pipe attached to the hose, with a top perforated with holes, that turning with the action of the water scatters forth a shower of spray, and is left always playing upon the grass. Life is carried on to a great extent out of doors, people working, meeting

an absolutely necessary precaution against the plague of flies.

Denver has not yet reached that stage in its development when it can have any public buildings of interest, but they are moving in that direction, as is shown by the fine City Hall they are just finishing erecting on the hill.

We had the disagreeable business to be gone through of going down to the station late in the evening to receive the wreck of our luggage brought on from the scene of the morning's accident by the next passenger train. My saratoga was levered down with some difficulty, and, with great care exercised in the removal, happily lasted till it reached the hotel. C.'s hat-box and its contents were reduced to an unrecognizable mass, and the remainder of the baggage was more or less torn, and with locks broken. I must say we thought the company behaved exceedingly well, as without demur they gave us damages to the amount of 35 dollars; but we afterwards learnt the reason, which was that if further injuries were discovered no further compensation could be claimed.

*Sunday, August 17th, Denver, Colorado.*—We went to the morning service at the cathedral. It is a plain, brick building, at present cold and bare inside, but it is intended to decorate it richly when the necessary funds are forthcoming. The stained glass windows in the chancel are really beautiful, copied from Vandyke's "Crucifixion" at Antwerp; the organ is fine, and the singing of the well-trained choir of men and women (the latter sitting behind a screen), quite worthy of it. We had a very eloquent

and sarcastic sermon from Dean Hart, an Englishman; he chose as his text, "Balaam, the son of Beor."

Under the very shadow of "the Rockies," in the far West, how strange it was to be listening to a full cathedral service; and the prayers of the Church of England binding together both American and English!

The air was very sultry, with frequent storms in the afternoon. We went by the circular railway to Jewell Park and enjoyed the beautiful sight of the Rocky Mountains, swept with dark storms or momentarily emerging under a brightly shining sun.

*Monday, August 18th.*—We left Denver at 8 a.m., and our way lay for many miles along the foot of the Rockies. Though twenty miles away, the rarefied atmosphere of 5000 feet above the level of the sea brought them apparently to within two or three miles of us. And now we could understand their name of "Rockies," for boulders of rock and loose stones, with the long scars where they have given way under the influence of the snow, form their prominent characteristics. There were some little patches of snow still unmelted and nestling in the deep crevasses.

Buffalo grass was still to be seen on all sides, and the fat, brown prairie dogs kept popping in and out of their holes, and, for the first time, too, we noticed the cacti that grow in such wild profusion on the prairie. We were imperceptibly mounting the Great Divide, and as we reached the small lake at the summit, the country grew fresher and greener, and the broad grass expanse, with groups of trees, gave to it the appearance of a prairie.



great barrier of mountains on one side always leaving to the imagination the pleasure of the great unknown beyond. We were soon at Colorado Springs.

Here there was no sign of a village; we could only see the large hotel, "The Antlers," through the over-arching trees of a long avenue. In the afternoon we took a buggy and drove over to Manitou. The clear, dry climate of this high altitude, draws many invalids to Manitou, and there are several large hotels clustering in the neighbourhood of the springs of soda, iron, and sulphur; also numerous boarding-houses, where we observed many little white tents pitched in their neighbourhood, to allow for an overflow of boarders. One was very aptly called, "The Rocky Rest," and was "to Rent."

Manitou lies under the shadow of the great Range. The rocks seem ready to fall and crush the little village, and the pine forests cast their gloom into the valley. From the many surrounding peaks, Pike's Peak raises its giant head towering above the others, and the little black speck just distinguishable on the summit if the clouds are not down, is the signal station, whence three times daily weather reports are telegraphed to all parts of the States, and the storms forwarded across the Atlantic to us. The picturesque ascent of ten miles on mules is soon to be no more, for a syndicate of four speculators are making a railway taking a circuitous route of thirty miles to the top, and already the dark line of earth and the rows of telegraph poles tell of its progress.

We drove on, up the Ute Pass to the Rainbow Falls, but there were, unfortunately, no iridescent beams from the

sun that afternoon. If we could have gone on climbing that beautiful cañon (pronounced canyon) for 120 miles, we should have come suddenly upon one of those beautiful open spaces or "parks" that form Colorado's greatest beauty. They are comparatively unknown at present, owing to the want of railway communication.

We had tea with Dr. and Mrs. Bell, who have built themselves a charming house in Manitou; they live there all the year round, and say the winters are comparatively mild.

We stayed so long that it was late before we drove on to the "Garden of the Gods," but I was glad, for nothing could have been more beautiful than the evening shadows creeping up the mountains, the blue gloom of the pines, and before us a park with stunted oaks and masses of light red sandstone. They are curled, twisted, writhing masses, strewn in wild confusion on the ground, forming the most incongruous series of objects. There was the old Scotchman in his Highland bonnet, two sheep kissing each other, their idiotic noses distinctly seen in the act of touching, the Newfoundland dog, the old man's cellar, the semicircle of mushrooms, very perfect in form, and the magnificent outline of the lion cut out on the face of the rock. You irresistibly give play to the imagination—people this little kingdom with fairy fancies entering at the Gate Beautiful.

A storm has swept down from the mountains, bringing a dark mist peopled by the demons, dwelling in its hidden caverns. Whilst the storm rages and the thunder crashes through the echoing mountains, and the lightning flashes on the rugged peaks, the sun is hidden.

longer. The name is ironical. Some such dim idea floated through our minds, I suppose, as the three glorious piles of the highest red sandstone, rose before us 300 feet in height, forming the entrance called the Gate Beautiful; and the cathedral is near by with delicate spires pointed heavenwards. Monuments, they stand to last throughout eternity; and as we passed through the portals and left the land of enchantment, what a dull, cold feeling gathered round us! The warmth of the red glow inside was superseded by gloom added to by that formation of cold white rock outside. Though it was growing dark, we ventured up the weird gorge to Glen Eyrie, with General Palmer's residence guarded by the three pillars, the one called major domo being in the centre. We spied an eagle's nest built into a split in the rock.

Then home we galloped across the plains, the horses hardly touching the ground, darkness creeping over the prairie, clouds on Pike's Peak, and Manitou in gloom.

After dinner we went out to see the stars, which are so beautiful in this clear atmosphere, with the Milky Way, a trailing cloud across the sky.

*Tuesday, August 16th. In the train going to Salt Lake City.*—We have been spending the day in the Rocky Mountains, amongst some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, awed and struck by the grandeur of the scenes we have passed through.

We began in the early freshness of the morning with a drive up the Cheyenne Pass, a wild gorge, penetrating for some miles into the heart of the mountains. We passed first through prairie fields, where pink anemones, wild lark-

spur, bluebells, sunflowers, large white poppies, cornflowers, and a delicate pink flower, called here a primrose, grew in wild luxuriance, over a very roughly-laid road, where only a carriage of such light build as ours was could have been driven. The bridges over the many freshets were made of the stems of pine-trees loosely laid together, and as often as the horses stepped on one end the other rose up.

It was a scene of the wildest beauty as we penetrated ever deeper into the contracting gorge. One of the great charms of this range is the rich colour of their red sandstone masses, blackened and weather-stained in parts by the action of centuries. We were surrounded, hemmed in, overhung by those stupendous fragments, and masses of rocks leaning towards each other, and leaving only a narrow streak of sky as a relief to the surrounding gloom, which was heightened by the dark pines that clung and found a footing on every narrow ledge. When we reached the end of the cañon which by this time was so deep and dark as to form only a chasm amongst the rocks, we were fairly spell-bound, breathless almost from the astounding magnificence of the scene before us. Seven waterfalls falling down the face of the black cliff, seven clouds of spray falling one under each other, each into its dark pool below. We climbed up a frail, wooden staircase, hung out from ledges in the rocks, looking into every little hollow, following the fall of the water over each, till we traced it to its source, where it first comes gliding over from the quiet, green pool lying hid in a rocky basin above. This pool takes the reflection of the dark pines on

it, with a gnawing pang of regret. We shall not soon forget that quiet spot away from the haunts of man. We passed into the darkness of the chasm below, retraced our steps, and were soon out in the open, under the bright sunshine once more ; and, before an hour was over, were speeding many miles away in the train.

We found the train leaving Colorado Springs very crowded, adding to the discomfort of the narrow gauge, with a proportionally narrowed car.

We kept the backbone of "the Rockies" in sight for a long way, now and then drawing near to one of the outlying spurs. We dined at Pueblo, a town standing on a bluff of bare rock destitute of vegetation ; and its Spanish origin is still evidenced by the fine breed of mules, brought from their colonies in Mexico. We saw here the arrival of the "Pony Express," with the leather mail-bags slung across the peak of the saddle, to be carried on by the train ; but its arrival now is very different to that described by Mark Twain in his reminiscences in "Roughing It :"—

"In a little while all interest was taken up in stretching our necks and watching for the 'pony rider'—the fleet messenger who sped across the continent from St. Joē to Sacramento, carrying letters 1900 miles in eight days. He got but little frivolous correspondence to carry—his bag had business letters in it, mostly. The little flat mail-pockets, strapped under the rider's thighs, would each hold about the bulk of a child's primer. They held many and many an important business chapter and newspaper letter, but these were written on paper as airy and thin as gold-leaf. There were about eighty pony-riders in the saddle all the time,







night and day, stretching in a long, scattered procession from Missouri to California, forty flying eastward, and forty towards the west, and among them making 400 gallant horses earn a stirring livelihood. .

“ ‘ Here he comes ! ’ ”

“ Every neck is stretched further, and every eye strained wider. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears against the sky, and it is plain that it moves. In a second or two it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, rising and falling—sweeping towards us nearer and nearer—growing more and more distinct, more and more sharply defined, nearer and still nearer, and the flutter of the hoofs comes faintly to the ear. Another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces, and go winging away like a belated fragment of a storm ! ”

“ So sudden is it all, and so like a flash of unreal fancy, that but for a flake of white foam left quivering and perishing on a mail-sack after the vision had passed by and disappeared, we might have doubted whether we had seen any actual horse and man at all. ”

At 3 p.m. we were entering the great cañon of the Arkansas. The Royal Gorge must have been formed by some great convulsion in nature, rending the mountains from the top to the bottom, and leaving this deep chasm. The muddy mountain torrent has burrowed a channel through for itself, where it lashes and foams into fury against the obstructing rocks. It was an ingenious idea, making the line on ground literally blasted out of the rock or bridged over the

torrent, while the precipices overhanging it meet above. No green thing grows on their polished sides; but there was a beautiful blending of colours in the red and blue and green veins of the rocks. We were in the deepest shadow, from the depth of the gorge. The train crept along only too quickly, and we were trying to enjoy to our utmost the stupendous grandeur of the scene by hanging out of the windows of the car, when we gradually became aware that it was fading. And though for some time longer we were going through a succession of mountain passes, which opened out before us, were passed, and looked back upon, they paled by comparison with the Royal Gorge.

Late in the afternoon we were crossing an open plain, and, separated by countless nearer summits, we saw the irregular snow-capped peaks of the Sangre de Christo. I am not sure that I did not think this irregular, indefinite view of green, far-stretching plains and blue haze in distant mountains more beautiful than the solemn grandeur of the Royal Gorge.

At the small station of Salida three engines were waiting for us, and the train was broken into two, the baggage cars and one engine preceding us. We watched with the greatest interest for the beginning of the ascent of fourteen miles up the Marshall Pass, for the crossing of the Rockies, the "Great Divide," as they are called, separating as they do the Atlantic and Pacific continents. There was a grade of 217 feet to the mile, and the engines puffed and panted, emitting alternately their black columns of smoke, taking it in turns to pull us up the steep inclines—so steep they were that everything in the cars slipped downwards, and the conductor

passing through appeared to be walking up-hill. Looking upwards, the dark line of earth winding round the mountains showed us our onward track, and we looked, almost incredulous of ever reaching there, till sweeping round another curve, the length of the train often doubling itself, we were brought on a level with it. But the most dangerous thing appeared to us the crossing of the wide gullies in passing from one mountain to another, the train describing one of its deep curves on a frail wooden trestle-bridge, before continuing in the upward track.

We were climbing higher and higher, already above a lower range of mountains, and soon touching the snow-line. One minute we were in the dark tunnel of the numerous snow sheds, and the next in full view of what is perhaps the most glorious, the most awe-inspiring scene, in its gaunt loneliness and majesty, that we shall ever see in all our lives. A sea of peaks around, and before, and behind, as far as the eye can reach ; the cold grey of the desolate gloom, tinged with a rosy light, lingering yet long after the sun had gone down ; a scene of the greatest desolation, for fire had swept the pine forests not long ago, destroying all vegetation, and the blackened and charred stumps marked but too surely its devastating path. We shivered involuntarily as we stopped for a short time at the very summit, partly from the chilly dampness of the atmosphere, but as much from a feeling of sheer loneliness and dread. We should have liked to have been alone in the car,—left to ourselves for a few minutes, to “realize” that majestic scene, and imprint it indelibly on the memory.

The engine shrieked, and we were carried away into

gloom, losing all the beauty of the descent in the gathering darkness,—to supper at a wayside shanty by the uncertain light of guttering oil-lamps.

It seemed wonderful, as we lay down in our berths in the car that night, to think that we had gone up the Rockies and come down on the other side in an ordinary passenger train. Very different it must have been in the old coaching days, when they toiled along the road, which we had traced in a dim, white line in the far distance.

It was most annoying going through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison at night; but I was fortunate enough to wake up at midnight, just as we were passing through it, and, looking out, I could see the ghostly shadows cast by the head-light of the engine in the deep chasm, and could trace the outline of its chief beauty, the straight and slender needle point of the Currecanti.

*Wednesday, August 20th. At Grand Junction Station.*—We awoke at seven in the morning, to find the car at a standstill, and also to hear that it had been so since 3 a.m. There had been a “wash out” at Green River, some 150 miles up the line. We soon found out what this expressive term signifies; it means an indefinite waiting for an indefinite number of hours—indefinite, I say, because it entirely depends on the subsidence of the freshet and the reparation of a bridge. We learnt afterwards that the Denver and Rio Grande line is particularly subject to these little mishaps, and we noticed that the officials thought nothing at all of the occurrence. The same thing had happened to some ladies now in the train when going over the line two months previously. Adding insult to injury, we were

turned out of our Pullman, where we might have spent the day comfortably enough, and the train returned eastwards, leaving the passengers and their luggage a forlorn group on the platform of the Grand Junction.

We found breakfast at a wooden shanty near the station, and fared better than those who tried the hotel. The scene that lay before us was this. On one side there was a collection of wooden huts forming the village, with the grandiloquent name of Grand Junction, bought two years ago from the Indians by the Government. It stands in a sandy desert, with a plentiful sprinkling of alkali, bounded by a low chain of granite rocks; on the other was a marshy ground leading to the river. C. bought some tackle in the village, with a wild idea of fishing, but we found the hot sun on the swampy banks was so unhealthy that we beat a hasty retreat. In writing up my journal and reading, the morning passed, and we again repaired to the shanty for luncheon. In the course of the afternoon we strolled into the town, and laid in a store of biscuits against further accidents, and ran back to the shelter of the station before a coming storm. The heavens opened, and a waterspout came down in the distance, like a pillar of cloud, seeming to draw the earth up to it, and gusts of wind blew up the dust into clouds, sweeping over the little village like a real simoon of the desert.

There was no one in authority to give us any information, and the most intelligent individual about the station seemed to be the telegraph clerk, who had only arrived the previous

train, when we saw one coming into sight. I don't think any one inquired where it was going, or whether it was the right one, but we all jumped in, and sped joyfully across the dreary plain. We saw a beautiful *double* rainbow, the most vivid and perfect arcs I have ever seen, just meeting each other where they touched the earth.

We had not been expected at Green River, and there was not much supper forthcoming ; but we did not care, as we had, in fear and trembling, previously passed in safety over *the* bridge.

The conductor, putting his head between the curtains at seven the next morning with the announcement of "breakfast in ten minutes," awoke us, and we looked out upon the beautiful valley of Utah, girdled with the mountains, and abounding in rich farms and orchards, watered by several pure streams of water. Nature seems to have smiled upon this sunny spot ; and here the "Mormons," wanderers on the face of the earth for so long, chose a resting-place, and built their City by the Salt Lake. The great range of the Wahsatch Mountains opens out here, and forms a convenient site for a city at their feet ; and as we approached we saw that distinctive feature, the dome of the Tabernacle.

The streets of Salt Lake City are wide, too wide for the traffic, for on either side they are overgrown thickly with weeds, forming in some streets into grass borders. The houses are low and pretty, covered with creepers, and the gardens luxuriate with bright flowers, that thrive naturally in these sheltered spots. Swiftly-running water in the gutters answers the double purpose of irrigation and drainage.

We naturally first wended our way to the Tabernacle. It



is the dreariest of white-washed buildings inside. \* The rounded dome of the roof is unsupported by any pillars, and faded evergreen wreaths and tawdry flags are suspended from the centre, erected for Commemoration Day, some fifteen years ago, and never since taken down. The organ ranks as the third largest in the States. In the little wooden boxes, ranged in tiers on the platform in a gradually descending scale, sit the President, the Elders, and the Bishops. From here they call upon Brother So-and-So to address the congregation. There is a most wonderful echo in the Tabernacle; we distinctly heard a pin dropped at the further end to where we were standing. The marble Temple, which is being built to replace the old place of worship, has already cost 750,000/., but judging from the few workmen in the sheds, we thought the funds had perhaps come to an end. We went next to Zion's Co-operative Store; it is a fine stone building, with the text "Holiness to the Lord" blazoned on a sign over the door, and inside you might fancy yourself in the Army and Navy Co-operative Stores—the same division of departments, including the lift to each floor. An "elder" showed us through; and all those employed in the buildings are Mormons. True believers are exhorted to deal solely at the store.

There is a theatre, and the Walker Opera House ; for they maintain, and quite rightly, that, “ As all people have a fondness for dramatic representations, it is well to so regulate and govern such exhibitions, that they may be instructive and purifying in their tendencies. If the best

Behind a high stone wall are the two houses that belonged to Brigham Young, called the Bee and the Lion Houses, from the carved designs over the doors; in the latter Brigham Young died. Exactly opposite is the large stone house—the finest in the territory (Utah is not a state but a territory)—which he built for his last and seventeenth wife, and which is now occupied by his successor, President Taylor. Asking to be shown Brigham Young's grave, we were taken to a plot of grass, roughly walled in, and in the centre was the grave, of loosely piled stones, marked with a wooden cross. He was buried here, and not in the cemetery, as a distinguishing mark of respect; but if so, his resting-place might, we thought, have been better cared for. Many of the Mormon residences may be recognized by their green gates and several entrances, for the separate use of the different wives and families. At present the population of Salt Lake City is 14,000, of which about 10,000 are Mormons, but the mines in the Wahsatch range are bringing a great influx of Gentiles. The Government have made many ineffectual attempts to convict the Mormons of polygamy, but the prosecutions always languish for want of evidence, as they are faithful to the tenets of their religion. Not even the unhappy wives superseded, and often tormented by the last favourite, can be brought to give evidence.

Many are followers of the religion of the "Latter Day Saints" without necessarily becoming polygamists. We invested in some Mormon literature; a pamphlet "On the Bible and Polygamy; a Discussion between Elder Orson Pratt, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and the Rev. Dr. Newman,

Chaplain of the United States' Senate," in which it must be confessed, the former seemed to have rather the best of the argument ; also a Mormon Bible, which is divided into the four books of Nephi, and ten others. The Bible seems to have been taken as the foundation for many chapters, and worked into the tenets of the Mormon faith, forms a curious medley. In the Catechism, which we also got, we found that the question and answer was generally authenticated by a text, quoted from the Scriptures and the Mormon Bible, and placed side by side. This catechism consists of eighteen chapters, and seems more to be a full exposition of faith than for the instruction of children. I give a few extracts from the last chapter, which I think may be interesting :—

“1. *Q.* Has God given any particular revelation in these last days for the preservation of their lives and health to His people ?

“*A.* Yes. He gave a revelation to Joseph Smith on this subject.

“2. *Q.* What is this revelation called ?

“*A.* A Word of Wisdom.

“7. *Q.* What does the first paragraph or verse of this Word of Wisdom teach us ?

“*A.* That it is not good to drink wine or strong drinks excepting in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and then it should be home-made grape wine ; that it is not good to drink hot drinks, or chew or smoke tobacco ; that strong drinks are for the washing of the body, and that tobacco is an herb for bruises and sick cattle.

“8. *Q.* What does the second paragraph teach us ?

“*A.* That herbs and fruits are for the food of man ; that grain is for the food of man, and beasts, and fowls ; and that flesh is not to be eaten by man, excepting in times of winter, cold, and famine.

“*11. Q.* Why is it not good to drink wine or strong drinks ?

“*A.* Because they excite men unnaturally, inflame their stomachs, vitiate their appetites, and disorder their whole systems.

“*13. Q.* Why is it not good to smoke or chew tobacco ?

“*A.* Because those habits are very filthy, and tobacco is of a poisonous nature, and the use of it debases men.

“*14. Q.* Why should flesh be eaten by man in winter, and in times of famine, and not at other times ?

“*A.* Flesh is heating to the human system, therefore it is not good to eat flesh in summer ; but God allows His people to eat it in winter, and in times of famine, because all animals suffer death naturally, if they do not by the hand of man.”

We left Salt Lake City in the afternoon, and skirted along the shores in the train of the Great Salt Lake—the Dead Sea of America. Two feet of pure salt lie encrusted round its shores ; the water contains 20 per cent. of it, and the evaporation of four barrels of water leaves one of salt. The atmosphere is always bluish and hazy from the effects of this active evaporation. No fish or fowl can live in the lake, and it is impossible to drown, so great is the buoyancy of the water, though death can easily be caused by strangulation.

We arrived at Ogden at three o'clock, the junction where

a connection with the Central Pacific Railway is made. And here there ensued a very weary waiting of four hours for another Denver and Rio Grande train. When it did arrive we made up a train of twelve cars, with the arrears of passengers and baggage from the late "wash out."

In the year 1844 when Fremont made his first exploration across the vast prairies, there was not a single line of railway west of the Alleghanies. The discovery of gold in California drew attention to the enormous wealth lying to the Far West, and Congress made a grant for an exploration, which resulted in the commencement of the Central Pacific line, this great junction between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. On the 10th of May, 1869, the lines from the east and west met in the middle of the prairie, and the last tie, a silver one, was laid in commemoration of the event.

All through that night we were passing through the great American Desert of 600 square miles, once the bed of a vast saline lake: The next morning there was still nothing to be seen but here and there mud-dried plains with a little sage brush, the ground being cracked and parched under the burning sun. In some parts there were fields of white alkali, making the lips salt and the eyes smart painfully.

I verily believe nothing could surpass the terrific, fiery heat of that day in the cars; we could not read or talk, but sat with parched lips, panting, the sand floating into the car in a white cloud that soon made us and all around invisible. One poor old woman in the next car nearly died; they fanned her all day, whilst she wailed piteously for one breath of air.

At some of the stations we passed there were groups of the Piute Indians, clothed in striped blankets with bead necklaces, and one mother brought her "papoose" (baby), slung on to her back in a long basket, that had the characteristic features of the race—the pear-shaped eyes and the drawn-down corners of the mouth—ridiculously strongly marked in its wee, brown face. The mother begged for "two bits for the wee papoose."

We had luncheon in the middle of the day at Humboldt, a few green trees about the station forming a very oasis in the desert; the exertion of getting out made us, if possible, a little hotter. We thought then of the awful sufferings endured by the early emigrants, as they toiled day after day over these alkali plains. Along earlier stages of the line the "Old Emigrant Trail" can frequently be seen, with here and there a rude wooden cross marking the lonely grave of some emigrant or freighter, who, overcome by sickness and weariness, lay down and died.

We lived through the long hours of that day as best we could, and about seven o'clock we thought it was perhaps *just* a little cooler, and the glare of the sun not *quite* so angry. We tried to ventilate the cars by opening all the windows, and standing outside on the platforms before turning in for the night. It was wonderful how mutual sufferings had brought the passengers together, and how friendly we had all become. One charming American lady, the wife of a clergyman, brought us each a most refreshing cup of "real English tea."

After such a trying day it was particularly aggravating to be entering the magnificent scenery of the Sierra Nevadas, and to be crossing them, during the night.



We were in the beautiful valley of the Sacramento the next morning, among its corn-fields, vineyards, and orchards, catching already glimpses of the blue waters of the Bay of San Francisco, running far inland. We crossed the Carthagen Straits on one of those wonderful steam ferries that are capable of carrying four loaded trains. The train was slowed, run on, and before we knew anything had happened, we were halfway across, and able to get down from the car, and going to the side of the ferry, look down into the muddy waters. The platforms at either end are hydraulically raised or lowered, according to the state of the tide, to the level of the ferry. For many miles we continued skirting the bay, partly crossing it on trestle bridges till we reached Oakland, so called from its beautiful groves of oaks; and which, though separated from San Francisco by the bay, is one of its suburbs. We crossed over from Oakland Ferry, and were at San Francisco, our journey to the Far West—across the continent of America, 4000 miles from ocean to ocean, traversing the ten states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, the territory of Utah Nevada, into California—safely accomplished.

## CHAPTER VI.

## SAN FRANCISCO AND THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

I THINK we never felt more dirty or forlorn in our lives than on that bright morning when, crossing the bay in one of the palatial Oakland ferry steamers, sitting in the deck saloon, we were surrounded by a crowd of smartly-dressed "Frisco" ladies, particularly humiliated by the appearance of two of our fellow-travellers in the cars, in fresh morning toilettes. A bitter east wind was blowing in our teeth, and raising the muddy waters of the bay into "white horses," and the town with its straight lines running perpendicularly up the hill, showing the division of the streets into regular blocks, looked bleak and grey under the wintry sky.

We could not help being struck by the wonderful precision with which they run these enormous ferry-boats into a dock, fitted with exact nicety to their dimensions, rarely "bumping" against the floating piles, which, however, give slightly to a pressure on either side as required.

As your foot is set on the wharf, an army of hotel "touts" besiege you, ready to devour you and your small hand-baggage, and it is with difficulty, and only after some display of firmness and decision, that you are allowed to

select the natural choice of a first visit to San Francisco—the Palace Hotel. Rejecting the omnibus or large yellow coach, we took a carriage, to be as quickly as possible installed in a charming suite of rooms; all our possessions, from which we have been so long separated, once more gathered around us—luxury again after the four days of heat and discomfort in “the cars.”

We have all heard so much, and for so long of “The Palace,” that it is hard to be disenchanted. When the hotel was first built, it *was* a marvel of magnificence, but since then others as beautiful, as gigantic, as costly, have sprung up, by the side of which its celebrity is paling. The arches and white pillars repeat themselves seven times one above the other, round the four sides of the covered courtyard, and when lighted in the evening by the single pendant electric light, form a very brilliant and pretty sight. The attendance, as might be expected, is only moderate, increasing the feeling ever present of being only a unit among the host of visitors. You have the option of the American or European system, and there is an excellent restaurant, but the courtyard, the piazza, the long corridors leading to the ladies’ entrance and waiting-rooms, are filled with groups of men lounging and hanging about; it is, in fact, a general meeting-place for the citizens, which renders it unpleasant for ladies. The rooms are not numbered according to floors, but the hotel is divided into blocks, called according to the street towards which it faces, and each block, with its separate lift and numbering, forms a house of itself.

Mr. Sharon, is at present defendant in a tremendous divorce case, which has been occupying the court and local press for the last eighty days ; the leading counsel on either side is a "colonel" for the petitioner, and a "general" for the respondent. We spent the afternoon in wandering about among the splendid stores, and in re-hatting C., who was much reduced by the loss of one hat in the early days of our travels, and by the collapse of the remainder in the railway accident. At first surprised by the beautiful furs and sealskin paletots of the ladies we met in the streets, we soon understood the wisdom of their winter wraps when at four o'clock we were driven home by the cold wind, and raw sea fog, hanging about the city.

*Sunday, August 24th. Palace Hotel, San Francisco.*—We arrived in church in time for the second lesson, having met with a shake of the head, and in one case an honest confession "that he never went to church," in answer to our inquiries for Trinity Church.

We made an unsuccessful attempt to reach Cliff House by the Cable Cars in the afternoon. An expedition there is the favourite Sunday amusement. You go out, over the bleak downs, along the edge of the cliffs, to the small hotel, where a few seals are to be seen disporting themselves on the rocks beneath, sounding their monotonous "bark" or call. The wind was blowing in our faces, and the mist driving before us, and at last, as we seemed about to penetrate into a cloud which had descended on the further hill, we called a halt, as we were passing a return car. We had seen part of one of the pretty suburbs that are San Francisco's greatest attractions, where the villas of

her Bonanza or railway kings centre—men whose fortunes were made in the gold beds of the tributaries to the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, barely forty years ago. Then San Francisco was but a village of shanties which they called “Yerba Buena” or good hut, and the “hoodlum” element predominated, traces of which are still to be found but too frequently in many of the low quarters of the city. Not so very long ago it was necessary to carry a revolver about. It was worn daily as a matter of course, and an unintentional raising of the hand to the place where it was secreted might prove fatal, causing an opponent to draw his under suspicion, and in supposed self-defence.

There are many evident traces of the quick rise to wealth that has been the ordinary lot of the inhabitants of the city. You notice it particularly in the extraordinary number of jewellers’ stores, and the display of diamonds, in the expensive upholsterers, with their superb if gaudy furniture, in the marvellous curios of Chinese and Japanese art, that here find a ready sale.

Disgusted with the climate of San Francisco, we fully expected to be told the usual story about “phenomenal weather.” Every one has observed how exceptional the weather generally is when they happen to visit a certain place. But no, we found it is the rule here for the bright, sunny mornings to change to cold wind and sea-fog in the afternoon throughout the summer months. During the winter the climate is warm and equable, and it therefore possesses the advantage of having no great extremes throughout the year.

*Monday, August 25th. San Francisco. A morning of*

indecision, angry agents, each "touting" for their route, a hurrying about from one office to the other.

The question under consideration was an expedition to the Yosemite Valley. A telegram from New York confirmed the date of the 30th as the arrival of the mails and the departure of the Pacific Mail Steamboat, the *Australia*, for New Zealand. This left us exactly four days in which to carry out the expedition, one and a half to go into the valley, the afternoon there, and two days to come out again. I confess now that it is all over, that it was a mad idea to think it practicable. Five years ago I had heard my first description of this wonderland, and been seized with an unreasoning desire to see it. All through the continent I had been hurrying and pushing on, particularly towards the last, chafing feverishly against the delays caused by our mishaps on the railways; fearful lest time should fail us at the last for the Yosemite Valley. Was it to be so after all? It was just possible. My earnest entreaties prevailed, and we went.

Miller, generally considered the popular agent, and supported by the powerful influence of the chief clerk of the Palace, drew us out programme No. 1, returning us to San Francisco on Saturday morning in time to catch the steamer. Walton, the rival agent, drew us out programme No. 2, which possessed the advantage of bringing us back on Friday evening, the day before the departure of the steamer. Miller said Walton was underhanded and undertimed; Walton read us out a letter from an Englishman praising his route and saying he had found Miller "an unmitigated liar." We went to Miller's office, and as we turned the corner were pounced upon by Walton. This



might have lasted out the day had we not trenched matters, by deciding to go into the valley by Miller's route, and come out by Walton's, who solemnly promised to stake his reputation on bringing us back on the Friday evening. I packed all our luggage in the morning in readiness to be sent down to the wharf, arranged our cabin boxes for the voyage, and, taking only hand-bags, we started on the expedition.

Mr. Lee, a fellow-traveller, and with whom we became friendly during the long day spent together in the Desert at Grand Junction, came with us; to add greatly to our pleasure by his uniform Irish cheerfulness and imperturbable good temper, under the most trying circumstances.

The first stage of the journey was made in the train, sleeping in the Pullman Car, which was slipped at 11 p.m. and left standing on the rails all night. At 4 a.m. the next morning, we hurried across in the grey dawn to the inn opposite for breakfast. We looked critically at the coach and team of six horses that were standing ready at the door. The vehicle perhaps might be more properly described as a large red *char-à-banc* swung on leathern straps, with a cover overhead. Later on in the morning we blessed that cover, not only for its grateful protection from the sun, but for the support that its upright iron stanchions afforded us. We clung to them convulsively, for to say that we jolted and bumped would be to give no adequate idea of the violent exercise we went through. We collided with one another, and slipped up

vain we grasped the front seat, or clung round the iron standards, planting the feet firmly on the footboard, determined not to go up with the next bound of the coach. It was all to no purpose, and by the end of the first hour we were sore and aching, looking at each other in blank dismay, with the knowledge of the seventy miles' coaching to be gone through that day. I remember that it was our shoulder-blades that suffered most, and that it was impossible to keep the air cushions we tried, as a relief, in their place. It was not the pitching of the coach, though we often saw it rise up above the leaders and then descend till the wheelers were visible again, that we dreaded, but the large stones over which the wheels passed with a relentless jar which communicated itself to the whole nervous system.

But the most trying thing of all was the dust, which under the twenty-four hoofs of our six horses, rose in clouds around us. Sometimes for a moment we were so enshrouded as to be invisible to each other, and then as it cleared off, and we drew breath freely again, mouth and nostril were full of the fine sand which we tasted and smelt. It was, too, of a peculiar red colour, imparting its ruddy tinge to everything we wore; in fact, our things never recovered that expedition, and for long afterwards, notwithstanding the vigorous brushings, which I gave with an unstinting hand on our return, we used to detect its traces and say, "Some of the Yosemite dust!" A soft woollen shawl which we had with us, absorbed such an immense quantity, that it even now responds to a gentle shake by giving forth a little cloud of dust. We used to arrive each

night at our destination enshrouded in a film of the same, and there was difficulty amongst the passengers in claiming their small hand-baggage from amongst a pile of dust-smothered luggage.

We began our journey by crossing over a flat plain, and our curiosity was excited by a wooden aqueduct running parallel with the road. We kept it in sight for many miles, and never really lost it throughout the whole day, passing it again late in the afternoon. It was a plane or wooden trough, constructed on a slight incline, filled with a stream of water, flowing at the rate of five miles an hour, and down which lumber was floated a distance of seventy miles. This ingenious contrivance is the means of utilizing much of the splendid timber that lies rotting in the mountain forests, useless because of the enormous labour and expense of transporting it to the abode of man. Several experiments were necessary before the "flume" was perfected, the V shape being adopted, as it was found in the square troughs that the lumber in floating down would be driven transversely, and so occasion a block. We presently exchanged the prairie-like plain for a more hilly country abounding in a stunted undergrowth of dwarf oak, cork, myrtle, and ilex trees, freely interspersed with large masses of rock, in such isolated positions, that we could not help wondering how they ever came there. The blue range of mountains that we were to cross later in the afternoon were becoming more distinct. At a very early hour in the morning the sun had become powerful; we were hungry after

halt to change horses, we had reached a pitch of great misery.

There were some tame rattlesnakes shedding their skins outside the inn, and we were able to get a large cornucopia of sweet white grapes to refresh us.

The Californian coach-drivers are famed for their skilful driving; they are hardly worked with four days a week, driving continuously seventy miles, but they receive high pay, ranging from seventy to eighty dollars a month. It is nice to watch their care and interest in the horses; knowing the peculiarities of each one, husbanding their strength, and frequently stopping to water them from the iron pail that clanks in the boot behind. They are well known on the road, and it is amusing to hear their various merits discussed. They need to be careful and experienced men when you think of the sharp corners turned at a hand gallop, and the roads, which for the most part are made overhanging the precipice. More danger might be feared from the footpads, or "road agents" as they are called, who have frequently stopped the coach and robbed the mails. This occurred only last year, and no traces have ever been found of the robbers.

Another three hours of growing discomfort brought us to Coarse Gold Gulch, where we rested for luncheon. We were received by the German daughters of the house in the cool trellised verandah covered with vines, with long feather brooms, and the outer layer of dust was prudently removed before we were allowed to enter the house. We waited a weary while for the coach returning from the valley, and when it did arrive it was comforting to see others in a

condition as bad as ourselves ; to hear that we had got over the most scorching and dusty bit of road ; to be told of the glories of the valley by those still under its influence ; and to be given advice on the best way of spending our one afternoon.

We discovered at once a passenger booked like ourselves for the *Australia*, Mr. Davidson, of Edinburgh, who proved, in our subsequent journeyings together, such a pleasant and intelligent travelling companion.

We began gently ascending again, when we continued our journey, for the most part through a shady ravine, till we crossed what was apparently an outlying spur, and began the tedious climb of the larger range. At times the horses seemed hardly to make any progress, and they crawled along with the coach lumbering and creaking after them. Then for the first time we saw specimens of the *Sequoia Gigantea*, that wonderful genus peculiar to California. Presently we were passing through miles of its forests, their purple and pink-streaked stems, straight and slim, reaching to an enormous height before striking out into long branching arms, which interlace to form a feathery network against the sky. This closely packed array of mighty giants, stretching away into long vistas of upright stems in the dim distance, gives one a feeling of being surrounded by conscious though inanimate beings ; they give a feeling of strength in repose, increased by the stillness and silence of all around ; for the wheels move noiselessly over the thick carpet of fir needles, and

There are no singing birds here, and the only sign of animal life is a ground squirrel darting across the road, and scampering up the nearest tree.

Here and there we emerged into sunlight from the cool depths of the forest, to see the range of mountains forming part of the great Coast Range, looking thin and hazy in the warm afternoon sun. Fire had wrought destruction amongst many of the trees, leaving charred and blackened stumps, decaying into curious and weird forms. Sometimes the trunks and branches, scathed by the fire, remain a beautiful silver grey; in others the trunks would be completely hollowed, and yet still able to support an immense framework above. In one case I remember a pine was burnt through at the base, hollowed out so as to form a perfect V shape.

There appear to be two theories as to the origin of these forest fires; some say that the trees fire themselves in the fall from extreme dryness; the other, which would seem the more probable, that the mischief originates from a spark of the woodman's pipe, or perhaps a brand left burning from the camper's fire. There is no doubt that this is sometimes the cause of the terrible devastation wrought, and it is no uncommon thing to see far away the blue wreaths of smoke curling up from the very heart of a forest that betokens one of these conflagrations.

It is very difficult to convey any idea of the height of the sequoias by simple measurement or figures, but I know that many of them took root in the ravine so far below, that we in the coach overhanging the precipice, and leaning over, could not trace their origin; whilst the



tops would just be on a level with the road. But all this time we were toiling upwards, and the shades of evening were beginning to close around us in gloom, surrounded as we were by the dark pines. We reached the top about 6 p.m. Just one view of a grand, white mountain, with dark, purple shadows lying on its jagged peak touched with a few last rays of light, and we began a mad rush, wild and headlong, down into the valley in the gathering darkness. The horses swung round the zigzag turns at a gallop, the leaders all but over the precipice to allow of room for the remaining four, and for the coach to graze round the corner. Ten, twelve, fifteen miles an hour, the speed gradually increasing, until, breathless and unconscious, save of flying through the air, you gave up at last the anxious watch on the horses, and resigned yourself to the care of the driver.

Mr. Lee, seeing my terrified face, tried to reassure me by saying, "I have perfect confidence in the driver, and in the horses, but hope the vehicle will hold together,"—words that were hardly uttered, when convulsively the driver was seen straining at the reins, and trying to pull up suddenly. One of the powerful brakes had given way, and the horses, feeling the coach at their heels, were preparing to rush madly round the corner we were just coming to, when they were checked—and we were saved. The wheel after that had to be dragged with a chain and straps, and we walked down the remainder of the way, a relief to our overstrained nerves; but the driver looked crestfallen on arriving at Clarke's without the usual flourish round the circular drive,

We slept in the valley that night, guarded by the mountains on every side, with the sound of a gurgling stream in our ears, dimly seen by the light of the crescent moon.

*Wednesday, August 27th.*—We were off at six the next morning (which meant getting up at five), ascending the mountains, and soon many feet above our last night's resting-place in the valley, looking at the lovely blue mist wreathing and curling up the opposite mountains, out of the dark shadows of the pine forests. We had a still, quiet morning among the giant forest trees and shady glades. Down their gullies trickled sparkling streams, burrowing underground and then flowing out again, forming tiny cascades over a few rocks and sprinkling the surrounding ferns with dewdrops. Some of them were so hidden that we only heard a rustling amongst the green bed by which we traced their course. Everything in nature could not help looking lovely on that bright morning with the keen freshness of the early day yet in the air, and the sunlight peeping through the dark pines, to play in golden cobwebs on the brown carpet below; but again we missed all sign of life in the absence of singing birds, and the stillness became almost oppressive. One of the most beautiful things in these forests are the bright green mosses, that hang like lichens from the branches of the trees, looking most vivid against those that are blackened by the fire. The fir cones that lie on the ground in hundreds are remarkable for their perfect formation and great length, frequently attaining to a foot or more.

All the morning we alternated in a slow and tedious progress up-hill, and one of the quick rushes down-hill,

when we would accomplish in half an hour the same distance that it had taken us three hours before to mount. But about twelve o'clock we emerged from the forest on to a level winding road, overhanging a terrible precipice on the one side, from which was a view unequalled in beauty and extent in all California. And this is saying something; for throughout these two days' drives we had been enjoying a series of superb and magnificent mountain scenes, that taken singly would alone have been worth coming to see. But here was something that surpassed them all. The valley at our feet was so deep that the eye became giddy in following the downward line of the vertical precipice of rock. You followed the upward slope of dark green mountains rising on either side of the entrance of the valley, till you gradually let the eye float away and away over the blue lines that each indicated a separate mountain range growing fainter as they reached the horizon. This was the great Sierra Nevada Range.

A more frantic and perilous rush than usual, over a rough, shingly road, somewhat damped our keen look-out and eager expectation for the first sight of the longed-for Valley, till we drew up point blank opposite a sign board,—  
“Inspiration Point.”

This is the most memorable incident in a visit to Yosemite, for in this first comprehensive glance you take an impression of the Valley, *the one* which is to remain always with you, and for all time.

I think this Valley ought to be counted as one of the wonders of the world, and that this Inspiration Point ought

as much an event in a man's life as "to see Naples and die."

I hope we were not like the gentleman "who had written largely and felicitously on many subjects," but who exclaimed as he reached this point, "My God! self-convicted as a spendthrift in words, the only terms applicable to this spot I have wasted on minor scenes," but I know that we felt awestruck and stunned for a moment by the beauty before us. We were on a platform that projected, so that we saw ourselves hanging over the precipice, just midway between the valley which seemed some immeasurable distance below, and those strangely human rocks above. Six miles long, but at no part broader than one mile, the Valley is simply formed of a cleft or gorge in one of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada. It is full of gigantic sequoias, dwarfed into ordinary fir-trees when seen from this tremendous height.

We traced the green waters of the Merced, whose source is in the imperishable fields of ice and snow, of some far-away peak, in its wayward wanderings, through the centre of the flat valley.

But the grandeur and sublimity of the valley lie above us in those marvellous configurations, those fanciful phantoms and wayward fancies placed there by nature. For centuries and centuries since the foundation of the world, they have stood there alone in their solemn glory, unseen by civilized eye, unknown until some thirty years ago.

Facing us there is El Capitan, called by the Indians Totokohula, or great chief of the valley, the most match-





The Sentinel, Yosemite Valley.



less piece of masonry in the world. The Twin Brothers are there, the Three Graces, the Sentinel Rock, the Cathedral with its graceful Spires, the Bridal Veil, the Dome, and the Half Dome.

“Hundreds have gazed enraptured upon these natural wonders, and return again and yet again to drink their fill of Nature’s handiwork ; and looking ‘from Nature up to Nature’s God,’ thank Him that He has traced with Almighty hand so many pictures of wondrous and unspeakable grandeur and beauty. In the course of years, countless beholders will feel their souls expand to the dimensions of their Almighty Architect as they gaze upon this incomparable valley.”

We drove down over a road invisible from the valley, and stopped just on the bridge under which flows the stream from the “Bridal Veil.” The Indians gave it the name of “Pohono,” or Spirit of the Evil Wind. You can almost see the single drops falling against the side of the dark rock, as the spray-like foam, far more beautiful than the “Staubbach” in Switzerland, comes over the left side of the Cathedral Rock. It falls in an unbroken sheet, 630 feet, then dashing from the *débris* of rocks some 200 feet more, flows in a succession of tiny cataracts. The fancifully pretty name came from the body of water, which, when falling lightly over the cliff, is swayed to and fro by the pressure of the wind striking the long column, often giving to it the appearance of a fluttering veil. I thought it the most beautiful object in the valley.

There are several small inns, but we stopped at Bernard’s.



to the Valley. A hurried consultation with the landlord resulted in the decision to go up to Glacier Point, which has the most extensive and complete view of all the different points of interest in the valley. The ascent was to take us three hours, when it would be possible for us to drive afterwards to Mirror Lake in time to see the sunset. We started immediately on a pony and two mules (Mr. Lee being of the party) up the steep trail, preceded by the guide, who turned out to be surly, useless, and disobliging. The sun glared fiercely in our eyes, blurring out the view of the valley below. I tried with ill-success the shelter of a sun-umbrella, the pony shying violently, and turning round on the narrow path to look me in the face. We became impatient with the slow progress, and weary of urging on the animals, and at last, by dint of persistent questioning, I found out from the guide that Glacier Point was six miles from the valley, or about *six* hours' expedition there and back! Mirror Lake disappeared entirely from our programme, and we even began to think of contenting ourselves with Union Point. We reached there at 4.30, having taken two hours for the four miles, and the guide assured us we must allow the same time for returning. After some discussion the matter was finally settled for us, by looking at the soft haze about the sun, and seeing that the brightness of the afternoon was passing away. We decided to give up Glacier Point, and be contented with the less extensive, though I can hardly believe less beautiful, view.

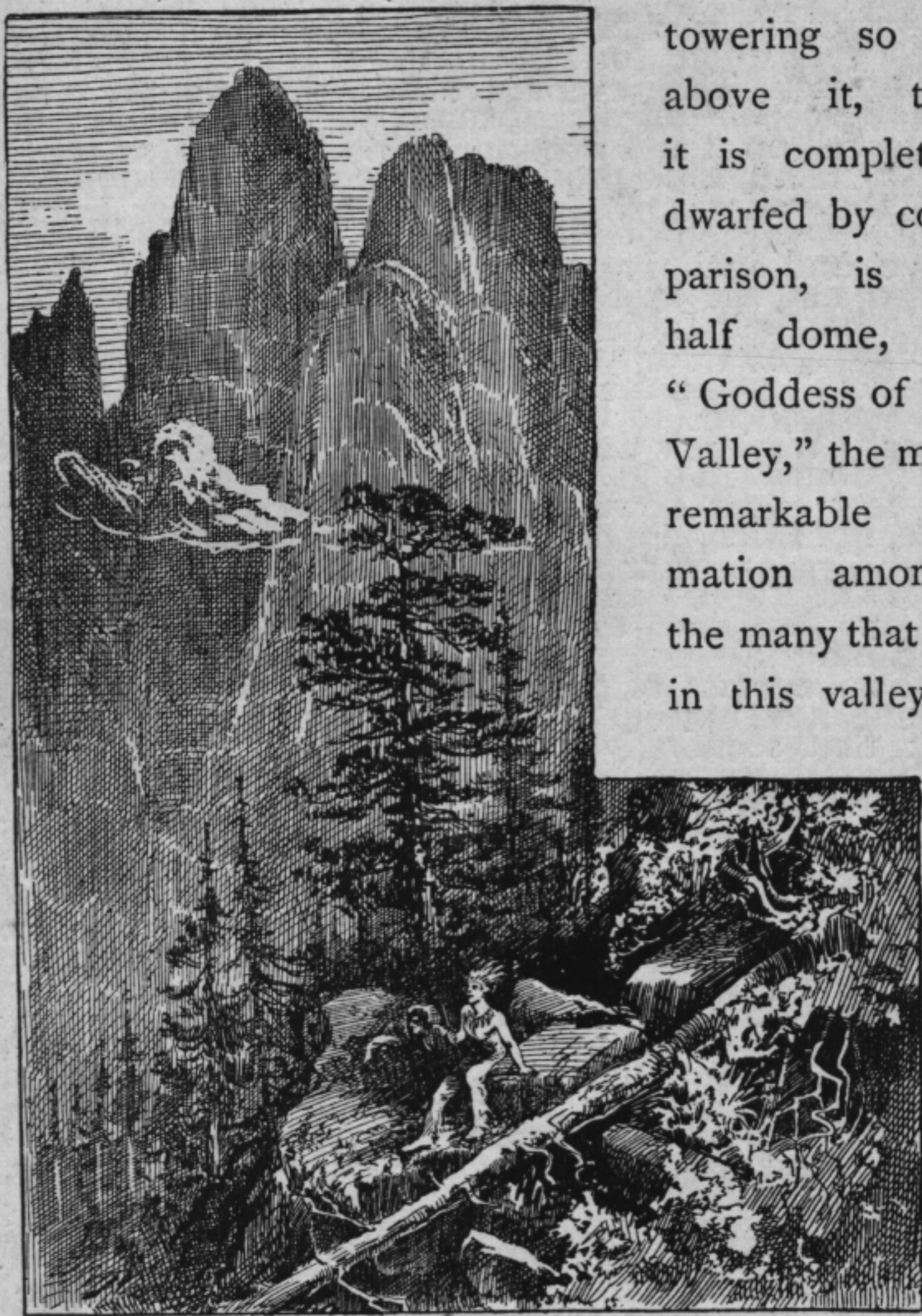
At Union Point we were once fastened to the mules, and

Column, a spiral fragment of rock raised up on end. There was a great solemnity and grandeur in the silence and stillness of the valley below. We were above the hum and stir of life, away from mankind, from the petty aims and ambitions of the world beneath us, left alone with the grand mountains. The evening shadows, with their soft blue lights, fell on the surrounding points even as we looked, and the valley itself lay in shadow below. Immediately above and inclining down towards us were the Three Brothers, their Indian name signifying "mountains playing leap-frog," giving the truest description of their triple zigzag peaks. We knew that on the other side of the rock, only 200 feet lower down, there was a similar formation—the Three Graces, or the sweet "Wakwahlena" of the Mona dialect. We saw the Sentinel or Watch Tower of the Indians, a mass of perpendicular granite tapering into a peak that seemingly points its summit *into* the sky, and which for ever stands watching, keeping guard over the valley. Again, on the same side, the beautiful Cathedral Spires were just to be seen tapering to a height of 500 feet above the massive roof of the Cathedral Rock, which is itself a piece of unified granite of 2660 feet in height. These spires are the most graceful specimens of natural masonry and architecture in the valley, and at times when the wind sighs and moans amongst the crevices, and round about the spires, they say you can hear the deep tones as of some minor organ wailing "The Miserere of lost souls."



fectly rounded dome it is. It seems to be made up of prodigious concentric plates of granite, on one side suggesting the formation of what are called, the "Royal

Arches." But towering so far above it, that it is completely dwarfed by comparison, is the half dome, the "Goddess of the Valley," the most remarkable formation amongst the many that are in this valley of



The Cathedral Spires, Yosemite Valley.

marvels. It is a symmetrical dome of bare rock, scarred and worn with the storms that gather and play about

its mighty head—"storm-written hieroglyphics,"—they have rightly been called, rising 4737 feet above the valley, the valley itself being 4000 feet above the level of the sea. But instead of sloping away on both sides, this dome, on the left, is cut completely away, and descends in an absolutely vertical line of 1800 feet or more, thus producing a perfect half dome. Some great convulsion of Nature seems to have split it directly in two, and the western half has disappeared, no one knows where. The valley is here narrowed to its smallest limit, and this tends to add to the stupendous majesty of this "imperfect" dome. To give some idea of its vast height, it is not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but fifteen times the height of St. Peter's at Rome—all rock, nothing but rock! "And God's hand built it—not in masses of slow-mounting masonry, gaining adventurously and toilsomely, foot by foot, and pushing its scaffolding ever higher to keep command of the work, and straining its enginery to swing aloft the chiselled and ponderous blocks to their place—but with one lift, without break of course, or any gradation of rising completeness, the Supreme Builder set the domed mountain in its place, foundation wall, and top-stone—one sublime integral whole, unprofaned by craftsmen's tools, untrod by foot of man."

Beneath the Half Dome, but hidden from us, lies the Mirror Lake, where on a surface absolutely motionless, at sunset and at sunrise, are reflected all the magnificent surroundings in perfection. Cloud's Rest is the cul-

points, our eyes fall down to those nearer home, and we look opposite at El Capitan. We follow upwards the lines that seem interminable in their length, from the base to the brow of this wall of rock, this mass of immensity. "El Capitan imposes on us by its stupendous bulk, which seems as if hewn from the mountains on purpose to stand as the type of eternal massiveness." "Wipe out the beautiful Merced with its snow-fed streams, let the fierce summer heat dry up the waterfalls, blast as with a curse the whole valley, El Capitan would still smite you with his austere silence." The spire of Strasburg Cathedral, that masterpiece of Gothic architecture, is 468 feet high, and still the compound height of seven such cathedrals would not equal the height of this granite mass.

Over a recess in a dim corner, during the earlier months of the year, pour the "Ribbon Falls," or "Virgin's Tears," (the "Long and Slender" of the Indians), though in summer it dwindles down into what we saw it, a single ribbon string.

Much the same may be said of the Yosemite Falls, from which the Valley takes its name, signifying in Indian "large Grizzly Bear," which are very beautiful from the months of March till July, when they likewise dwindle into insignificance. These may also be said to be divided into three distinct falls; with a perpendicular descent of 1500 feet, a 600 feet of cataracts over a shelving rock, and a final fall of 400 feet ending in spray and foam.

The great advantage of the further ascent to Glacier



beautiful falls of 400 and 600 feet each, some way up the Cañon of the Merced; the Sentinel Dome, which is a mile and a half above the point; the Washington Column or "Watching Eye," and a very far-reaching view over the further side of the valley—of the "little Yosemite," and the higher peaks of the Sierra Nevada.

This view from Union Point proved our only hope of carrying away with us some general idea of the wonderful formations of the valley in the short space of time we could allow, and after trying, with some success, I since think, to print them indelibly in our mind's eye, we turned our thoughts towards the descent.

My pony had come down on his knees at a very early period of the expedition, and I greatly mistrusted his powers of holding up down the steep stony trail, not counting the discomfort of feeling the legs of the animal sliding away in front, and subsiding behind, whilst simultaneously being pitched forward at a *very* inclined angle. I declined to ride down the first and steepest part of the trail, and eventually it ended in my running down the four miles, and resting at the bottom for half an hour for the others to come up. We returned to Barnard's decidedly crestfallen, and with very different feelings to those of pleasurable excitement with which we had started out earlier in the afternoon. We went to bed quite worn out after such a long day, but—there was to be no sleep for us that night. Mosquitoes and the hardest beds I ever slept on were small drawbacks when compared to the weekly ball that was going on immediately underneath us. Every sound was



and listen to the Master of the Ceremonies with his "Figure number one, and cross over, turn, face partner, ladies' chain, sides," &c., the scraping of the fiddle, and the shuffling of the feet.

Weary and dispirited, we left the valley the next morning at 6 a.m., taking our farewell view from the top of the mountain which we had been winding up the side of for three hours. We had in the coach with us Mrs. McCauley, who kept the inn at Glacier Point, and one of the first inhabitants of the valley. She told us that there was general complaint about the meagre compensation that Government had given to the inhabitants since they had taken possession. The early settlers had expended much toil on the formation of the first and most dangerous trails to the principal points, charging some small fee. It was in 1864 that Congress granted the valley to the State of California, as "the cleft or gorge in the granite peak of the Sierra Nevada," under the express condition that it was to be kept for "the benefit of the people, for their use, resort, and recreation, and especially to hold them inalienable for all time." And so it always is in America, parks, gardens, all places are kept and maintained for the *people*. Congress has just taken possession of the comparatively newly discovered Yellowstone Park, for the nation, preparatory to developing its wonders and making it accessible "for the people." A guardian and commissioners were appointed for the valley, who have since done wonders in making the points of interest more approachable by new roads, bridges, and

ing over the valleys and the mountain peaks of the Sierra Nevada from the opposite side to that on which we had entered the valley ; but the coach was of a smaller build than the others we had been in ; it was more than unusually laden with passengers, and the heat was very great. We arrived cramped and somewhat cross at Mrs. Crocker's, a Nottinghamshire woman, where we found a charming luncheon provided in a cool, neat cottage.

In the afternoon we drove through the trunk of one of the monster trees, "the Dead Giant," where there was plenty of room for the six horses and coach to pass at a full trot, describing a slight curve of the road in passing through the aperture, but it required the fine skilful driving that we had, to do it.

Then we pictured to ourselves those marvellous groves of big trees near the Yosemite, the Calaveras and Mariposa and south groves, wonders which we had missed altogether, and without which no description of the valley is complete. I therefore give a rough outline gathered from those who have seen them.

The discovery of this new tree of sequoia occasioned much excitement ; at first it was supposed to be of the species of Redwood or Wellingtonia, but eventually it was given a genus of its own and called after a Cherokee Indian, *Gigantea Sequoia*. It is limited exclusively to the Sierra Nevada Range, as the Redwood is to the Sea Coast Range, and both are Californian natives.

The Calaveras grove contains the most celebrated of the wonders of the forest ; and nearly all have received



height varying from 250 to 300 feet, and to a diameter of from 20 to 30 feet. Their age is assigned to be from two to three



Big Tree, California.

thousand years, and this is judged from the number of their concentric rings. So many of them are partially destroyed

by fire, that it has given rise to a theory that a thousand years ago there must have been a terrible fire which raged among the sequoias alone; and this is supported by the fact that sugar pines and other old trees now side by side with these, show no signs of fire, proving that they had no existence at the time.

On entering the grove the three leading generals of the Union Army, Grant, Sherman, and McPherson, stand facing you; the "Pride of the Forest," the "Miner's Cabin," blown down in a gale in November, 1860, and the "Three Graces," a beautiful cluster, are quite near; others lie all around, each known by its own name.

The "Mother" and the "Twins" are succeeded by the "Father of the Forest." The "Father" long since bowed his head in the dust, yet how stupendous he is even in his ruin! A hollow chamber or burnt cavity extends through the trunk, large enough for a person to ride through, and near its base is a never-failing spring of water.

There are "Richard Cobden," "John Bright," "Daniel O'Connell," the "Sequoia Queen," and her "Maids of Honour," the "Old Maid," and the "Old Bachelor," "Daniel Webster," "George Washington," and very many others, and perhaps what is best of all to see, many other young sequoias growing up with promise of the same gigantic proportions, that may be middle-aged trees of their kind in about a thousand years.

In the south grove, extending for three miles and a half, there are 1300 trees. One of them still standing and growing has the interior portion so burned out that there is a



the same time, and yet enough is left of the outer rim to support the colossal proportions above. In this grove traces of the great fire are most visible, and "Noah's Ark" and "Old Goliath," two of the giants, are prone upon the ground. A limb alone of the latter measures twelve feet in circumference, and, standing in the trunk, it is easy to believe you are on the deck of some large ship; meantime the base is used as a stable for horses.

The Mariposa grove is about two miles square, and is divided into an upper and lower grove. "The Grizzly Giant" is its great sequoia, but its upper part is much battered and torn away. Some who have seen these groves concur in a feeling of disappointment about the size of the trees, which is attributable to the two causes of their close proximity, and isolation from other trees, there being no others to compare their height with, and so few of the trees continue complete to the top, nearly all being broken off or withered. But others are very beautiful, and one who has seen them writes:—

"It is impossible for pen to convey or tongue to tell the feeling of shadowy mystery that invites the gazer into the solemn and mighty forests to enter and explore. Little by little the light before begins to pale and dim, and the trunks to grow grander in proportion, the height vaster, until at last one stands in reverence before the silent and ancient monarchs themselves. It is twilight. No breeze whispers through the branches of these forest gods, that climb seemingly to the zenith in their search for space and light.

tive the man, as does the mute appeal of these monsters to the truth, 'I am the Lord thy God.' Yosemite is grand, terrific, beautiful, but is stone. These—the trees—'live.' Their tops, as the ocean breeze wafts through them, sigh a mournful requiem of the Ages they have witnessed, of the suffering, the toil and the little recompense of man. What stories could they tell of nations, peoples, cities, born and decayed on this our continent before Columbus came from the rising sun to people with a new race a long-lost world! Do they hold the future of our nation, the destiny of our children, in the grasp of their knowledge, and look mute and pityingly down upon a pride, a glory, that, like all other prides and glories, pomps and circumstances, whether of nations or men, shall surely fade?"

To return to that hot afternoon during which we went coaching on, leaving the mountains behind us, and coming to a dead level country, which was interesting from its being the scene of some of the earliest of the Californian gold diggings. The ground was of a brilliant reddish colour, and in some parts gulched and undermined in all directions. These diggings are deserted now, but traces of the gold fever are left in the numerous and scattered population,—men who came out expecting sudden riches, remaining in the bitterness of disappointment to work for daily bread. We had dinner about five o'clock at Priest's, and then a long moonlight drive afterwards of twenty miles. We descended into a valley to cross the Tuolumne river, coach and horses being driven on to the ferry boat, which was worked by a man



The heat in this valley was intense, nor was it much better when we got up on to the open plain, and galloped along with the shadow of the coach rolling round and round after us in the moonlight ; nor yet when we arrived at Chinese Camp, our night's resting-place. We all spent a sleepless night in our small, barely-furnished rooms, with insect companionship, and were glad when the first streaks of daylight came, and we made another early start, in the grey dawn this time, for it was 4 a.m. We had twenty-eight miles to drive to catch the 10.50 train at Milton. It was pleasant after such a bad night to feel the cool breeze of the early morning, and to know the sun had risen behind the hill by the pinky tinge of the sky.

When we stopped for breakfast at Sonora, we found a Noah's Ark waiting to receive us, in place of our coach, which went no further. It was an ancient vehicle lined with greasy yellow leather, with neither door nor window, but curtains that rolled up and down and did duty instead. The way was through a baking piece of prairie, over a road "not" made with hands, and we suffered very bitterly. It was a crowning misery, for we felt that the expedition had been somewhat of a failure. Vainly we strained our eyes across the dreary waste for miles around, in search of what it seemed hopeless to find—a railway station. We did not breathe, we panted breathlessly ; we did not sit, we rolled helplessly, and C. *quite* felt, whilst I *almost* did, that no Yosemite could be worth such terrible misery. We were near to Milton before we saw it, and found the station, and the train waiting. We

carriage to the other passengers, and certainly were not less so when we arrived at Stockton, and drove to the hotel for luncheon; and a great deal more so when we came to Oakland Ferry, and crossed in the ferry-boat, driving to the "Palace" once more.

We spent that evening in trying to remove some of the traces of our expedition. The rooms seemed almost oppressively luxurious to us, the fare sumptuous after our late experiences, and bed very like an earthly paradise.

*Saturday, August 29th.*—It was a beautiful sunny morning, and I wanted to carry away with me a happier impression of San Francisco, and so determined to go up Telegraph Hill for a bird's-eye view. The cable-car accomplishes the almost perpendicular ascent in three minutes, and it is so steep that you slip down on to your next-door neighbour unless you hold on. I had a beautiful view of the town on either side; the broad, muddy-coloured bay beneath, with the islands of Alcatraz and Angel; and, beyond all, the Golden Gate, through which we should be passing that afternoon.

I returned to the worry and fuss that seems an inevitable accompaniment to the "going on board." I suppose it is partly that there is no fixed time, and that you may go at any time in the morning, that there are deck chairs to be thought of, and the luggage for the hold, and the luggage that is "wanted in state-room" to be set specially apart. We had a further cause for anxiety in some washing which a Chinaman (an unauthorized washerman, it appeared) had walked off with, and which

washerman, and we naturally confided it to the first Chinaman who appeared and asked for it. I gave it up for lost, but the policeman stationed in the courtyard of the Palace, ready to show strangers through the Chinese quarters, spent the morning there searching for it, and brought it forth at the last minute. I was sorry to be going away from San Francisco without seeing one of the most interesting features of the city, the Chinese quarter. In the length of three streets live all the Chinese who swarm about the city. They inhabit cells burrowed underneath the streets, below the level of the drainage, sleeping in bunks placed one above the other. The sights and smells are sickening, but the chief interest of Chinese Town lies in its theatres, temples, gambling houses, restaurants, and opium dens. Wherever the Chinese goes, with his toiling and long-suffering patience, there is the price of labour immediately cheapened ; and so strong is the feeling among the lower classes against them that the State of California has been obliged to pass a law forbidding the immigration of any Chinese labourer. Any Chinaman on landing now has to go before a magistrate and prove that he is a merchant, or in possession of property, and that he has come solely for the purposes of trading.

We drove down to the Docks at one o'clock, and went on board the *Australia* at once.

It was the closing of the first era in our travels, to have thus journeyed over the first of our great continents, to have seen the first of our new worlds, and to have gained the knowledge of a new people, with their

back with very great pleasure to our seven weeks spent in America and Canada.

We said our farewell to America as we sailed out of the Golden Gate, regret tempered in leaving her shores by the excitement of going forth on the ocean, in search of other lands and other peoples.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ACROSS THE PACIFIC.

AT 1.30 p.m. the *Australia* was crowded with a motley throng of passengers and weeping friends, who were rushing up and down in search of the cabins they were to occupy, claiming the same by the depositing of bags and parcels. There was the luggage coming on board, the chief steward receiving contributions of fresh provisions, a last supply of water being given, apparently to the hold of the ship, by means of a long hose on the wharf, and finally at the eleventh hour arrived the mails.

The warning bell rang; the decks were at last cleared; "All ashore!" rang out. A few parting words from those leaning over the bulwarks to those on the wharf, a rush of the excited crowd to the end of the pier, and we were left in little groups standing on the hurricane-deck, looking suspiciously at each other, in our floating home for the next few weeks.

The *Australia* looked a noble ship as she steamed through the bay, coasting slowly round the promontory on which San Francisco lies. The captain, the officers of the ship,

on the white sails, the various flags of departure, of the company, and the Union Jack floating from her masts. We sailed between the Angel Island and that of Alcatraz, saw the cliff house, with the waves dashing over the Seal Rocks, looking very desolate and dreary, surrounded by its burnt, dried-up downs. We passed out through the "Golden Gates" into the deep blue ocean. Alas! alas! for those "white horses" and for indifferent sailors. The ship began to roll more and more; she pitched and tossed helplessly in a short, choppy sea, and those already faint-hearted and unhappy at parting with friends on shore lost no time in giving themselves up to *mal de mer* and—misery.

Needless to say that C. was among the first to succumb.

The table at dinner presented but a dreary series of vacant spaces. An old lady, a great-grandmother to three generations on board, was the only one besides myself to put in an appearance. I confess that I could only just manage to sit through that interminable dinner, and then I too gave in, and crept into my berth very cold and miserable.

At the first start I think everything on board a ship seems depressing. You look suspiciously into dingy corners of the cabins, on to the shabby strip of carpet. The space seems impossibly small for any degree of comfort; the blue moreen curtains, with their yellow cords, jar upon the senses; the water you wash in smells of bilge oil; the towels are marked with plentiful iron-moulds; the washstand is discoloured with much use; the pillows are more like bolsters; and the last straw seems to be the printed regulations, hung up in each cabin of the ship rules, which appear superlatively



I feel sure nearly all on board would have echoed these sentiments on that gloomy Sunday succeeding our start, when the tolling of the bell at 11 a.m. vainly called us to prayer. The next day brought a slight improvement to some, but the leader sky and cold wind kept all below in the saloon. The third day there was encouragement for all. The sun rose warm and bright, and brought the poor sick creatures, creeping out on to the decks to sun themselves, looking pale and languid. After this we settled down into the routine of daily life on board ship, a more regular one than one could ever hope to pursue on shore.

It was really pleasant day after day sitting on the hurricane-deck, under the thick double awnings, a hot sun with a cool breeze blowing, dreaming and idling away many a long hour. It was pure enjoyment to look at a sky of opaque blue, and at water varying from the purest ultramarine to the fullest and deepest of indigo dyes. We talk and think of the "Mediterranean blue" as the typical perfection of colour for sky and sea, but it paled into insignificance by comparison with this perfectly heavenly Pacific colour.

We never tired of looking "forward" at the path of foam which we cut cleanly asunder in those dark-blue depths, throwing it up to either side of us, or of the green feathery bubbles left aft by the revolutions of the screw. I have seen in the afternoon the most lovely little rainbows, just reflected for one minute on the foam of the crest of the wave as it rose up to break away. Then in the evening, after we had entered the tropical latitudes, there was always the phosphorescence on the water, like a million of tiny lights.

under the darkness of the ocean. For the first few days out we were followed by flights of gulls and albatross, wheeling and circling around us with their powerful wings, which outstretched measure some four feet across from tip to tip. But after we had come beyond even their range, we were left with nothing to look upon but that wonderful circular line, almost imperceptible, where sea touches sky,—left alone on that vast expanse of water those ten thousand miles of ocean which were to the right hand and to the left of us, which lay down below us in a straight line down, down, to the depth of three miles. Then we were made to realize the extraordinary lonely, yet exalted, feeling that comes over you as you raise your eyes to the only boundary, the only limit to the sea—the horizon. Lonely, I say, you must feel because you are the one living thing “that moves upon the face of the waters,” and exalted because you know you are feeling to your inmost soul God’s most wonderful creation.

We were a little family collected together from all parts of the earth, thrown together very closely for the time, very soon to be separated and to go each our own way; all travelling on different errands, for different reasons—some for business, some for pleasure, some in search of health, some even in search of love, like the three young ladies we were bringing over to Sydney to be married! We had the American Consul at Auckland, Mr. Griffin, on board, step-uncle to Miss Mary Anderson, and who gave us a most interesting account of his adventures at Tutuila, one of the group of Navigator Islands, when he was left there virtually a prisoner

with his government. We met at meals, and then dispersed about, so much so that going up on the decks, and finding them nearly deserted, you wondered where everybody *did* go to. In the afternoon, and immediately after luncheon, there was the sort of quiet and lazy cessation from work that sometimes comes unconsciously even on shore, when I believe many took a nap, and then by four there would come a gradual awakening and stirring up, with a sharp turn and brisk walk before the dressing-bell at 5.30, and once more the re-assembling for dinner.

We had a particularly nice set of officers; and Captain Guest was most agreeable and well-informed, very solicitous for the comfort and amusement of his passengers. We sat one on each side of him, with Mr. Davidson on my other side, and there was always a good deal of information flying across me between them. We also all had the advantage of being waited on partly by "Tonga," his Chinese servant, dressed in national costume.

All the sailors were Chinese, with English quarter-masters. They make most efficient, hard-working tars, and are allowed to wear their native dress, rolling up their pig-tails under their skull-caps when at work.

*September 4th.*—It was beginning to get rather warm, as we had entered the Tropic of Cancer.

The captain's patent windsail in the saloon was brought into use with great success, except on one very hot night, when its canvas sails hung limp and flabby, and there was absolutely not one breath of wind to swell it to its usually large dimensions.

hot damp winds that flow on either side of the Equator within a radius of three days' steaming. Whilst they lasted we were never dry; we lived in a perpetual Turkish bath, everything we touched was damp and sticky, the awning dripped in the early morning or after sundown as if there was a heavy dew; scissors, razors, knitting-needles, even the very pins in the pin-cushion became rusted.

*Saturday, September 5th.*—A blurred outline against the sky seen since early morning, growing into the arid island of Molokai, the place of banishment of six hundred lepers, exiled there to live and die by inches, was the first island of the Sandwich group which we saw. There are eleven in all, only six of which are habitable; these are Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Lauai, Mani, and Hawaii, which contains the volcano of Kilauea. By the afternoon we were passing under the lee of the island of Oahu, on which lies the capital of the group, Honolulu. Oahu has a magnificent outline of jagged peaks, seared and scored by volcanic action; whose precipices dark and gloomy run sheer down into the sea, and form at their base a rocky breakwater against which the sea vainly lashes itself into fury, rising into the air in a cloud of foam. The promontory called Diamond Head stands boldly out into the sea, and rising from the centre of the island is the sharp mountain peak of Pali.

The mouths of extinct craters can be easily traced by the utter barrenness around, and in sharp contrasts to the lava and scoria are the rich valleys running up into the interior of the island, where all grows in tropical luxuriance. There

palms waving their feathery arms along the shore, where the intensely blue line of the sea touches the fringe of yellow sand. In a quiet little cove we distinguished a tall manufacturing chimney standing in the midst of its sugar-cane plantation, and further on we passed Waikiki, the favourite watering-place of the Hawaiians, with its vast cocoa-nut grove growing to the water's edge. Amongst them we could see a few flat roofs, with the grey palace of the king standing out prominently. We are going now round the frowning brow of Cape Diamond, and Honolulu comes in sight. It lies on a very dead level, and is a long-drawn-out collection of flat-roofed houses, famous for its many spires.

Mr. McIntyre, the pilot, who for forty years has been bringing ships along the buoyed course and over the dangers of the coral reef which surrounds the bay in which Honolulu lies, boarded us from the flat-bottomed boat, as did all its stalwart native rowers. Inside the reef we saw an iron tripod that supported a small conical-shaped box; from this issued forth a troop of little nut-brown native boys, who with wild whoops plunged into the water and swam towards us, and twisting about like eels, dived after the dimes we dropped over and brought them up successfully. Water seems the natural element of the Hawaiians, and all bathe once if not twice a day, fearless of the sharks who sometimes penetrate within the reef.

How beautiful are these island coral reefs, bringing forth as they do and blending within their shallow depths every unsurpassed and heavenly shade of colour that the ever-varying ocean shows! From the dull sand at the

sea green, near the coral reef where the line is abruptly broken by curling circlets of foam, fading away in an indistinct line of sky blue shaded in the distance to cerulean, and then ultramarine, and dying on the horizon to the most exquisite sapphire.

Mr. McIntyre having brought us safely into dock, we took a "buggy" to drive about for the two hours the *Australia* stayed in port.

Honolulu is a town containing 15,000 inhabitants. With the native population there is an admixture of Germans and Chinese. The American element, too, is very strong, and American manners and customs have strongly influenced the Hawaiians. The roads are of the best macadam, the town is lighted with gas, there is a public telephone office which shows how general is the use of that instrument; and fire-plugs testify to their precautions against fire.

The Parliament House is of stone with handsome colonnades. Before it stands the gold figure of King Kamehameha I., first king of the Sandwich Islands, wrapped in the famous "OO" mantle. This mantle descended from generation to generation; it was made from the feathers of a rare black bird, of the tribe of honey-suckers. Under each wing only two or three feathers of the required shade were found, so that it took scores of years to collect the necessary quantity, as the mantle measured some four feet long and eleven feet wide at the bottom widths when spread out.

The palace, surrounded by high walls, stands in beautiful gardens, as does also the Palace of Queen Emma. There is



as yet only four bare walls, the Queen Emma Hospital, the prison, the theatre, and a comfortable hotel. But the gardens, how beautiful they seemed to us—a fairy vision almost—as our first sight of tropical vegetation—I longed to know the name of each and every strange bright blossom I saw.

There was the straight broad leaf of the palm, the jagged one of the banana, the cocoa-nut palm with its straggling arms and brown nuts, the feathery algeroba, and glossy-leaved mango and monkey pod, the dark-green koa, and very many others I had never heard of. And these formed the dark-green background for scarlet bunches of ohias, and the vivid crimson blossom of the hibiscus, for magnolias, and orange trees, and gardenias, heliotrope, roses, and honeysuckle, for thickets of mimosa, trailing passion-flowers and tropical parasites of all kinds.

Women in their native garment, the long, loose flowing skirt, gathered into a yoke at the shoulders, but unconfined at the waist, bestriding their horses, floated by, bright with many hues and garlanded with flowers. Sailor hats were perched on the erection of jet black hair, shining from the plentiful use of cocoa-nut oil, and their stockingless feet were encased in elaborately embroidered slippers. It is considered a beauty for the women to be inordinately fat, and their figures are shown off to advantage by the loose garment which they wear, and the bright masses of blue, orange, purple, and green, which are the colours they particularly affect. The men vie in brightness of colouring by their neckcloths, and by the garlands of flowers strung

"aloha," which, literally translated, means "My love to you." We found the post-office, where we went to "mail" some letters, crowded with an eager throng, waiting for the distribution of the post which we had just brought with us in the *Australia*.

We glanced in at the market, and noticed the pretty custom that they have of wrapping up the provisions in fresh leaves to be carried away.

I was very anxious to taste the native dish of poi, and our driver said he would take us to a place where we could get some. He stopped at a backway leading into a narrow yard, opposite the Chinese quarter, and, leaving us, he returned in a few minutes asking us into his own house. There we found spread out on a clean cloth on the floor, a large bowl, full of a thick pink paste. His woman-folk stood round, and watched us delightedly as we plunged one finger into the bowl, and after a dexterous turn of the same, to disconnect the hanging fibres, conveyed it to our mouths. It seemed to me to have no particular taste. This poi is made from the root of the taro, which grows in large beds under water, and only requires boiling to be ready for eating. It is carried about the streets in calabashes, ready for sale, and is the great national dish, the chief support of the lower classes, who eat it with tiny "raw" fish, easily caught inside the reef.

Kava is another favourite native refreshment which it is customary to offer to all who cross the threshold, with, alas! but too often evil results, as it contains very intoxicating pro-

cleaned it is well pounded, by the curious means of mastication, young girls with the whitest teeth being chosen to chew it to a fine pulp. It is thus prepared for eating, and tastes like a combination of weak tea with soap-suds.

Our two hours were over, and we returned to the wharf, where we found the native band playing, consisting of thirty men in white uniform, in honour of some musical guests who were coming away in the *Australia*. Many friends came down to see them off, and Herr Remini, the great Hungarian violinist, came on board, garlanded with wreaths of flowers. They played a sad plaintive native air, singing alternate verses, with "God save the Queen," as a compliment to the English, as we drew away from the wharf. The last notes died away as we crossed the reef and went out to the open sea.

Our last view of Honolulu was under the soft afternoon light, with the Punch Bowl towering above and enveloped in a thick cloud of mist, with a rainbow playing over the gentle darkness of the summit and spanning the intermediate valley.

After such an unusual excitement on board, it seemed a relief to have the ship to ourselves again, for the natives had crowded in whilst we were in harbour, and to go down immediately to dinner as usual.

*Sunday, September 6th.*—There was a parade of all the officers and crew on deck at 10 a.m., the sailors in their clean white suits, and the officers in blue frock coats; after which we had morning service, the captain reading the

with the tail of the Great Bear above the horizon. The stars have been very beautiful on some of these still clear nights, but we have lost the moon that we had at first.

*Thursday, September 12th.*—A man in the steerage died yesterday afternoon of acute rheumatism, aggravated by the damp of the trade winds during the last few days. He suffered terribly.

I awoke with the tolling of the bell at seven this morning. The body, sewn up in canvas, and covered with a Union Jack, lay on the deck, and in the grey of the early dawn a reverend little crowd was collected round it; the captain, in the centre, reading the service, and the officers and a few of the passengers standing round. At the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the sailors, in their white Sunday suits, lifted the heavily-weighted plank on which the body lay, and it slid over the side of the ship, falling with a dull thud and splash into the waters.

*Friday, September 13th.*—All this time we have been in the Tropic of Cancer, and now that we are going through that much-dreaded three or four days of crossing the Equator, we learn that it is not absolutely necessary to suffer so terribly from the heat. Our deck-cabins being on the port side, we have always had a pleasant breeze flowing in, night and day. Having accomplished that great feat of the traveller, "the crossing of the line," we can never again be troubled with any nonsense about "Neptune coming on board." We are now entering the Tropic of Capricorn.

There is a sound on board ship which it is always pleasant

last watch of from 4 to 8 p.m. is divided into two, and is called the dog watch; it prevents the necessity of one officer always coming on duty at the same hour every day.

The ship was supposed not to be making satisfactory progress, only running from 280 to 300 miles a day, notwithstanding a daily consumption of fifty tons of coal. The officers think her bottom must be foul.

*Sunday, September 14th.*—On the 15th day out we again sighted land in the Navigator or Samoan group, and we passed within a mile of one of the islands to receive and send off a mail.

This Island looked of unsurpassed beauty. It has an undulating sky-line with a shore deeply indented by many inland creeks. A curious needle projection of rocks finishes the land on one side. The brightest tropical vegetation covered the entire island, finding its foothold on the shelving rocks that dipped into the sea, marking a brilliant line of foam along the dark ridge. On a shining white beach in a small bay, a few extinguisher-topped huts form Tutuila, while a palm grove, and a white road running through it, can be seen behind.

The greatest excitement prevailed on board, as a large flat-bottomed boat, impelled by paddles, filled with natives, put off, and came alongside of us. What magnificent men these Samoans were, with skins not dusky but a bright brown, the lower part of their bodies wonderfully tatooed in patterns of blue! The Samoans consider it a sign of manhood, and endure the agony of tatooing unflinchingly

somehow seems quite in keeping with the fresh oily colour of their skins. Some wore the tail of a bird stuck through it.

Whilst the mails were being delivered over the side to the rowing boat that came off from a schooner flying the stars and stripes, they swarmed up the rope ladder, pushing each other off into the water, vociferating and gesticulating, wildly offering for sale shells, coloured bead-baskets, battle-axes, and spear-heads of their own manufacture. The transactions were made under difficult circumstances, they in their boat bobbing up and down, and we hanging over the side of the ship; or putting our heads out of the port-holes; but we found that they had a very full understanding of the "dollar," knew the value of their own articles, refused to take less, or to resign the object on board till the money had been handed over.. We bought a very cunningly inlaid battle-axe for "hal-a-dollar."

A line of black shiny rocks at the furthestmost point of the island joins the great conical-shaped Bass Rock to the mainland, through which you get a peep of the blue ocean, fretted by rocks and narrow channels. One solitary palm-tree rears a graceful head on one of these rocks. The great "Bass" is simply covered with a mass of tropical vegetation, with a grove of palm-trees fringing the top. The parasites and creepers hang over a dark cave hollowed out under the cliff, through which the waves dash in and out with a rushing swirl. Some conical-shaped red rocks, standing out solitary in the ocean, reminded me of those in "Anstey's



darker blue of the sea, so that you cannot see where it begins or ends.

Coming round the Bass Rock, the view of the other side of the island opened out, and looking in the distance from the dotted clumps, like one vast banana plantation, tapering at the far end to a rocky cape. Through glasses I could see at regular intervals a column of spray shot up high into the air, through what may have been a "blow-hole," or an opening at the end of a cave, through which, when the water rushes in, it spouts with tremendous force; or it may have been only a mighty rock against which the powerful swell of the Pacific shot up a column of spray.

It is one of the charms of touching at these islands, they leave such an impression of dim wonderland, such a vision of tropical forests which we people in imagination with the descriptive pages in books of travel.

Beautiful Tutuila fading already on the horizon as I write. How we longed to linger on her shores for a time!

*Monday, September 15th.*—During the night we have been passing near the scattered group of the Society Islands. From the course mapped out on the chart in the companion-way you would think we threaded our way amongst them, but we did not sight land.

We have a sudden change in the temperature to-day; the thermometer has fallen from  $85^{\circ}$  to  $74^{\circ}$ , the warm breeze is replaced by a cold wind, and the blue sky by drifting clouds. The sullen rolling waves are again tipped with white horses. We have left behind us the balmy atmosphere, and the bright colour of sea and sky on leaving the tropics.

a concert in the saloon, with the wind playing an accompaniment in the rigging overhead. Ten pounds were collected for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society of Australia.

Some athletic sports had been organized on board, some sack-racing and ring-tilting for the gentlemen, and quoits and an egg-race (running with an egg in a spoon) for the ladies. The captain promised a bouquet to the winner of the latter race, which turned out to be myself, and it was to be presented on this occasion. There had been great speculation on board about the production of flowers after being at sea ten days; the captain would only say it "was growing." The purser brought it in with some ceremony, a flat bouquet, of a beautiful pale green colour, with a delicate suspicion of pink stripes. There was a low murmur of admiration and surprise, and it turned out to be—only a cabbage! A young man of artistic tastes in the steerage had originated the idea, and coloured it slightly with cochineal.

*Tuesday, September 16th.*—A dull leaden sky, with a heavy swell, the remains of the gale of yesterday. There is nothing more solemn than to lie awake on a rough night like last night, feeling the reverberation of the heavy seas striking the ship broadside. Hearing the creaking and straining of every plank, feeling the bound the ship gives as she leaps into the trough of the sea, and is raised again on the breaker. It makes us think how slight is the framework sustaining some 250 people on an angry sea, how a leak the size of the little finger would be enough to sink every one of us on board. We have had another short run, and are doing up

*Wednesday, September 17th.*—I saw the sun rise this morning, with the most beautiful rose-colour tints, but this was not the most beautiful part of the sky ; it was the lovely form of the clouds, billowy masses, delicately delineated with pink, shading into the palest salmon colour.

*Thursday, September 18th,* was not for us, as we were crossing the 180th meridian, that curious phenomenal feature which you meet with in going round the world. Difficult to understand, well-nigh impossible for the unscientific to put into words.

“This is *Friday, September 19th,*” said a notice on the companion-way, on what should have been Thursday. We may be in to-morrow, or at latest the day after. We are nearing our journey’s end, and already beginning to think with dread of the packing and early starts, the constant “move on,” from which we have had such a complete rest. What an interminable time those three weeks seemed when we left “’Frisco,”—how short they have really been !

I have been writing for many hours every day, putting into shape and form all the rough notes and journal of our travels across America, and I look round with regretful happiness at my little cabin, where I have spent so many happy hours, sitting before the table (improvised out of the washing-stand), lurching about on a camp-stool, trying to be steady enough to write. It is nearly over now, and we are very sorry.

A squall came up very suddenly in the afternoon, and we had a grand storm for an hour, which still further delayed our progress.

going on all day as to what time we should get into Auckland. We were still battling against a head wind, and the "nine o'clock at night" was changed to ten, and the ten to a dubious eleven. It seemed impossible to settle to anything, and we wandered aimlessly about, after packing all in readiness to land.

At about 4 p.m. land was "sighted" long before there was any tangible line on the horizon for the unpractised to see, which grew and grew till there "was" an outline visible. By dinner-time we were passing under the lee of a rocky coast, of what we supposed was part of the island of New Zealand, but which was really the Great outer Barrier, a succession of rocky islands which protect the coast and harbour.

In the dusk we saw the revolving spark of the lighthouse on Tiri-tiri Point, some twenty miles away from Auckland, and the blue light of the pilot's boat quivered on the water in the distance. Soon after we took him on board. The mails were piled up and crowded the decks ready for landing.

We became more and more miserable waiting about in uncertainty whether we were to land that night or not. The great advantage of these mail steamers is that you know you are going as fast as steam can carry you, with the bonus awaiting them of 10% for every hour the mails arrive before contract time; but then, on the other hand, at whatever time of the day or night the ship arrives in port they only wait to unload cargo, and then steam off. The general opinion at 11 p.m. seemed to be that we need *not* land, as they would unload all night and not leave till six the next morning. So

of stamping children overhead, a general meeting in the companion-way outside, a rocket fizzing up into the air, and the cannon being let off as we entered the harbour. Then as we drew alongside of the wharf there was the shouting of the flymen, mingling with the general din.

The purser came to tell us we must land. We dressed and put our things together in the dark, for the lamps had been put out, and then we stood on the deck and looked despairingly around.

We were landing in a strange country, in an unknown town, we knew not where to go at this midnight hour, when we heard a voice asking for us, and Captain Daveney, secretary of the Northern Club, appeared, having very kindly come down at that late hour on learning the steamer was signalled. The hotels in Auckland are impossibly bad, and at the instance of a friend in England he had secured good rooms for us.

What a warm welcome to New Zealand we had after all ! The very cabmen seemed to be expecting us, and whilst one drove to the rooms to give warning of our arrival, two more conveyed our luggage and ourselves from the wharf, and the custom-house officials passed us without demur.

There was no time for any good-byes on the steamer, all was darkness and confusion there, and we were off in a few minutes from the shouting and struggling on the wharf. Very strange it seemed to be immediately afterwards driving swiftly through the quiet streets of Auckland by moonlight, at one o'clock in the morning.

and after we had obtained entrance, at the cost of a broken bell, to one of the low white houses, I was left to myself in the midst of a midnight stillness. It gave me quite an "eerie" feeling to see on the tables around in this far-off land of the Maoris the catalogue of this year's Academy, a photo of Mary Anderson, and the last new valse. I took up Black's Handbook to Killarney, and began reading without understanding about the beauties of Bantry and Glengariff, till the sound of approaching wheels told me of C.'s arrival. I went out on the steps to meet him, and with the help of the flyman he brought in the luggage. As we bolted the door the *Australia* gave us a parting screech, letting off steam in the wharf far below us.



## CHAPTER VIII.

COACHING THROUGH THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND;  
ITS HOT LAKES AND GEYSERS.

*Sunday, September 21st. Auckland.*—The day following our landing was a clear, spring morning, for summer is coming to these parts of the world, and we were completely charmed by the view of Auckland from the top of Princes Street, where we were staying. The harbour still and blue lay before us, looking like an inland lake from the low, flat hills that run out into the sea and nearly surround it. It is dotted with islands, the chief of which is Kawau, Sir George Grey's island home, and Rangitoto, with its three volcanic cone-like peaks. From the hill on which we were standing there was one mass of foliage stretching down to the edge of the harbour, and the houses seemed to have been put down promiscuously in the midst, forming white dots from among the surrounding green. The town and wharves lay hidden under the long, sloping hill, on the shoulder of which stands the fine stone building of the Northern Club, with its

House, only tenanted for a few weeks in summer since the removal of the capital.

The houses at Auckland are so pretty—all built of wood, all low, and two storeyed, with double verandahs on each floor; and not straight verandahs, upheld at regular intervals by white posts, but gracefully arched, and carved with fret-work. The wooden fences to the gardens and the houses are painted a dead white, which stands out in dazzling brightness from the dark foliage.

There seems to be some curious anomaly, some contending element in the vegetation of New Zealand. We saw semi-hardy and semi-tropical plants growing side by side, a Scotch fir by a palm, an india-rubber-tree by a laurel; but the tropical in the end predominates. There were geraniums in the hedges, camellias and azaleas blooming in the open air, orange and lemon trees, and clumps of arum or Egyptian lilies growing wild in cool and shady places. The principal trees are the eucalypti and the Norfolk Island pine, which grows nowhere better than at Auckland. Its branches straightly out, with a succession of hard, prickly fingers inclining upward towards the ends, and is of a rich dark green.

The editor of the *New Zealand Herald*, a very ably conducted paper, found us out on our return from church, and interviewed C. In the afternoon we drove out to Remuera, one of the pretty suburbs of which Auckland has so many. Passing through the Khyber Pass, a road dug out in the rock, we came through Newmarket, its bit of untidy

giving one a sarcastic reminder of the Newmarket

see the surrounding country, flat and cultivated, with a few low hills looking peculiarly English; the racecourse of Ellerslie, where spring and autumn race meetings are held, and the harbour, for wherever you go in Auckland you always have a view of that. We had a warm welcome at the pretty cottage of an uncle of my husband's, Mr. William Young, a fine old gentleman, who has been more than forty years in the colony. He had not known of our arrival, and was quite overcome with joy at seeing us for the first time.

Whilst I was sitting writing in the evening, I suddenly heard all the watch-bells of the city ringing a fire alarm, and going out on to the upper verandah, saw the lurid flames of a fire down in the town. By the vivid illumination I could distinguish the upturned faces of the crowd, and for ten minutes it burnt fiercely, reducing the little wooden house, which was fortunately detached, to a few charred beams. Fires are of frequent occurrence, and are terribly serious among this town of wooden tenements. They have alarm bells erected in wooden pent-houses in the most crowded parts of the town, and the fire brigade is kept in a full state of efficiency.

*Monday, September 22nd.*—We drove ten miles out to Sylvia Park, a great stud farm belonging to the New Zealand Stock and Pedigree Company, and managed by Major Walmsley. The road lay through a very wild, desolate country, roughly enclosed by stone walls loosely put together from the mass of scoria and volcanic rocks, which literally strewed the ground for miles. It is supposed to be the

short, sweet grass, so peculiarly fitted for the feeding of sheep, crops up between. These extinct volcanoes, with their round, flat tops, of which there are no less than thirty-nine in the immediate vicinity of Auckland, form a distinctive feature of the country.

When we arrived at our destination we found a square wooden house, surrounded by spacious paddocks with splendid pasture. I was strongly reminded of the Downs, looking round at the many miles of rolling green hills, and by the utter stillness and loneliness.

There are in all some 150 horses, not including the constant additions to the stock like the half-a-dozen foals we saw, just a fortnight old, turned out into a paddock with their mothers. The horses are chiefly thoroughbred, and they have some blood relations to celebrated winners of the turf. At their annual sale last year at Melbourne they realized an average price of 300*l*. We saw their celebrated mare Sylvia, twenty-one years old, from whom the farm is named, and whose offspring are numerous and well known in racing annals; as are those also of Martini-Henry, the winner of both the Derby and Melbourne Cup, who here saw the light. Major Walmsley mentioned to us one amusing peculiarity. It has always been noticed that, on the introduction of new blood from England, the colonials separate themselves from the new-comers, and keep to the other side of the paddock.

Rain came on, and we said good-bye to our kind host, and drove home through a heavy downpour.

*Tuesday, September 2nd.* We are charmed by the kind

welcome. We are overwhelmed with invitations, and are only sorry that the shortness of our stay obliges us to refuse many. Consul Griffin (who had been on board the *Australia* with us) brought me in last night three lovely bunches of flowers; one was made entirely of native flowers, and all were sent with pressing invitations to come and see the place where they grew. Messengers with invitations are arriving all day, walking in at the open door, for all the doors in New Zealand stand wide open, and you never think of knocking. To-day we have had luncheon at the Hon. James Williamson's, at "The Pah," the Maori name for house. The garden is considered one of the best about Auckland, and is very beautiful with its large camellia-trees, double, single, striped and plain, white or red, azaleas of all colours, double geraniums, roses, violets, heliotrope, fuchsias, and daphne, large aloes, and cacti, maidenhair fern, and heath, growing wild in brilliant purple-pink clumps. There is an orange and lemon grove, guava-trees, and the silver fir, a native of New Zealand. This very pretty tree has a long, pointed, silver leaf, with a bright, velvety cone, and produces from a distance the effect of a tree of shimmering silver. The orchard was in full blossom, as with us in May; it is so difficult to realize that this September, our autumn month, is the beginning of their spring.

In New Zealand, with their temperate climate, they have flowers all the year round. During the winter there is little or no snow, but much rain; and though there are

We afterwards went to tea at Mr. Firth's, the "Castle." The garden there is terraced into the side of the hill, which must have been one of the extinct volcanoes, as the soil is entirely scoria. We saw a picture of the present Maori king, Tawhiao, now in England, and another, a very remarkable portrait of the great King-maker, who, twenty-five years ago, gave over to Mr. Firth 60,000 acres of land, in fee simple, whereof to form a beautiful estate.

*Wednesday, September 24th.*—We spent the morning in the town. Queen Street, with a few arterial streets, forms the town, and contains all the shops, the theatre, and the six thriving banks. It looked busy and prosperous, with the streets full of men on rough ponies, going at a hand gallop; for in New Zealand they seem to have no medium between galloping and walking, and they generally choose the latter. There are a few tramway lines, but they have not yet superseded the lumbering yellow omnibus, lined with red moreen, that ply between the suburbs and the town.

Auckland is the northern capital of New Zealand, as Dunedin is of the south. It received a severe check when the seat of government was removed to Wellington, but it is recovering from this, and spreading rapidly into its several suburbs of Parnell, Remuera, Newton, Newmarket, and Khyber Pass.

It is roughly estimated that each emigrant ship, arriving every fortnight, brings to Auckland 300 emigrants, who create a demand for sixty new houses. Another proof of the rising prosperity may be given from the Savings' Bank



The necessities of life are extraordinarily cheap ; for instance, meat is from threepence to fourpence per pound ; all woollen goods and ordinary wearing apparel are the same ; but anything not strictly within this province is proportionately dear.

There are the most delicious oysters at Auckland, as small and delicately flavoured as "natives," and they are to be had for the trouble of picking them off the rocks in the harbour.

A "baby show" had been largely advertised to take place in the afternoon in the theatre, and we determined to go to it. There were prizes given for the handsomest baby, the best all-round baby, for the finest twins, and the lightest and heaviest baby, for curliest-haired, and prettiest dark-eyed, and lastly, for the plainest, and reddest-haired baby.

Afterwards we drove to the bottom of Mount Eden, and walked up the grass drive to the top, looking down into the huge crater, which is now a green and sheltered hollow, where cattle feed. We had a very sweeping view, though a little hazy, over the two harbours—ours of the east coast, and Manakau on the west. There was water wherever we looked, with long, streaky lines showing the "barriers," or swampy bits of plain or sandbanks. At our feet, on one side, was Auckland, stretched out in dotted white lines ; on the other, there were houses and gardens, nestling under the shelter of Mount Eden, forming the far-extending district known by that name, with rich flats of cultivated fields, interrupted only by the mounds of the

In returning we walked through the "Domain," a pretty wood of native trees, with bridle paths, and then went home to prepare for our rough expedition to the Hot Lake district, to begin on the morrow.

We have been very much struck how all out here cling to England, looking upon and calling her "home," always hoping to return some day to the old country, if only for a short visit. It is quite the usual question to ask, "And how long is it since you were in England?" and the answer often is, "Twenty years ago, but we hope to go there again soon." All have near relations there, and it is considered a great thing to be able to send the children home to be educated.

We find everywhere the same keen longing and anxiety that England should know and realize how prosperous, how civilized, how replete in comfort and luxury, her colonies are. They complain that justice is not done them, and express a wish that some of the prominent men in the old country would come out and visit them, and see it for themselves. One lady said to me, "I believe they think at home that we are living in the midst of cannibals, and certainly in a state of rude civilization and semi-barbarism." Another said, when we were expressing our appreciation of all the kindness we were receiving, "We are very homely folks out here; but only too glad to give any one from the old country a hearty welcome."

Even those who are rich keep up quite simple establishments, servants being a very difficult luxury, hard to obtain, still harder to keep beyond a few months, and commanding exorbitant wages. As a natural consequence of this, all

house work. I think colonial mothers are the best in the world. The only nurses to be had are rough colonial girls, and so mothers are accustomed to have their children always with them from infancy. These two circumstances combine to make ~~the~~ girls, what they generally are, frank and open in their manners, very independent in character, and old for their age.

The telephone is in general and more frequent use here than in England. The postal rate of 2*d.* is uniform throughout the colonies, but the most perfect system is that in the telegraphic department of "delayed telegrams." This is an arrangement whereby by paying only 6*d.* you can have a telegram sent in the course of the day and delivered from the receiving office by post, the ordinary telegram having the preference.<sup>1</sup>

-We were so sorry to be leaving Auckland without seeing a Kauri pine forest. These Kauri pines are *only* found north of Auckland, and the nearest forest is some fifteen miles away. They grow to a great height, and are chiefly valuable for the purity of the gum, which exudes in great quantities from the bark, and is highly prized for mixing with varnish and for tanning purposes. It formed at one time the most valuable of New Zealand exports. Large lumps of this exquisite clear golden substance are dug up from the ground, under the pines, containing a clear cloud-like substance, that fades after exposure to the air. We brought away with us several pieces, some in the rough and others polished.

<sup>1</sup> This was written before the introduction of the new system.

*Friday, September 25th.*—We were down at the station by 8 a.m., and joined there by Mr. Davidson, our fellow-passenger on board the *Australia*; Mr. Robert Graham also came with us, the proprietor of Wairakei, and of Waiwera, the pretty little watering-place, with hot springs, twenty miles away from Auckland, which we had not found time to visit.

There was quite a feeling of adventure in starting out on this expedition to the Hot Lakes. Scarcely any one from Auckland has been; on the principle, I suppose, that those nearest the place of interest never do go, though people may find it worth while coming all the way out from England to see it. Many tried to dissuade us, by alarming accounts of the roads after the winter rains, and the roughness and fatigue of coaching from early morning till late at night; and at one time I had wavered.

We were experiencing one of the New Zealand railways for the first time, and could not say much for the smoothness of the locomotion. The train moves on with a terrific jerk after each stoppage; till, at last, you grow to look for it. This carriage was very long, with a passage down the centre and differed from the American cars only in having seats lengthways, instead of crosswise, thus producing the effect of the inside of an omnibus. Afterwards we found that many of them were like the American cars. The trains are very, very slow, only going from fifteen to twenty miles an hour; the gauge is narrow, and the line single.

After passing through the suburbs we emerged out into an open country, bounded on either side by low hills, and almost entirely covered by manuka, or ti-tree scrub, pro-

of the north island is covered with this manuka; it flourishes on all the uncultivated sandy soil, and is the most monotonous of shrubs to look at, with its spiky black twigs, and sparse feathery green. It is only pretty when in bloom, and covered with myriads of white starry flowers; but we were too early to see this. I grew very weary of the miles and miles we passed through of it during the next few days. Here and there, in sheltered hollows, were bits of native bush, with the characteristic grey stem shooting branchless to a great height, and ending in a clump of green at the top. Many of them had bunches of gigi, which looked like mistletoe, growing on the stems. Underneath these there would be a thick undergrowth of cabbage-palms and tree-ferns.

At the small station where we stopped to have luncheon we were offered whitebait! but it turned out to be only some minnows, caught in the neighbouring stream, and served in a very pulpy condition.

We were soon following a range of hills, worthy to be dignified with the name of mountains, and the broad river of the Waikato was flowing to our right. The Waikato became quite an old friend at last. We followed it in so many of its windings, leaving it to find it again, after a few days, grown and increased in volume, and flowing ever more swiftly towards the sea. We passed some marshy belts of land, opening out into broad pools, bordered by bulrushes, with plenty of wild ducks and prairie-hens skimming about on them. Then Rangiriri came in sight, with its green knoll and flagstaff marking the spot where

troops, under Colonel Campbell, in the swamp below. For many years the Maoris defied the British from their strongholds in the bush, the war on the English side being, it is said, much mismanaged. The struggle raged most fiercely at Taranaki, breaking out again there after the other parts of the island were subdued. At the end of the war, government took possession of all the land, and the Maoris retreated into the district known as the King Country. They have now collected enough money, and sent their King, Tawhiao, to England, with the hopeless task of submitting their grievance to the Colonial Office. His mission will, of course, be useless, and he will return as empty-handed as he went.

We arrived at Hamilton at 3 p.m. By courtesy it is called a town, but it consists of one short street, with the hotel facing the bank, above which is the office of the local paper. The ancient yellow coach in which it was proposed we should drive the twelve miles to Cambridge was overcrowded, so we took a waggonette, and were driven by Mr. Johnstone, the coach proprietor on this road, who handled his quadruple ribbons in the most masterly manner.

I can see now the road winding through that little pass, the hills on either side covered with gorse and bracken; the running mountain stream by the side of the road, crossed by a wooden hedge, and bordered by whispering willows. Through a gap in the distant mountains came a rush of yellow light, leaving them themselves in gloom.

We emerged into the great flat plains which are considered so good for agricultural purposes. All the land



is let out to leaseholders in small lots of from 100 to 150 acres; though, if the matter came to be examined into, it is thought that nearly the whole of this and many other tracts of land would be found to belong to the Bank of New Zealand, being heavily mortgaged to it at the rate of eight per cent. This is the usual rate of interest



Maori Chieftain.

here. Fir-trees were planted along the sides of the fields as a shelter for the cattle against the wind. A farmer requires about 5000*l.* capital to make a successful start, and must be prepared to unlearn all English ideas of farming, and learn those adapted to the soil and climate, unless he wants "to run a mucker," as the phrase goes.

Two hours brought us to Cambridge, where we found a clean little inn. The town was full of Maoris, gathered from far and near, to attend one of the Land Courts, which are held from time to time to arrange differences about landmarks, and to effect the sale of lands. The natives were lying about the street, wrapped in their striped blankets, or in plaids and tartans of bright colours, which covered them from head to foot. The women are generally seen in a crouching attitude, squatting on their heels, and their lips and chins are tattooed in patterns; some of the men are likewise decorated in rings all over the face, and wear a long piece of greenstone depending from the ear by a string of black ribbon.

We had a strange example of "how small the world is" this evening; when a schoolfellow of C.'s, not seen since the old days at Westminster, turned up at Cambridge. He emigrated at the time of the gold fever in the Thames river (not far from here), and has been for six years a member of the Legislative Assembly,—is now a leading lawyer, a lumber merchant, and the proprietor and editor of two newspapers.

*Saturday, September 27th.*—We left Cambridge at seven this morning in a downpour of rain, that seemed to prophesy a hopelessly wet day. There was a preliminary difficulty about starting. The light buggy with four horses, and a narrow seat back and front, proved too small to hold ourselves and the very small quantity of luggage we had brought. We looked blankly at the small space, to see if we could contrive to pack in, and after some demur on the

buggy for us. He had come over the road on the previous day, and reported it to be in a terrible state, but how terrible it was we had no idea till later in the day, or I doubt whether we should have persevered.

Some miles of flat road, passing a pretty house belonging to Sir James Fergusson, now governor of Bombay and formerly of New Zealand, and we turned off the main road, into that leading to Ohinemutu. The difference in the road was perceptible at once; the one belonged to the township, and the other was under government management. It was of dark sticky clay, not only full of ruts but of holes, and we soon began what was to be our ordinary mode of proceeding, viz. "floundering."

The surrounding country was tame, with low hills and open spaces, alternating with patches of dense manuka scrub, showing the natural state of the land before clearing. Then we began to wind through passes with wild Highland scenery. The colouring was a beautiful grey-green or grey-brown, catching its tone from the decaying bracken; and this is such feathery bracken and so peculiarly crisp and hard to the touch. The Waikato could be heard rushing and gurgling over rocky impediments in its course, but so deep down in the ravine, and between such high banks, that we only got occasional glances of its swiftly running waters.

The most striking feature of the country here are the distinctly formed terraces, running in tiers down to the present bed of the river, and which is supposed to show the different levels of the Waikato during the course of



All the land about belongs to various companies. The New Zealand Stock Pedigree Company have a large tract for their farm, but they are not succeeding well, as the farmers, struggling under the disadvantages of the first breaking of the ground, cannot afford to study the breed of their stock. By degrees we entered the country held by natives, where all signs of cultivation and the abodes of man ceased. We occasionally met a solitary horseman, a weird-looking figure in slouch hat and blanket—some Maori going down to attend the Land Court at Cambridge.

It would be very difficult to give any adequate idea of the state of the road. The four horses were up to their flanks in the liquid mud, and the carriage sunk in axle-deep. To behold only is to believe in such a case. Looking at the sea of soft mud in front, it seemed as if it would be impassable. Kerr, our splendid Jehu, saved us many a bump by his first-rate driving, drawing the horses carefully off, and easing them at bad ruts; but as it was, the buggy often balanced on two wheels and sank deeply down, the other two being high in the air, and the vehicle hesitating whether to recover itself or not. There were not a few such critical moments. Sometimes we got into such a slough that the pole of the carriage touched the mud, and the horses, in trying to draw out their fore feet from the slippery mass, would miss their footing, and flounder hopelessly for a moment or two. Then Kerr would draw himself together, and by main force drag them out with the reins.

We were obliged often to cling on to the front seat, to

ward, C. came down with his full weight on my thumb, and sprained it slightly.

We were looking forward to arriving at the township of Oxford, for the excitement and anxiety of this fearful road was tiring, and the going very slow and tedious. From over a bare plain we approached the hotel; not a single house was to be seen, and we found that this *was* the township. The railway that is being made is finished up to here, and an enterprising man has built the hotel, foreseeing the custom that will come, when it is opened next season, and forms the starting-point for the coaches to the Lake district. The second buggy overtook us at Oxford, and we found that they had fared much worse than we had. The spring of the back seat had given way, and Mr. Graham had been precipitated into the mud.

We coached on for another three hours, the horses so dead beat that it was only by many exhortations to "get up," and the frequent use of the whip, that we progressed at all.

We had one alarm when Kerr, after leaning over several times to listen, got down to examine a back wheel. Awful thoughts of a screw becoming loose in such a much-tried vehicle had been ever present with us all the way. But it proved to be only some sand, which if left in the axle to grate with each révolution would have set fire to the wheel. The wheel had to be taken off and fresh grease applied.

Soon after this little incident torrents of rain came down, in which we drove up to the door of a hut in the back-

For the next twelve miles we were driving through the bush, the damp steaming up on all sides and showing the vegetation in all the glory of its luxuriance, the leaves and moss shining with the dripping raindrops. Nature was perspiring at every pore, and putting forth a new growth in the moist heat.

At first we missed the familiar foliage of the oak, or elm, or beach, but soon you grow accustomed to the grey skeleton trunks, branching off so high in the stem of the native tree. There was the Karaka, a tree with thick glossy foliage, and a red berry which the natives eat, the Puriri, which is the hardest of New Zealand woods, the Katukatea, or white pine, and the Totara. This tree has the bright olive-green foliage that imparts so much vividness to the bush. It has a durable wood, which worms never touch, and for that reason is much used for the piles of wharves. Then there is the Rimu which, when the bark is stripped off, is found to be of a blood red inside. It produced the beautiful effect we saw as we passed along, when sections of these trees rotting on the ground, mingled their crimson blood with the yellow mosses and lichen.

Again and again we remarked that great curiosity of the Rata, which is found throughout both islands. The Rata begins like a creeper, hanging down in tendrils from the branches, and joining together below them, to form a stem about one-third of the size of the trunk. Growing gradually downwards, it circles round, and closes in "*under*" the roots, gradually eating into and sucking the life from the



curious formation is found about the trees, but there it is called Pohutukawa, and grows in exactly the opposite way, striking from the roots upwards, and performing the same work of death, with its fibrous arms. Sometimes this Pohutukawa is also called the Christmas tree, from the bright red blossom that flowers at Christmas. They say the effect of the bush at a distance, and when the trees are intertwined by this scarlet mass of blossom, is very beautiful. The general idea is that the Rata and Pohutukawa are produced by a species of caterpillar about a foot long, but we found many of the islanders do not agree with the theory. We brought one of these caterpillars home with us, and it is still preserved in a tin case.

The giji, a small rush or coarse grass, growing in isolated clumps on the trunks of the trees, forms another special feature of the bush. But the chief is that wonderful tangled mass of tropical undergrowth, and the tree ferns which grow in large clumps. Their fibrous black trunks attain to a height of six feet, expanding at the top into feathery arms, long and graceful in their sweeping curves. Nestling under their broad shadows are every other species of fern; the beautiful crape fern, so called from the crisp double texture of the fronds, the Hiane or creeping Lycopodium, the Kioko or Polypodium, the Panaka or Asplenium, and the Mangemange or creeping fern. Then there are all kinds of parasites, like the Tararamoa or climbing bramble; the latter has a red or yellow berry, and a prickly bristling leaf, which has given to it the name of the lawyer's plant, or bush lawyer; there is the Kareao, a climbing wiry vine, the "Sup-

ple Jack " of the Colonists, the Kiekie, Kohia, and Pikiarero or clematis; and the Hinau which blossoms with a white flower, and has an astringent pulp, the bark furnishing a black dye to the natives. Beneath all there is a carpet of bright green moss, three inches thick.

It is very difficult to give any adequate idea of the extraordinary luxuriance of these bush forests; I could hardly have believed before what wonderful shades of colouring could be contained in a single tangle of green. There is something about the bush which prevents your saying it is tropical, partly on account of the trees which look sparse and hardy, partly on account of the damp climate, but it is, nevertheless, as beautiful as any tropical jungle.

We were very much struck by the oppressive silence and the absence of all bird life. We heard the whirr of two wood pigeons, and the twitter of a tui once or twice.

It was getting dusk as we emerged from the bush, and quite dark before we saw the black waters of Lake Rotorua. Clouds of steam and vapour rising from the hot sulphur and mineral springs, told us the whereabouts of Ohinemutu.

I confess that the last part of the drive Nature had been asserting herself, and I was too tired, hungry, and sore from the jolting to feel interest in anything but an arrival at the Lake House.

We found the coach and party from Tauranga (the other route to the Hot Lakes) had just arrived there, and on comparing notes we saw that our road had been infinitely

on the sea, in a miserable little steamer. We had coached fifty miles during that day.

Ohinemutu is in the centre of the Hot Lake district; it lies on the shores of Lake Rotorua, a sheet of water twenty-seven miles broad. Mr. Robert Graham has built his hotel, the Lake House, in the midst of a Maori settlement, surrounded by sulphur fumes. In the garden he has enclosed several hot springs, to form medicinal baths; but Sulphur Point, the site of the Government sanatorium, and the proposed township of Rotorua, contains the greatest wonders. Here is Te Kanhangi, "The Painkiller," a bath of dark-coloured water; the "Priest's Bath," Oawhata, a clear pool of bubbling hot water, and Madame Rachel's bath. In all of these the water is at boiling point. They possess the most wonderful curative properties for those suffering from rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, spinal disorders, cutaneous diseases, &c. Analysis shows the water to contain chloride of sodium, potassium and lithium, sulphate of soda, silicate of soda, lime and magnesia, iron and alumina oxides, and sulphuric acid.

The stories told of the wonderful cures effected are endless; and as they become more generally known there can be no doubt that Ohinemutu will become the great health resort from neighbouring countries, and indeed from Europe.

Near Sulphur Point are the Cream Cups, the Sulphur Cups, the Coffee Pot, and the Fumaroles, pools of white, boiling mud, impregnated with sulphur and arsenic. In cold weather the natives will sit for hours up to their chins

winter and summer they are always bathing in the warm water of the bay in Lake Rotorua.

Tired as we were, we went out in the evening to see the Maori Temple in the settlement. It is of weather-board, with a corrugated iron roof; but inside it contains the most grotesque and hideous monstrosities. The Maori idea of religion takes the form of a carved, wooded ancestor, stunted and deformed, with the eyes of mutton-fish shell starting out of the head. They stand in rows round the temple. The beams of the ceiling and the carved pillar in the centre of the temple are painted in ochre and hematite, producing a gaudy and startling effect. We looked into one or two of the native "wharries" or huts, as we came home. They are miserable hovels built on the ground, with the uncovered earth as a floor. A litter of grass or rushes forms the bed, and all have a wooden bolster, with a place hollowed out for the neck to rest in.

I cannot say much for the comfort of Lake House, there is one long passage down the centre, which is divided on either side into square boxes about six feet by six; these have uncarpeted floors, and are most primitively furnished.

*Sunday, September 28th.*—It was a fine morning, and it had been agreed overnight that in that case, we must for once overcome all Sabbath-keeping scruples, get up at five in the morning, and leave in the coach at six.

Driving by the shores of Rotorua, we were rewarded for our early start by the beauty of the lights and shadows playing on the mountain sides, reflected from the floating clouds above. By the first freshness of the keen morning

rise of being superior to one's neighbour. We had need to sustain these sensations, during the course of the next few days, with their successive early starts, varying from 5 to 7 a.m. Out in the middle of the lake we saw the island of Mokoia, in connection with which is told the pretty little Maori legend of Hinemoa. Charmed it is said by the notes of the lute of Tutanekai, her lover, she fastened six empty gourds round her back, and floated across from the mainland to Mokoia, hiding herself in Hinemoa's bath, until a favourable opportunity presented itself of appearing before Tutaneka.

When I say we were in the Highlands, I shall have described the first five of the ten miles' drive to Wairoa. It ended with a bold mountain, burnt black and bare, with a deep gully winding round its base, following a pass through the mountains. We suddenly came out on an open moor, and then plunged into the dense forest of the Tikitapu bush. It is a glorious bit of bush, with the tree ferns growing to an enormous height. The road is cut through its midst; and overhead the trees close in and form a cool twilight. Through this avenue we caught our first glimpse of the blue waters of Tikitere or the Blue Lake. It is only a sheet of very clear blue water, lying in the hollow of the mountains, which are covered with brown, feathery bracken, and yet we were all attracted and fascinated by it. There was nothing grand or striking, but we said and thought it was "lovely." The road runs round on a level with the lake, and we saw that the mountains dwindle into a low hill, to a point where the road and the lake meet.

This hill is all that divides the Blue Lake from Rotokāhiki or the Green Lake. It lies at a level of eighty feet lower than the Blue Lake, and it was very strange, just at this spot, being able to compare the visible descent between the blue water on the one hand and the green on the other. Strange it is that the Green Lake does not in the least attract the eye like its Blue sister.

As we came near the village of Wairoa a smell of sweetbriar from the hedges bordering the road on either side perfumed the air for nearly a quarter of a mile. We passed the temple and some wharries, made of rushes hung and plaited from a pole in the centre. The natives rushed excitedly out of these and followed the carriage, clothed in their one white garment, with striped blankets, blue, yellow, and red, thrown loosely round them. By the time we drew up at the Terrace Hotel we were the centre of a motley group of Maoris, chattering, gesticulating, and "whining"—the Maori way of expressing pleasure; Mr. Graham had no difficulty in picking out a fine, strong-looking crew to man our boat across Lake Tarawera.

We ran down the steep winding path which led us to the rough boat-house in the creek, on Lake Tarawera. Here there was a great delay, whilst the crew, led by "Sophia," the native guide, were mustering, and it was then discovered that our party was one too many for the licensed number of the large flat-bottomed boat. This proved to be the beginning of our troubles with a very fat old gentleman, with a broad Northumbrian dialect, who, having joined himself on uninvited to our party, proved always the one *de trop*.



for he took good care of himself; was always to be found the first to be seated in the boat, and in the best place; he helped himself freely to the luncheon *we* had bought, and required no pressure to take his full share of the whisky bottle.

Once we were out on the lake, we were delighted with the grand rugged beauty of the surrounding mountains. The three flat cones of the Tarawera Mountains loomed in the distance, and somewhere hidden away in that range, we were told, there was a curious natural bridge, sacred to the Maoris for a burial place. About two years ago the water of Lake Tarawera suddenly changed and became green and muddy, remaining so for a year; it then returned to its natural state, being perfectly clear and wholesome for drinking.

The natives rowed very slowly and unevenly, playing with their oars, while they munched hunches of bread, and took deep draughts from the lake for breakfast. The first breath of wind was the excuse for hoisting a primitive sail, fastened by a string of green flax. A blue veil attached to the hat of one of the natives gave rise to a laugh about the Blue Riband movement, which they quite appreciated and joined in, when translated to them by Mr. Graham. We were anxious to push on, and should never have accomplished the ten miles row without Mr. Graham's encouraging, "Go! go!" in Maori, and a bottle of rum, which he gave to the chief to dole out. We turned into an arm of the lake running up between the hills, and passing a Maori settle-

knew where it came from, and longed for our first sight of those beautiful terraces of Rotomahana. They are unique in the world, and comparable to no other wonder of Nature. They are one of her most perfect works—perfect in conception, in form, and in colour.

After landing we almost ran the mile and a quarter, through the bracken and manuka scrub, hurrying on to each knoll to have the first view, and then disappointed, running down that one and on to the next. We were heedless of the blue and purple mountains around, ungrateful for what Nature in her ordinary course had provided, looking only for her eccentricities.

At last we could see them, in their general outline, a silica formation of white terraces in circular steps. We thought it disappointing ;—but not openly allowing so, we waded through the lukewarm water, about an inch deep, and stood at the bottom of Te Tarata, or the White Terrace.

At the first step we came to, we were “petrified” with delight for a moment.

Set in a basin of pure white silica, delicately carved and fretted, lay a pool of pale blue water, so pure in colour, so opaque in substance. I wish I could convey to the sight of those who read this, the merest reflection of that heavenly colour, that pale tint found nowhere else upon earth.

As we climbed upwards, we saw terrace upon terrace, with each circular brim hanging with beautiful stalactites, and sponge and coral formation. The sun shining through

whiteness of the silica. The water percolates and trickles gently over the petrified drapery of each little cup and basin ; each drop leaving its tiny deposit of silica, which in the course of ages has formed the Terrace.

We waded through the warm water, picking our way along the little edges of the pools, lost in wonder at the delicate workmanship. The temperature rose gradually, and we found it nearly boiling as we reached the crater at the top. Again the pool was of that indescribable blue, more beautiful when seen in such a large mass, but at the further end the cloud of vapour and steam we had seen rising in the distance partially hid from us a dark, angry mass of boiling water, that was heaving and surging against the opposite crust of the crater. Te Tarata is not always active, sometimes the crater is perfectly dry, as it had been the previous week to our coming. We discovered here some ferns, and morsels of branches petrified with silica, each leaf being perfectly encased, and preserved with the glistening substance ; but we found that they were too brittle for transport, and had to leave them there in their beauty and to their natural home.

We came down the Terrace, step by step, lingering and turning back at every point to look under the overhanging lip, at some still more curious formation of stalactite, some new beauty hidden away in a quiet corner.

Still wading through the water, we came down the left side of the Terrace, and saw what I thought was almost the most beautiful part, a succession of little cups, formed as regularly as the cells in a large honeycomb, each containing

we went through a glen, in which the manuka scrub grew high above our heads, and the carpet of bright green moss was hot to touch. One of the charms of Rotomahana and its Terraces is the bright luxuriant vegetation, in the midst of a tremendous volcanic action; where you would expect to see lava scoria, you find a tropical growth of ferns and parasites.

Climbing up to the top of a hill, we looked down into the crater of "Ngahapu," a geyser which spouts up furiously every few minutes. We gasped as we looked down into the black boiling water which ceaselessly gathers itself into a swirling mass, and throws up a jet of water, and then recoiling rushes on to the sides. We skirted round another, which was still more active, and which we had to be careful to get to leeward of, to avoid being sprinkled with boiling spray. Above, to a fissure in the rock we traced the ceaseless throbbing noise of the "Steamer." It sounds as if inside here the waterworks of the geyser were being pumped up. The manuka all round was encrusted with orange from the sulphur fumes, and the ground was inlaid with different bits of brilliant colouring, in the red and green clay of mineral deposits.

We found luncheon spread out for us by two natives near the lake. It was rather a "hot" corner to have chosen, for in front of us there was a boiling mud-hole—and behind and all round bubbling pools of hot water, with steam issuing from the ground. We sat on some rocks coloured pale yellow from the action of sulphur and ate the most delicious baked potatoes and kouras, the native shell fish, that had been cooked in a few minutes by the same process.

of holding them in nets in one of the hot pools. I think we all thoroughly enjoyed that luncheon.

Then the gentlemen were taken across the lake in the canoe to have their bath in the pool at the top, before the ladies arrived. We waited under the care of "Sophia" for the return of the canoe.

Sophia was a most attractive half-caste Maori, speaking English very prettily. Dressed in a red and black check skirt, with a blue jacket bordered by red ; her black wavy hair flowing loosely from under a Tyrolese hat, she presented a most picturesque reminder of "Meg Merrilees." Her lips, like those of all the Maori women, were tattooed ; but hers were only done in straight lines, as they had become too sore to continue with the down strokes, which usually reach to the dimple of the chin. She described to us the process of tattooing. Small holes are tapped into the skin with a sharp-pointed instrument, and then filled with the prepared juice of the Kauri gum, boiled down to a dark blue substance. The mouth is fearfully sore for several days, causing even death sometimes from gangrene and mortification. The girls always go down to a town to have the operation carefully performed, and then make it a ceremonious holiday.

"Sophia" wore a beautiful piece of greenstone called Tiki, roughly carved, that had been, she said, in her family for 400 years ; she also wore suspended round her neck by a black ribbon a "Maori button," made of a piece of circular bone, bored through the centre, and about the size of a

the idea of getting in. It was a native canoe formed out of the hollow trunk of a totara-tree, and shaped at both ends. A rough wooden paddle was used by the old Maori for working it along. We had to get in cautiously one by one, and lie down in the bracken at the bottom, and when we were all in, we were certainly not more than three inches from the water. Every motion in this frail bark was felt; if any one moved hand or arm, there was an exclamation of alarm, and when some one sneezed, we felt as if the convulsive moment must capsize us. On the reeds in the middle of the lake we saw many wild ducks, and the pretty Pukeko, with its dark blue plumage and red bill. The steam rising as we approached the shore alone indicated the marvellous wonder that greeted us as we suddenly rounded the sharp corner that brought us into the cove where the water was boiling and bubbling brightly—and the glories of the Pink Terrace were unfolded before us.

The truth must be told, and our first view of them was somewhat marred by the outline of figures that were creeping along the horizon after their bath!

It is very beautiful. Terrace after terrace shelving down to the water's edge; with the same delicate and curious formation, the same tender blue in the pools, but not the same dazzling whiteness; for these are coloured with a most delicate shade of pink, streaked in places with carmine. It is caused by the water previously running over red clay, which, becoming diluted, leaves a pink deposit of silica on the Terrace. I thought the Pink Terrace or Otukapurengi



white, but most people prefer the latter, and undoubtedly it has the finest silica formation.

Where the water ran down in some little hollows, the sun shining over the pink produced the effect of a shower of opals, and again in the little pools, as the drops trickled over the brim of the basin, there were a succession of minute rainbows, seen for an instant and gone as soon. A dash of green-coloured clay lay along either side, before the dense border of manuka scrub was reached, forming altogether a curious variety of pale shades, in pink, blue and green.

We saw the place in the Centre Terrace where the Duke of Edinburgh had carved his name. The natives have cut out the original, and inserted instead a small tablet to show their appreciation of the honour, but at the same time they thought that by thus writing his name, his Royal Highness implied a possession of the Terraces. The lovely porcelain surfaces of both terraces are disfigured by names scribbled in 'pencil' underneath the water. Government has now protected them by prohibiting this, and laying a heavy penalty on all those who chip or carry away fragments of the silica. The smell of sulphur here was as pregnantly strong as in the White Terrace, but the water is only hot, and does not boil. We felt we should never see the Terrace again, and lingered.

A tremendous shower of rain came on as we were packing again into the canoes; it seemed heavy enough to have filled and swamped them. We recrossed Roto-

hanga to the river, and then glided down the

because of its rapids and sharp curves, so dangerous to the equilibrium of canoes. The natives paddled us most skilfully from the stern, and we lay at full length basking in the warm afternoon sun, and noting the embryo terraces that have formed along its ti-covered banks. Some of the gentlemen of the party ventured down the rapids. One canoe containing Mr. Graham and C. was nearly lost—the stream carrying it down stern first, before the native had time to get to his place to steer. He cried out to Mr. Graham, “We are lost!” but amid intense excitement they did get through and land in safety. We changed our shoes and stockings for the dry ones which we had been warned to bring with us, for we had been walking for several hours in warm water.

We had a nasty head wind, with a heavy sea running as we returned across Lake Tarawera, but the natives worked well and sang us some native airs; all joined in a chorus with gesticulations, led by Sophia. We had a very damp drive home, rain falling in sheets; the beauty vanished which we had admired so much that morning.

The fat gentleman whom I mentioned before was the subject of much amusement to the Maoris. The native who acted as guide, looked at him as he entered his bath and said, “If you had been here forty years ago, you would have made a nice pie.” It was translated to him, and we thought that we had had our revenge.

It had seemed such a long day, and I went to bed worn out, and with my brain bewildered with all the wonderful

leaving Ohinemutu in a buggy to coach fifty-four miles to Wairakei.

It was a very cold morning with a wind blowing from the direction of the south pole. Passing Sulphur Point, we came to Whakarewarewa (pronounced about like this, "walk her over, over), whose sulphur fumes from the numerous mud-holes we had seen rising in the distance yesterday. Then we travelled for some time beside Waikorowhiti, the "Whistling Stream," a mountain torrent that rushes through the Hemo Gorge. A few more miles brought us to Horo Horo. It is a high narrow ridge of rock, that sweeps in one unbroken line from the coast of Coromandel Bay to the east of Auckland, and ends suddenly here, standing out against the sky, as one precipitous line of unbroken rock. A slender stately column which distinctly presents the outline of a female figure is called by the Maories "Hinemoa." The natives think Horo Horo has the appearance of a mighty monster fallen from Heaven, and so call it Fallen Fallen. It reminded us exactly of the Palisades on the Hudson River, U.S.A. We had magnificent scenery all the way, ranges of mountains before and behind us, that only varied in shape and beauty ; all clothed with the dull green or brown of the bracken fern. But the country was all so much alike, that I felt if I had begun a sketch at the beginning of the journey, I could have finished it almost as well at the end. The country was totally uninhabited and uncultivated, save for a few scattered Maori settlements, and these wharries were so like the coarse grass growing round

They generally lay under the shelter of some hill, or on the outskirts of a bit of bush, and would be roughly fenced round, with some pigs or a couple of rough horses about, as the only sign of life. We saw but one white man's house, and that was only building, during the whole day. Now and again we came upon a herd of wild horses, who galloped away at the sound of our approach. The skeleton head of an ox fixed upright on a hill producing a most weird effect, and a gravestone by the roadside, marking the spot where some traveller's favourite horse had lain down to die, were the only other objects of interest we passed during the morning. There was a striking peculiarity in the way in which the ground was terraced into deep winding gullies, evidently showing the bed of some river, flowing in bygone ages.

The road was "good-going" all the way, except for a few "ruts," which required all "Mac's" care to avoid, as they were deep enough to overturn the carriage. When going over the edge of one of these we used all to lean over, to throw our whole weight on to the opposite side of the carriage, and watch anxiously to see whether the earth would hold or slip away from under us. "Mac," our new driver, was a French Canadian, whose ancestors had come over with Jacques Cartier and settled in Montreal. We had no change of horses for the whole of that fifty-four miles drive, and it was wonderful to see how skilfully he spared his horses, watering them frequently from wayside streams. We kept ourselves from cramped weariness, and saved the horses by walking up the steepest hills. All the

instead of *crossways*, and if they are rotten, there is great danger of the wheels going bodily through. Once this nearly happened to us, and we escaped with a shave; and again when a horse put his foot into one of the holes, and drew it out without breaking it.

We had luncheon at Ateamuri, under the shadow of the great vertical rock that stands 300 feet high on the plain, called Pohaturoa, or the "Rat's Tooth," from the jagged edges at the top. A Maori legend tells of a defeated tribe who fled to the summit of this rock, and were besieged there for a week, living on the roots of ferns, and hurling down rocks on their enemies. They found a pool of water at the top, and only surrendered after burying sixteen of their number, whose graves are still to be seen up there. Here we found our old friend the Waikato again, and we laid out our luncheon on its banks, under the shade of a weeping willow. Mr. Graham met here the widow of the chief who had given him Wairakei.

We coached on all through the afternoon, and towards five o'clock we turned off the high road, across a rough grass-track to Wairakei. Presently we seemed to be driving at random over stumps and bushes of ti-tree, and about to plunge down into a valley by a road leading down the side of a precipice. We declined to go down this on other than our own legs, and I think the horses could not have held the carriage back without being lightened of our load. In the far distance, in the hollow, a native wharrie, with two out-sheds, was pointed out to us as Wairakei!

Wairakei is the property of Mr. Robert Graham.<sup>1</sup> Under

the guidance of a native, he was the first *white* man who ever visited these wonderful geysers, mineral springs, and hot rivers. On expressing his admiration to the chief of the tribe, he was presented with Wairakei, for Mr. Graham speaks Maori like a native, and is very popular with them. I believe afterwards the tribe, as also the government, objected to this gift of the chief, and Mr. Graham made due compensation, and by purchase added 4000 acres to the estate. It is a most valuable property, with enormous natural advantages as a health resort, and only requires capital and enterprise for its future development. It lies on a flat plain surrounded by mountains, and already a proposed township has been described with imaginary lines. The hot mineral stream that flows through the plain has been made use of to erect two baths, one hot and the other cold. A large pool further on is used for the cure of animals, and the geysers lie in a valley two miles away.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullen were in sole possession, and received us at the door of the wharrie. He is the bailiff and general factotum about the place. An engineer, he speaks a smattering of eleven languages, and can turn his hand to anything. He has just erected the rough shed, with a row of stables on one side, and some extra bedrooms on the other; he has fenced and dammed the water for the baths, and will cement the bottom some day; he has made all the fences, paths, and gates about the place, and all with the help of one Irish boy, while Mrs. Cullen performs the work of three servants about the house.



“raupo”—rushes growing in swamps. There was a blazing wood fire of logs on the open fireplace in the general sitting-room, out of which three bedrooms opened, all furnished very scantily. We were “in the rough,” and thoroughly enjoying it under such temporary circumstances. I helped Mrs. Cullen to lay the table and spread the provisions we had brought with us—tins of preserved butter, Swiss milk and jam—and ran backwards and forwards between the kitchen out of doors and the wharrie.

We sat down to “high tea,” “Mr. Mac,” our driver, joining us as a matter of course. The hut was light and airy, but I must say we suffered somewhat from the cold at night, the moon shining down through the crevices in the roof, and through the blindless and curtainless window.

*Tuesday, September 30th.*—I was up at 6 a.m., and, running down to the bottom of the garden, plunged into the warm bath. It was perfectly delightful swimming about in the hot, pale-blue stream, and then gradually creeping round the wooden platform to where the water became tepid, and then cold, till the final “cure” was under the shower-bath at the end! A cold stream is brought down on one side of the bathing-house, and the natural hot stream flows on the other, so thus you have a choice of every temperature. The mineral properties are the same as those at Ohinemutu, unequalled for the cure of rheumatism and all cutaneous disorders.

The waters are equally valuable for animals, as we had the means of testing. Our four-year old mare, the near leader of yesterday was sick and off her feed. Mac took

three bucketfuls to drink, and by the evening she was perfectly well.

After breakfast I got on to a rough pony called "Molly," and we rode over the hill, through a track in the bracken to the "geysers."

Looking down over a green and well-wooded valley, we saw columns of steam, now dying, now increasing in density, and heard all kinds of underground rumbling and mysterious hissings and splashings. We tied up "Molly," and descended into the little valley, through the undershrub of ti-tree, walking over a hot, spongy soil.

Terekereke was the first wonder we came to. It is a large pool of dark blue water enclosed by black rocks, and encrusted with sinter. The ceaseless bubbling of the water above and below the surface gives it the more ordinary name of the "champagne" pool. Occasionally the action increases, and masses of boiling water are thrown against the rocks, accompanied by clouds of sulphuric steam, and then it quiets down again to its usual effervescent surface.

Tuhutahi, the most active geyser in the valley, we arrived at next. Looking over into a fissure of the rock, we saw a small quantity of boiling water; and, even as we looked, we heard a distinct underground crashing. It was the first warning. We retreated to a corner which we knew to be safe, from the greenness of the vegetation. Another warning louder than before followed after a minute's interval, and was still more quickly succeeded by a third one.

It was the signal for the waters to begin heaving and surging, boiling over the edge of the basin and running

column, and then one higher and still higher, emitting dense clouds of steam, in the midst of which we caught glimpses of a silvery column, playing to a height of ten feet above us. Detached drops were thrown up still higher, shining out from against the black wall of rock which forms a most striking background. We watched this boiling



Tuhuatahi Geyser, New Zealand.

column anxiously, feeling that at any moment a gust of wind might scatter its contents over us ; and then we looked wistfully at the reducing force of the convulsion, and the grumbling subsidence of the element within the crater, till the gentle lapping of the water against the sides told us there was peace within once more. Again and again we waited to see the great Tuhuatahi come forth from his



cavernous depths, with always those same three warnings, those three underground grumblings and mutterings. They come quite regularly at intervals of seven minutes, and the action of the geyser itself lasts about three minutes. All around them were little embryo terraces, incrustated with pale pink, saffron and green, fringed with silica crystals; and the spongy rocks scattered about were coloured to a dark red, brown, or a brilliant orange, from the strong sulphur impregnating all that comes within its reach.

We crossed the boiling stream Te Wairakei (the same which runs by the wharrie), at the bottom of this volcanic valley. As we ascended we heard the continuous thud of the "Donkey Engine," which has a pulsating throb reverberating like the thud of a steam-engine working "*in*" the hill underneath us. The origin of the "Donkey Engine" has not yet been discovered.

From the other side of the valley we looked down into the mouth of the "Great Wairakei." It has a curious triangular crater of spongy masses of light brown sinter projecting out from the rock. The apex of the triangle is formed by a large incrustated rock, something in the shape of an arm-chair. Great Wairakei was not very active to-day, and we waited long before he gave any signs of life.

Then we wandered on to Little Wairakei, a blue lake concealed in a quiet corner behind manuka bushes; but this pale blue water is of a dangerous nature, being  $210^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. Below were the mud volcanoes—several patches of creamy-looking mud. At every instant they bubbled up in little cones bobbing up and down in the

the Coffee Pot, which literally boiled over every few minutes.

After this we had a terribly rough scramble of half an hour, through tall ti-trees, clinging to the branches down steep banks where the earth was quite hot. We had to pick our way across a boiling pool on loose stones, and climb over sinter rocks, whose crinkled edges cut mercilessly at hands and feet unless care was used, and then we found ourselves standing on a ledge literally surrounded by active geysers. Not one minute passed, after we had walked over the three blow-holes in the rock called "the Prince of Wales' Feathers," than they were playing away brightly in a tripled feathery spray. I sat down on a projecting stone, and feeling myself being scorched underneath, discovered I was sitting *over* a steam hole! As I got up Nga Mahanga, or The Twins, began to play vigorously. They have a large pear-shaped basin of sinter, divided into two portions, and resemble a huge Turkey sponge in their creamy perforated substance. They are surrounded by masses of white and orange silica, and explode in violent outbursts at intervals of four or five minutes. No sooner had they finished, than "The Whistler" began to be active and throw up from a black cavernous mouth, accompanied by a small water-spout, which acts simultaneously with "the Whistler," at intervals of ten minutes. We watched to see "the Boilers" perform. These from a rock-bound pool covered with green shiny algæ, partially separated by a narrow chasm, send up spasmodically a

longer, with these geysers playing alternately around us, the ground might open beneath our feet, and ourselves be engulfed in a fiery furnace and pit of hell, so we scrambled away.

Afterwards we had a long hunt for the "Eagle's Nest," which is one of the most beautiful geysers in the valley. Wandering among the manuka, clinging to rocks, to support us over the crumbling surface, we found it at last hidden away amongst the trees. The nest is formed of long sticks that have fallen crossways over the cone of the geyser, and become gradually frosted, from the deposit of silica left by the action of the feathery spray playing from the same. It is so beautifully and delicately made, one can hardly believe it has been formed by an accident in nature.

We had to cross Te Wairakei to reach the opposite side of the valley to return home. In doing so we came to a quiet pool, where the hot stream opens out into a small lake. Here we sat down to rest on a large red clay rock.

"Rap, tap!" came from inside the rock, and we all jumped up. The rock was distinctly shaken, the ground under our feet reverberated slightly, and the echo extended to the neighbouring rocks. It was the wonderful "Steam Hammer." The thud of this titanic forge has been going on for centuries, and will continue for many more; yet the secret must ever remain a mystery. Should any one dare to unravel the mystery or tamper with the inside mechanism it will doubtless stop for ever. The theory at present started about the Steam Hammer is, that the sharp tap



becomes better known other more possible solutions will be propounded. At times the hammer is louder or softer, but we could hear it distinctly as we climbed up the valley on the other side, and with a favourable wind and clear atmosphere it can be heard on some days a mile off.

After luncheon the "faithful Molly" was brought round again, and the gentlemen mounted three rough-coated horses.

Half-an-hour's riding, going up and down small precipices while crossing some gullies, and a canter through the bracken, brought us to the Huka Falls.

The Waikato here is a beautiful broad river, flowing swiftly between low banks 120 feet apart. It suddenly runs into a narrow rocky channel only thirty feet wide. Imagine this enormous volume of water compressed and struggling through the deep trough; the fierce struggle at the entrance, the long green slide of the waters in their gradual descent, the angry, turbulent rapids where the channel becomes still narrower, and, at the last, the sudden shoot over of the mighty waters, between two large rocks.

We lay face downwards, hanging over the precipice, to look down on the Fall. The waters, as they fell over, took the shape of a mill wheel; it seemed as if there must be one underneath churning them into a foaming circle. Just at the edge they became that intense sea-green colour seen only to perfection at Niagara.

From the point where we were standing, we commanded all the changes of the hues; from their muddy colour in

the mass of flake-like foam in the fall, to the dark blue of the pool into which they tumble. And here, as the river widens out, they eddy and swirl in a passionate turmoil, and are far on their course before they settle down to their even natural flow.

The Huka Falls have no great height, but it is the immensity of the volume of water which constitutes their greatest charm.

The story is told of sixteen natives of a strange tribe who came to visit the Huka Falls, and boasted that they could go down them in a canoe. The natives of Taupo dared them to try, and they embarked. One changed his mind at the last minute, and escaped by jumping out on to the rocks, but the others went over the fall, and were never seen again. Many years afterwards some fragments of the canoe were found jammed between the rocks; but not one of the bodies ever rose to the surface, sucked under by the current of the whirlpool.

Mr. Kerry Nicholls has recently tried to penetrate under the Huka Falls from both sides. He has conclusively proved that it is impossible to pass through, but he found a small ledge in the rock *under* the falls, on which you can stand with safety.

There is a cave lined with maiden-hair and other ferns, difficult of access, and which was only discovered a few days ago. Mr. Graham had not yet been in it, and he christened it that afternoon after me, the "Ethel Cave."

We rode up to a high knoll, whilst the boy who had come in charge of the horses was told to light the bracken

the flames shooting up to an enormous height in forked tongues, and some raupo burning with a loud crackling. The wind was blowing our way, bearing us bits of blackened furze, and we retreated before the stifling clouds of smoke.

Then we went on to the Venus Bath, a warm pool of pleasant temperature. Looking through the clear depths, we saw the bottom, enamelled with beautiful green moss, and it is called the Venus Bath from its wonderful beautifying properties, which removes all freckles and blotches from the skin. We tested it, and it is quite certain that the hands we held in the water became much whiter. Mr. Graham and Mr. Davidson rode to a mile and a half further away, to see 'Okurawai,' the coloured springs. A collection of hot springs in pools that look like pots of red, pink, orange, and yellow paint, but C. and I turned homewards, the clouds and mountains foretelling rain.

There is no doubt that by nature Wairakei is intended as a great health and pleasure resort for "*all nations*," and that, properly developed, it will become the most valuable of properties. Mr. Graham also possesses the watering place of Waiwera, that lies to the north of Auckland, and on the shores of the Hauraki Gulf, and the Lake House, with some of the hot springs at Ohinemutu. If these three were worked together by one company, there would be a splendid future for them all. In Australia they have no summer resort, with the exception of Hobart in Tasmania; and round trips to the Hot Lake districts, organized from Melbourne and Sydney, would bring hundreds of tourists every year. As it is with the summer resorts of the United States,

they come in yearly increasing numbers. Properly known and advertised, and with the direct mail service that is now established between New Zealand and England, many would visit the Hot Lake district, escaping the rigour of the winter at home. They would come out to enjoy the glory of the New Zealand summer when the climate is perfection. At that time of the year all the baths and waters in Europe are closed, and Wairakei and Ohinemutu ought to become, in time, the winter Ems or Spa. The long sea voyage of fifty days or so would be no drawback to many invalids. At present Wairakei is almost unknown. I am only the second lady *from* England who has been there, and it is very little visited by the colonists.

Miss Gordon Cumming's prophecy that "this district will be a vast sanatorium, to which sufferers from all manner of diseases will be sent to Nature's own dispensary to find the healing waters suited to their need," will now at some no distant date become true.

When you think that the waters at Ohinemutu and Wairakei are so strongly mineral and medicinal that they can be said to be an infallible cure, with sufficient patience, for rheumatism and all cutaneous diseases, how can they help becoming the great world-curing establishment? Think of the fortune that alone could be made from the bottling and exportation throughout the world of the water of the "Venus bath," a sure cure for blotches and freckles, or of that of "Kiriokinekai," the Maori for new skin, another of the hot streams at Wairakei, which has a wonderful effect

C. was very much interested, in a conversation with Cullen, to find out that he had accompanied the Imperial Russian Survey of officers, as an engineer, in an expedition towards the Indian frontier. He affirms that there is no obstacle whatever to the advancement of an army from Merv to Herat; clearly showing that the difficulty of Russian aggression on India does not lie in natural barriers, as has been alleged.

*Wednesday, October 1st.*—We left Wairakei in the afternoon, to drive ten miles to Taupo. The rain came on and prevented our turning off the road, by an orchard which although but just planted is already blossoming, so great is the fertility of the soil, to see Pirorirori or the Blue Lake, a sheet of blue water lying amongst the white clay cliffs.

From a great distance we saw the steam of the great and awful "Karapiti" rising up on the flat plain, with the uncertain action of these volcanic blow-holes. We arrived early in Taupo, being anxious to secure the best seats in the mail coach for to-morrow's drive.

Taupo lies on the shore of the lake, and consists of the Telegraph station, the Lake House (the hotel), one general store, and the neat white buildings, surrounded by an earthen outwork of the Armed Constabulary Force. There are about fifteen of these "A. C." stationed here. They were formerly established in defence against the natives, and are now employed as police and in mending or making the roads. Those we have been travelling over are mostly made by the A. C. aided by contracts with Maori

On this afternoon "*the*" store was closed, the proprietor enjoying the weekly event of the arrival of the newspaper by the mail.

Whilst C. went to see the chief of the A. C., Major Scanlan, I wandered along the shore of Lake Taupo, with "Mac," picking up pieces of pumice stone of beautifully fine texture and light weight. Their colours were lovely salmon pink, ochre, pale green, or a silvery pearly grey.

We shall be leaving the King Country to-morrow, and I must here say a few words about the Maoris. There are altogether some 15,000 in the North Island, while in the South Island they only number 2000. The large tracts of bare pumice country which we have been passing through all belong to the Maoris. The land is utterly useless to them, as they attempt no kind of cultivation. As a race, the men have a fine physique; and although naturally lazy, they are capable of vigorous exertions, as was seen during the years of the war. The women are treated as slaves, and are, as a rule, small and ill-developed. All agree in saying that the Maoris are a gentle, harmless people, with few vices, but contact with the white man deteriorates them, and they become cunning and untruthful. The fusion of the Maori race with the whites is impossible. The half-castes are said never to live beyond the age of forty. The Maoris are dying out, particularly in the South Island, where contact with civilization induces them to adopt European habits and dress, and the latter is the cause of the consumption which carries off a large proportion of them.



has been most baneful to them, inducing them to depend on the sale of their land, instead of their labour, for subsistence.

They seem to have little idea of religion, and that is, in its crudest form, mixed up with mythology and legendary heroes, handed down from generation to generation. Nor have they any particular reverence for the Tohunga or priest. They believe in immortality. "The road to their heaven is through Reinga, a cave in a cliff at the North Cape of the island, whence they think that the departed spirits pass to the realms above, using the roots of the Pohutukawa-tree as a ladder." They make the "tangi," or funeral, the occasion of a great feast. The mourners are wreathed with fern and lycopodium, and cry and wail for many hours, after which they begin on the enormous feast which has been prepared.

A tangi lasts for three days, during which all the kouru and riwai (potatoes) and poaka (pigs) collected in the neighbourhood are consumed, leaving them very short of provisions for some weeks afterwards.

Many of the natives acknowledge the Queen as their sovereign in preference to their own "King," who is only followed by certain tribes. They have a great reverence for the "paheka" (European), and English is taught in most of the Maori schools.

The tattooing common to all is done in imitation of the scales of a fish. The origin of the curious mythological sign of the three fingers which is found on all the carved

generally have a smaller one inserted underneath, are supposed to represent an ancestor. At any time the chief might come and say it was "tapu" (belonged to him, or sacred), but the three fingers were a deformity; and nothing can be "tapu" that is deformed. The Maori language is sweet and soft-sounding. The alphabet consists of only fourteen letters. The consonants being G, H, K, M, N, P, R, T, and W; and the vowels are the same as ours. A characteristic feature of the language is their fondness for the double repetition of the syllable in words, such as, Ruru, an owl; Titi, the mutton bird; Wiwi, a swamp rush; and Toetoe, grass.

All Maori names are chosen on the sensible plan of describing the object they name, such as Rotomahana, the hot lake; the Huka Falls, snowy foam; Kiriokinekai, new skin, &c. Wai means water, and so Waiwera (the watering-place near Auckland) means hot water; Wairoa, long water; Waikato, drawn-out water, on account of the length of the river; Waitangi, weeping water; and Wairakei, water in motion, on account of the volcanic action about there.

*Thursday, October 3rd.*—We left Taupo in the coach at six the next morning, driving for some miles along the shore of the lake. To our right we saw the high, conical peak of Tongariro, from whose crater for ever issues a black cloud of smoke, and a little further on the mountain of Tauhara, the "Lone Lover" of the Maoris, and Mount Ruahepu. The whole range of mountains were covered with the purest snow,

All through the morning we were driving through an intensely dreary stretch of pumice country, and on whichever side you looked there was nothing but the coarse, yellow grass tufted with raupo ; nothing but wide expanses of wiwi, or mata or toetoe grass, mingled with clumps of *Phormium tenax*, the flax-plant of New Zealand. This plant has a broad sword-like rush, and flowers either a dark red or pale yellow. It grows in swamps on marshy places to a height of from four to eight feet. The fibre is used for rope, but unfortunately it rots with damp ; and experiments prove that it is only reliable when mixed with other fibres.

Every now and again we came upon a little stream forming a green strip amid the yellow desert by the hanea or watercress growing along its banks, but the dreariness of those endless miles of pumice country, only limited in their vastness by low mountain ranges, I shall never forget. The only object of interest was to watch and trace the windings of our road away among the yellow tufts.

The coach was miserably horsed. Two speckled horses, with a pony and a mule for the leaders, formed a very weedy team. At the first hill we came to they began jibbing, not from vice, but from sheer inability to drag the coach, with its heavy load of eight passengers, up the hill ; and these were the horses that were to take us fifty miles before the day was over ! We were terribly packed both inside and out, and were all glad to walk as much as possible. The coach was of a very ancient date, and swung on leathern straps in place of springs. There were no doors or windows, but old yellow leather curtains that could be pulled

lanterns, resembling a Prince of Wales' feathers, that produced a most hearse-like effect from a distance.

The poles of the telegraph wires kept us company, disappearing occasionally to take some short cut. We saw no "pale-face" dwelling all day, and only passed three or four Maori settlements. It was pointed out to me how, for some unknown reason, the door in the "wharrie" is always back or front, and never at the side. At one of these "settlements," we saw a cart, with a man on horseback, in charge of the body of a dead chief, which was lying, wrapped in a piece of sacking, at the bottom. He was taking it thirty miles away, to be buried by the tribe of the deceased. We had luncheon, stopping for an hour in the middle of the pumice plain by a stream that watered the horses.

Late in the afternoon we found ourselves serpentine along the edge of a magnificent gorge. It was so deep and straightly precipitous that we could not see the stream, which we heard brawling at the bottom of the ravine. We were soon enjoying one of the downward rushes, so pleasant after the weary crawling up-hill, with the coach groaning, and creaking, and making but little progress. I think the team enjoyed it as much as we did, for they galloped away, with the coach at their heels, hardly slackening at the sharp curves in the zigzag roads. It was pleasurable excitement mingled with terror. We were getting impatient, and anxious to arrive at our night's shelter, for the sun had set, the air was growing chill around us, and the gorges darkening into impenetrable gloom.

patches left by its devastating work. Rounding the corner, the beautiful vision of a golden zigzag of lines of flame met us, swept by the wind in ever-varying brightness up and down the hillside.

The "only three miles more" of Griffith, the driver, were becoming six as we found ourselves in the dark, and about to ascend another long hill. The wheels locked at a sudden sharp turn, and we all bundled out of the coach, and then walked, taking short cuts up the winding road. The moon came up, and we ended by sliding down a bank of white sand, that glistened under the rays of the moon, on to the road, and walking on until Griffith overtook us, just in time to save his reputation and prevent our arriving on foot at the inn at Tarawera.

We were to sleep in this beautiful valley, hemmed in by mountains that would keep their watch over us through the long night hours. How romantic and charming it sounded, and what prosaic discomfort there was in the reality!

The inn consisted of one living room, where the village smoked and drank. A ladder staircase led to a loft roughly partitioned off into bedrooms, where every sound through the whole length of the passage could be heard. Seven men, with their colley dogs, driving sheep from Auckland to Napier, arrived after us, and had to be accommodated, so the gentlemen slept that night three in one room.

I am bound to say that these small inns are perfectly clean, and that the fare, if homely, is substantial. There is always a good joint of meat (and the beef in New Zealand

way of jam tartlets or rice pudding. But it seems quite extraordinary that there should be no cows in villages where there is such abundance of rich pasture, and that we should find everywhere in use the "Anglo-Swiss Condensed," and tinned butter.

The next morning we were on the road again by 6 a.m., and in the midst of the grand mountain scenery of the previous night. It was one succession of toiling up mountains for three hours, to rush down on them on the other side in half an hour. In the course of the day we crossed no less than two distinct ranges—the Hukiuni, or Great Head, and the Maunyaharuru, or Rumbling Mountains. It was weary work this crawling up the side of these, each zigzag bringing us so many feet higher up, to lose again by the descent what we had but just so painfully gained.

One scene among many others impressed itself vividly on my mind that day. It was soon after we started, when we had climbed some height above Tarawera, that I looked back to a low range of pine-covered hills leading up to some rocky mountain tops. Immediately beneath there was a green common, with some white specks, that was the village of Tarawera. Some bare, stony headlands closed in this first gorge. Then looking from the mountain, on to the sides of which the coach was hanging, down the precipice below, the eye on the opposite side followed upwards, upwards from the dense, blue mist to the thick vegetation, and beyond to the grey, stony patches of the highest peaks, shot with a pinky grey.



from here but a sea of grey peaks stretching for miles, their outline marked by the deep shadows in their cleft and pointed sides.

Another three hours amid very bare mountain scenery, and the country opened out. We were shown the narrow fertile valley leading to the sea, while some white dots were pointed out as the houses of Napier. Very far away they looked, some thirty miles from where we were.

We had luncheon at Griffith's "Stables," in a one-roomed hut, that was entirely papered with pictures from the *Illustrated* and the *Graphic*. It formed a most interesting and thrilling wall-paper, choosing, as had been done, all the most telling national events of the years '81 to '83.

We passed the afternoon in fording a swift stream, called the Esk, crossing it from one bank to another no less than forty-five times in two hours. Then we hailed with delight the green, verdant pasture-lands, the thriving stock, and comfortable farmhouses, with their rows of willow-trees, that lay scattered through the valley; glad to see these homelike signs of cultivation after the wild, desolate scenes of the last ten days.

Six miles of galloping over a pretty beach road on a tongue of land, formed by the broad basin of Hawke's Bay on the one hand, and an arm of inland sea on the other, brought us to the V-shaped wooden bridge. This bridge of three-quarters of a mile, bridges over the gap formed by the sea running round the promontory on which Napier stands. We drove along the marshy bit of plain looking up at the white houses of the town above, and the horses had a long

We were very, very tired after the week's coaching, but at the same time we enjoyed the feeling of satisfaction that we had accomplished a most successful expedition to the Hot Lakes, and had seen the greater part of the North Island by coaching 250 miles through it.

I sat down to dinner this evening, the only lady amongst some twenty men, come in from the town. It could not be helped, as there were no private sitting-rooms. Before we left England we had been told how rough we should find the hotels in New Zealand. Not only is there this difficulty about a private room, but the bar at all the hotels is placed at the entrance, so that on arriving you often think you have come to a public-house. The best of them are not better than our "commercial hotel" in England, and they will remain so until a greater influx of travellers calls for better accommodation. Much the same complaint may be made about the means of travelling in New Zealand, especially in the North Island. There are very few railways at present, and communication is maintained by coasting steamers and coaches at the rate of fifty miles per day. No through connection between these means, or choice of evils, is attempted.

*Saturday, October 4th.*—A lovely morning for a drive about the town. Napier is such a pretty place, with no level spot within the township; it is all up and down hill, with houses and gardens perched on the high ground. Placed on the promontory there is a view of the sea from all sides, and from one a glimpse of the distant range of low mountains with Hawke's Bay and the harbour below. The white

the low, marshy plain, which is being gradually reclaimed from the sea, lie the villages of Clive, Hastings, and Havelock, showing by their names the date of their foundation. The roads are hard and good, but made of limestone, and the glare and dazzling whiteness obliges many to wear blue spectacles. We drove about to see the view from all sides, and then home through the town, stopping at a shop to see some of the native woods when manufactured into furniture. There are so many different kinds of woods, some light and some dark, that a great variety in patterns can be obtained; but the mottled wood of the kauri pine is the prettiest, and it is curious to think that this wood is only mottled when diseased.

There was a repetition of "the ordinary" at the hotel at 1 p.m., clerks and business men coming in from the town, and directly afterwards we drove down to the wharf and embarked on the tender, that was to take us on board the Union Steamship Company's steamer *Tarawera*. The tender bobbed up and down, and shipped water freely. It was most alarming to see the huge billows bearing down on us, and it seemed as if we must be swamped by the surf, when going over the bar of the harbour. But when we came alongside the *Tarawera*, the proceedings to be gone through there were far worse. A gangway was lowered, but the swell carried the tender hither and thither. At one moment the plank touched the deck, and the next would be swinging far above us. The difficulty was for the passenger to hit the exact moment at which to rush on to the gangway, and then to cling on and struggle up it whilst left hanging

over the bulwarks, but not so for us in the tender, and there was a good deal of difficulty as to who would venture first.

The *Tarawera*, like all the Company's ships, is beautifully fitted with inlaid panels, stained-glass skylights, and plush cushions. The social hall is a gallery with seats running round the saloon, containing an organ and piano at either end; but the cabins and saloon are aft, and the proximity of the screw terrible. The Union Steamship Company have a monopoly of the New Zealand ports, and own a large fleet of fair-sized steamers, all called by Maori names. We were coasting along the North Island during the night.

By ten o'clock the next morning we were alongside the wharf at Wellington, and drove to rooms at the "Empire Hotel," previously engaged for us. The outside was dingy and uninviting, and the inside not less so, though the people were most civil and anxious to please.

Mr. Tolhurst, the manager of the Bank of New Zealand, immediately called for us, and proposed taking us to the Cathedral Church for morning service, and afterwards to his house for luncheon.

Sunday is a particularly unfortunate day to arrive anywhere in the colonies, as it is a blank day as regards domestic service; our luggage, too, which had come from Auckland in the *Southern Cross*, was not obtainable. Sir William Drummond Jervois, the Governor, came and called during the afternoon, and very kindly insisted upon our removing the following day to Government House.

*Monday, October 6th.* We were greeted by a fine day.

clouds of dust in the streets. Wellington lies on a strip of land between the hills, which rise immediately behind the town, and the sea. For some reason it seems to be a funnel or trap-hole for the wind to blow through on all sides, and they say you can always "tell a Wellington man anywhere, by the way in which he clutches at his hat round the street corners." All the buildings and houses are of wood, on account of the frequent shocks of earthquake which visited Wellington at one time. Old inhabitants declare that they remember the time when the earthquakes were of weekly occurrence; and in the earlier days of the settlement they thought seriously of removing it elsewhere. The town has a busy, prosperous look in the principal street, called Lambton Quay, except on Saturday afternoon, when Wellington has a curiously deserted appearance, and every one goes out into the country.

Standing a little above the town are the cluster of Government buildings. The Government offices form the largest wooden building in the world, with the exception of the Sublime Porte at Stamboul. The Houses of Parliament are a Gothic structure, and Government House, with the garden, lies between. This is a large, comfortable house, surmounted by a wooden tower and flagstaff; and when inside it is almost impossible to believe that the large, lofty rooms, broad corridors, ball-room, and handsome staircase, belong to a wooden tenement.

We drove up there in the course of the afternoon, and Lady Lervois and Miss Lervois received us most kindly.

Mr. Pennefather, the private secretary, and Major Eccles, the aide-de-camp.

After dinner the governor went to a meeting for founding a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. C. went with him, and made a short speech, being on the council of the Society in London.

Later, we all went to a masonic ball; the grandmaster of the lodge and other masons, in their full insignia, receiving the Governor at the entrance, when we formed into procession to enter the ball-room, under the arch of intertwined masonic wands. C. met the past deputy-grandmaster, who had been entertained at the lodge of which he was master the year before last in London—so small is the world.

*Tuesday, October 7th.*—A tremendous storm and peal of thunder woke me at 6 a.m. Rain, storm, and wind seem to be more excessive in their quantities in New Zealand than in England.

We went to see Dr. Buller's very perfect collection of Maori curiosities, at his house on the Terrace; it is one of the finest extant. Portraits of Maori chiefs are hung round the room; there were feather mantles and native mats, the orange-painted staff of a chieftain, fringed with the white hair of the native dog, the sharp instrument used for tattooing, and some very beautiful greenstone meri meris. This meri is formed of a piece of greenstone about a foot long, and fined down and broadened out to a flat, thin edge. The meri meri is used by the chiefs to split open the skull of a rebellious subject.

At Mr. Köhn's we found another collection of Maori South



recesses of his back premises on Lambton Quay some very wonderful South Sea curios, brought to him by German men-of-war. He has already sold one collection for 500*l.*, and has sent some curiosities home to the museum at Berlin, against the authorities of which he has a righteous grievance, in that they were never even acknowledged! We saw battle-axes with red and yellow handles, spears, bows, and arrows barbed with poison from decomposed bodies, strings of white and black beads for money, war masks formed of skulls, made hideous with splashes of paint, and held inside the mouth by an iron bar, shells, and cocoa-nut matting, with fringes of the same worn round the waist, and considered "full dress" by the ladies of the South Sea Islands. But the most interesting thing of all was a rough coffin, covered with a strip of parchment, containing the burnt figure of a South Sea Islander. The skull had the most peculiar pointed formation, and was exactly an inch in thickness at the back of the head. The body had been stuffed and burnt, till the skin was black and hard as brick. On the face there was a ghastly grin. Another day we went to see the Museum, which Dr. Hector has been mainly instrumental in starting. The total absence of mammalia forms a remarkable feature of New Zealand, the only indigenous animals found being a bat and a small rat. There is a fine collection of native birds. Amongst them the kea, or green field parrot. This bird was formerly a vegetarian, but it now kills and eats sheep. Sitting on the back of the animal, it picks with his long beak till it pierces and reaches the kidney fat, which it eats, thus killing the sheep.

Wellington, the session being in progress. The flutter of excitement consequent on three changes of ministry during the last month is just subsiding. C. met and has had much conversation with Mr. Stout, the present premier, Sir Julius Vogel, the late premier, and présent colonial treasurer, Sir George Grey, and all the other ministers and prominent political men of New Zealand. One day he was present at an interview between the Governor and the two Maori representatives in the House, who sought his advice as to whether they should go to England, and endeavour to obtain the Queen's assent to the abolition of the native court, and the principle of dealing with the native laws. His Excellency showed them in the clearest way that the Maoris of New Zealand had more than equal rights of making and altering laws, appointing and deposing governments, by their parliamentary representatives, and that the Home Government left the administration of New Zealand entirely in the hands of the inhabitants, including the Maoris, on equal terms.

Wellington does not possess so good a newspaper as some of the other places. Each town and province in New Zealand has its own local paper. This is necessitated by the distance, want of centralization, and means of communication; for instance, it takes seven days by steamer from Auckland to Wellington. These papers are all pretty much alike from Auckland to Invercargill. They have the same cablegrams and English news, and the same parliamentary and general intelligence; they only differ in local paragraphs. We thought the best daily papers were the *New Zealand*

Church; and the best weekly paper the *Canterbury Times*, which is like our *Queen* and *Field* compiled into one.

*Thursday, October 9th.*—There was a ball at Government House in the evening, preceded by a large parliamentary dinner. About 300 invitations had been issued, and the guests were asked from 8.30 to 12 o'clock. Long before the hour named carriages were driving up, but this was accounted for by the scarcity of flies, each having to do duty for many families that night. The married women dance as vigorously as the girls, and it must be a pleasure giving a dance where all seem to enjoy it so thoroughly.

*Monday, October 13th.*—We said good-bye to the Governor and Lady Jervois, and left Government House with much regret, after a very pleasant visit of a week. The Hon. Robert Stout, Premier, the Hon. E. Richardson, Minister of Public Works, Mr. Ross, Mr. Wakefield, and other members of the House of Representatives were waiting on the wharf to wish us good-bye, and see us on board the *Waihora*.

Anchor was weighed at 3 p.m., and we steamed out of the deep, natural harbour, in which Wellington lies, through the narrow channel at its entrance into Cook's Strait. We were soon driven below by the cold wind, and passed a wretched night, sleepless and very ill, with groans from C. in the berth above, and sighs from me in the one below. We rose and dressed wearily the next morning, and waited about in the "social hall," with cold blasts coming down through the open skylights, till the train at Lyttleton was ready, when we walked across to the station. Snow had fallen during the night, and the hills were plentifully besprinkled

with white, and it was the wind blowing off them which had brought us such bitter cold. Lyttleton is the port for Christchurch, and half an hour in the train, passing through a long tunnel, brought us thither.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE SOUTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND : ITS ALPS AND  
MOUNTAIN LAKES.

VERY cold and miserable we looked and felt as we stood on the platform of the station at Christchurch that morning, when Mr. Scott, who had read for the bar at the same time as my husband, having heard of our probable arrival, greeted and took us off to Coker's Hotel.

He came at twelve o'clock again, and drove us down Manchester Street, which looks exactly like the High Street of some pretty, quiet English town, to the Cathedral of Christchurch. It is the only cathedral in New Zealand, and is built from a design of Sir Gilbert Scott's. The transepts and the chancel are in process of building as the funds come in, and the nave is finely proportioned, but the interior as yet presents a very bare, unfinished appearance. We ascended the tower, which has a fine peal of bells, and going out on each of the four balconies on either side, we had as many bird's-eye views of the town and surrounding country. The main streets are cruciform, converging and meeting in the cathedral square. The conformation of the

city is laid out on the following plan. In the centre are the streets and shops and public buildings, then a broad belt of parks and public gardens; and now that Christchurch numbers a population of 50,000, it has overflowed beyond into suburbs, which are becoming as populous as the town itself. There are steam and horse tramways, and an abundance of hansom cabs.

We drove out to Riccarton, a suburb three miles away, to see the Hon. George and Mrs. Rodney, friends in England, and then to Ilam, Mr. Leonard Harper's pretty gabled house, with the large English garden, and tennis-grounds, through which runs the swift stream of the Avon. Mr. Scott then took us on to have tea with Mr. and Mrs. Lance at Oakover. Mr. Lance is one of the proprietors of the Middle Park stud, which has done so much to improve the breed of horses in Canterbury. They have nine horses in training for the November races at Christchurch, and were most anxious for us to go out there one day to see the early morning gallop. It is very remarkable how passionately fond every one in Australasia is of horse-racing, and all the chief towns have their race-course, with spring and autumn meetings.

*Wednesday October 15th.*—Arrangements had been made for us from Wellington to make an expedition to Horsley Down, to see a sheep-run belonging to Mr. Lance. We started at 7 a.m. in a blinding snow-storm, doubtful as to the wisdom of the start under such circumstances.

We meandered along in the train over the flat Canterbury plain, which is overrun with beautiful yellow gorse. So much has become its growth that though it is useful to



It has been remarked that they are truly ungrateful about it ; for thirty years ago this rich plain was one vast field of tussock grass, with not a bush or shrub growing on it, and the gorse was planted by the first settlers to form some protection for the crops and cattle. The whole of the Canterbury Plain is let in small holdings, varying from 200 to 500 acres, and the farms look most thriving and prosperous. All the cottages, farm-houses, and station premises are roofed with corrugated iron zinc, and our loathing of this wearisome material that is used in such prodigious quantities in the colonies began. With a felt lining it forms a warm, durable, and cheap roofing, easily erected without skilled labour. When whole houses were erected of it I could never lose the idea that they were the mission chapels of dissent at home. The North Island is a barren and sterile desert when compared to the prosperity and population of the South Island, but then the North Island belongs chiefly to the Maoris, and this to the English in the north, and the Scotch in the south. To have seen only the North Island would be to see New Zealand in its primitive state ; to have seen the South Island—New Zealand in the full vigour of a rapid development. The fact that the great shipping and commercial interest of the Islands is at Dunedin, and the great educational and agricultural centre at Christchurch, alone evidences the superiority of the south.

We left the plain, and began a gradual ascent, through a pass in the hills, where the scene grew wild and bleak, and by 11 p.m. we were at the small station of Waikari. Mr. Lance met us with a smart dog-cart and tandem, and we had a beautiful though bitterly cold drive, going along a

smooth flat road for seven miles, to the station at Horsley Down. We passed a few huts and tumble-down shanties, belonging to "croppers," or men who break up and "crop" the land for a couple of years, at a rent of ten shillings per acre, after which it is sown in grass for the owner, the cropper moving elsewhere.

It was wonderful in this bleak, hilly country, generally called "tussock land," to see what changes of colour and vivid bits of colouring there were; a patch of bright green against the dark earth of a newly-ploughed field, the yellow of the tussock-grass against the bit of chalky grey cliff, and over all the clear wintry sky flecked with clouds. The range of Southern Alps before us were clothed in a pure white covering of newly fallen snow, looking blue in the shadows of the gullies; their highest peaks rise to a height of from 7000 to 10,000 feet, and as we approached nearer to their dazzling whiteness we saw the station lying underneath them, the "run" stretching up to the lower ranges.

Mr. Lance, with his brother, has 120,000 acres, on which he runs 70,000 merino sheep. The sheep are managed by an overseer and six shepherds, all Highlanders, who earn 70*l.* a year each. Except the stud sheep, the flocks are rarely seen from one shearing-time to another, living out on the hills, on the tussock-grass, which gives them excellent pasture. It was strange to think that thousands were lying out in the snow on those hills, and that yet the loss is only two per cent., or the same as cattle-ranching in America when the cattle remain out all the winter. The

range called the Black Hills. There was a thick plantation of tall Scotch firs and eucalypti, growing round the house as a shelter from the fierce winds that blow across these exposed plains. The shearing had been delayed owing to the bad weather, but was to commence the following Friday in the large shed holding thirty-two shearers. These shearers travel about the country, going from one station to another during the shearing season. They are given their "tucker" and bunks in a shed fitted up for that purpose, and are paid at the rate of 1*l.* per every 100 sheep shorn; and a very good man can shear 100 a day.

We saw the skirting-board on which the fleece is laid out, the locks clipped and rolled up. There it is passed to the judge, who, by the quality of the texture, classifies it into one of the four divisions. So great is the dexterity of this classifier, that a glance will tell him the quality of the staple. A curious story is told in evidence of this. At a large agricultural show held at Christchurch not long ago, the best judge was shown a staple of wool coming *from Australia*. He immediately identified it as the wool of a brother of "Jason," the celebrated stud ram, which we saw, belonging to Mr. Lance, who gave between 300 and 400 guineas for him.

We saw the pressing machine for packing the bales for export, and "the race," along which the sheep pass in single file, on to the slanting board at the end, from which they involuntarily slide down into the trough filled with Cooper's Sulphuric Mixture. After being dipped in this, and made to swim the length of the trough, they land on another slanting board, that the dip may run off, and none of

Cooper's precious mixture be lost. Then they are taken into a shed and branded, those that have been badly cut by the shearer (which but rarely happens) having tar rubbed into the cuts.

Each sheep shorn is accounted worth five shillings. Mr. Lance also kills for export, and recently sent 13,000 frozen carcasses to England, which sold for  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$  per pound. Immediately afterwards the price went up to  $6\frac{1}{2}d.$  Freight has to be paid before departure, and all risks are with the owner. Merino sheep give the finest wool, but it is less long in the staple than Lincoln's. Their meat, on account of the dark colour, is not much liked in England; but we had an excellent saddle of it for luncheon. Everything about the station was very rough and untidy—they say it is the only way to make it pay; and there were quantities of horses and dogs—but none of good breed or quality. We passed some "swaggers" on the way back to Waikara. These men walk the country with their packs or "swags" on their backs, rolled up in a blanket, and get board and lodging at the stations they pass through. They are never refused a night's shelter and food (for the good reason that a revenge, such as firing the stacks, is dreaded), and there is always accommodation for them in the bunks for the shearers. With shearers, "swaggers," and odd men about the place, there are sometimes 100 extra to feed on the "run," but they are given no beer, and tea is the favourite drink.

We returned to Christchurch, and were home late that

morning ; it is considered the best arranged in the colonies, and owes it to Dr. von Haast. He has obtained specimens from all parts of the world by the exchange of Moa bones, which are found exclusively about Christchurch.

This native bird has been extinct for over 1000 years, but they have several perfect skeletons in the museum, the largest standing twenty-seven feet high.

Then I wandered through the gardens, where there are pretty walks following the windings of the Avon. Whispering avenues of willow-trees overhang the river, and they are nearly always green, only out of leaf for six weeks of the year.

The mayor and Mr. Charles Bowen, who has been prominent in the promotion of education, took C. over the University of New Zealand, Christ College, the High School for boys and girls, and the Normal Schools.

The university has affiliated colleges in Dunedin and Auckland. The degrees it grants are of the first order, and the examinations are conducted by English professors, through the post. Christ's College is a first-rate public school. It has 200 pupils, and boarders and day-boys. The terms are moderate, its premises very fine, and its system unequalled. At the High School for girls a first-rate education is given for sixteen guineas a year. C. found the president, a young lady of no small personal attraction, arrayed in a Master of Arts gown, teaching a class of girls the sixth book of Euclid ; and another lady-professor was eloquently lecturing on the Latin derivation of French verbs. At the Normal Schools, an absolutely free and admirable education is given by the state to 1200 boys

and girls, including many whose parents are in prosperous if not affluent circumstances.

There is very pleasant English society at Christchurch, and it is by far the most English of all the towns in Australasia. We agreed afterwards in thinking that we should have chosen to live there, were we coming to settle in the colonies.

*Friday, October 17th.*—We left Christchurch by the express at 8 a.m. for Dunedin. It is called express only by comparison with the usual speed of fifteen miles, and I suppose travels about twenty miles an hour, taking just twelve hours to reach Dunedin.

We passed over the Canterbury Plains with their golden lines of yellow gorse hedges, bounded on one side by the Southern Alps,—that mighty backbone of the South Island, covered with freshly fallen snow—and by the ocean on the other.

The line gradually converged towards the sea, until we ran along the shore, as we reached Timaru.

After leaving Timaru, we ought to have seen the weather-worn peak of Mount Cook, the highest (10,000 feet) point of the Southern Alps, and familiar to many now, from the reading of Mr. Green's interesting account in the High Alps of New Zealand, of his ascent of Mount Cook.

After crossing the stony bed of the Waitaki, which forms the boundary-line between the provinces of Canterbury and Otago, the country may be said to be peopled and owned by the Scotch, who form in the province of Otago



The town is very remarkable for these parts, being built of cream-coloured stone, quarried in the neighbourhood and easy to work. It produced such a handsome, solid effect to us, accustomed by this time to the usual frail tenements of wood. A saloon carriage had been sent up from Dunedin for us, and was attached to the train, and I ought to have mentioned that the minister of public works had had given us a free pass over all the New Zealand Railways. The railways throughout the country are under the control of government, and do not belong to companies. We noticed how the English names predominated in the stations along the Canterbury portion of the line, showing in many cases the homes of the first settlers in the old country, such as, Norwood, Chertsey, Ealing, Winchester, Richmond, Goodwood, and many others. It was unlike the North Island, where the names are chiefly Maori.

A very wild, beautiful bit of country, noticing the wonderful harbours nature has provided along the deeply indented coast and the train went over the Blueskin Cliffs.

Port Chalmers, with its large dockyard and wharves, looked a pretty seafaring little town, half-built on the peninsula formed by the sea on one side, and the arm of it that runs inland, on the other, making a broad river that passes by Dunedin. A concrete wall has been made, to force the current into a channel which is being gradually deepened, so that vessels of large draught will be able to anchor at the city wharfs. The citizens fully realize the immense importance of this work, and are showing great energy and enterprise, and expending large sums of money on the scheme. Skirting along by the sea, lighted buoys marking the course

of the channel, we saw a dark hill before us, illuminated with innumerable bright spots of light, clustering thickly at the bottom, and at 8 p.m. we ran into the station of Dunedin.

The Grand Hotel here is the largest and most handsomely furnished hotel, not only in New Zealand but in the whole of Australasia. The proprietor has to pay 2000*l.* a year for his ground-rent alone, and thirty years ago that same plot of land is said to have been given in exchange for a cow.

*Saturday, October 18th.*—The mayor called and took C. over the gaol, the Town Hall, and the new High School. At noon we drove out with Mr. Weldon, the head of the police, and Mr. Cargill, the son of Captain Cargill, the first leader of the colony of Otago, to Burnside, the manufacturing suburb of Dunedin, to see the works of the New Zealand Meat Freezing Company.

The sheep are slaughtered in a line, by eight butchers, who can each kill his fifty a day. The carcasses hang for twenty-four hours, and are then placed in the freezing chambers, in a temperature two or three degrees above freezing-point. By means of machinery the air is compressed and reduced to freezing-point, and pumped into the freezing rooms, which are of different degrees of temperature. Putting on extra wraps, we went into these rooms. The thick, misty air was intensely cold, icicles hung from the roof, and the carcasses were frosted with ice. We passed between rows and rows of the ghastly carcasses, their truncated bodies drooping pathetically towards the

awful in looking round in the misty dusk and seeing nothing but the pink carcasses of hundreds of dead sheep. We tapped them with a hammer, and they resounded like wood. After two days in the freezing-rooms, each carcass is tied into a sack, and is then ready for export. A branch line to the railway runs into the shed, and they are killed, frozen, and shipped at the rate of 1s. 2d. per pound.

On board ship the store chambers are maintained at 20° Fahrenheit, and the meat will keep for any length of time, until thawed.

The meat-freezing trade ought to form one of New Zealand's great exports, with her rich pasture and sheep runs, and small home consumption; but several large meat-freezing companies have lately temporarily suspended operations, owing to the fall in price of the English market. The exporters say it cannot pay them unless the price is maintained between 6d. and 7d. per pound.

We had luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Cargill at "The Cliffs." It is a concrete house, built on the top of a hill at the cliffs, and commanding a fine view of the coast for many miles. On the ocean beach below, the surf of the South Pacific is for ever rolling in, in long breakers that leave their track of foam on the sandy shore of the cove.

Dunedin was founded in 1848, by a colony of Scotch settlers, under the leadership of Captain Cargill, who, at the instance of the late Thomas Chambers, called the town Dunedin, the ancient name for Edinburgh. It is the largest of the New Zealand towns, is the great centre of commercial activity, and has the finest stone buildings. Princes' Street is broad and handsome, and contains the

magnificent structure of the Bank of New Zealand. Besides, there is the Museum, the Post Office, the Hospital, the High School, the University and Government Buildings, all built of the same cream-coloured Bath stone.

There are nine separate municipalities within Dunedin and its suburbs. The entire population is Scotch; and when you think that it is only thirty years ago since the first settlers arrived in Otago, and founded Dunedin, the enterprising citizens may well be proud of

“Our own romantic town.”

It is stated that Captain Cargill used to send back and pay the return passage of any emigrants other than Scotch who were landed; and another amusing story is told on this subject apropos of a Chinaman:—

The municipality sent out tenders for some building, and a John MacIver sent in ~~one~~ amongst others. His was accepted, and subsequently he turned out to be a “John Chinaman.” When asked why he had assumed that name, he answered, “That no other than a Scotchman or with a Mac before his name had a chance of succeeding here.” This story reminds me that nearly all the market-gardening in New Zealand is done by Chinamen. They lay out their gardens on the principle of having no square plots or straight lines, but all in angles and corners; and on a barren acre of land they succeed, where no one else would, in producing an abundant supply of vegetables.

*Sunday, October 19th. Dunedin.*—A cold, windy Sunday, with frequent storms of hail and sleet. We went to church at St. Paul’s, meeting the Salvation Army, which

has taken as great a hold on the people out here as it has at home. All the principal churches are of course Presbyterian; the one with the beautiful tapering spire is called the New Church, and another the old Knox Church.

We took the cable car to the top of the hill, to have luncheon with Mr. Twopenny, editor of the *Otago Daily Times*, and one of the principal organizers of the Melbourne Exhibition; meeting there Mr. Justice Williams, Judge of the Supreme Court.

In the afternoon we drove with the mayor through the Botanical Gardens. They are very prettily laid out, with some bits of native bush left to grow in their own wild luxuriance among the cultivated bushes and shrubs, entwined with wild clematis, which here has a flower as large and waxy as stephanotis. We also drove along the Port Chalmers Road, cut out on the side of a hill overlooking the valley.

Returning to tea at the mayor's house, we met there the master of the High School, Mr. Wilson, a very clever man. In talking of immigration they said that no member dares to support or advocate it on any platform. The feeling and outcry against it is so strong throughout the country among the working class, who fear the importation of hands will lower the high rate of wages at present existing. A farm labourer earns easily from seven to eight shillings a day, and carpenters, bricklayers, and masons command ten shillings a day; and this is with a comparatively cheap rate of living.

*Monday, October 20th.*—We left Dunedin by the eight

o'clock train for Invercargill, having the same saloon attached, and Mr. Weldon kindly went part of the way with us, returning on a luggage train.

The same bleak, windy weather as yesterday, made the "tussock country" look, if possible, drearier than ever.

We reached Invercargill at 5 p.m., and went for a walk about the town. The dusty streets stretching out in their dreary length to the flat country beyond, looked peculiarly bare and uninviting. And this impression was increased by the blinds of all the houses being halfway down, for the funeral of the late surveyor-general. The trees do not seem to have had time to grow up, and there is a crude, half-finished look about Invercargill. I must say in a less degree we noticed the same at Dunedin. Both these towns have the sparse, frugal look of the people who inhabit them. The Albion Hotel, where we stayed, was in the High Street, and very commercial. C. went in the evening with some members of the municipality to a volunteer drill. He looked in afterwards at the Athenæum Club opposite, which is well-arranged and organized, and is open for the use of ladies also.

*Tuesday, October 21st.*—We left Invercargill by the 6.45 train in the morning, to make an expedition to Lake Wakitipu (pronounced Wakitip). The train was very slow, though there are many stations along the line, where they only stop "if" there are passengers, a whole list in Bradshaw being "starred" for this purpose. Passing through one of the many sheep runs, a flock had got loose on the line, and we ran over an old ewe in spite of all precautions.



There was a notice put up at one of the stations, about the rabbit pest, which is nearly as bad here as in Australia, giving warning that after the 1st of November, poisoning by laying down phosphorescent corn was to begin. This method of poisoning was invented by a man who was being ruined by the devastation of rabbits on his property. The discovery came too late to save him, and he went bankrupt; but now he devotes all his time to trying to save others by disseminating the knowledge of his discovery.

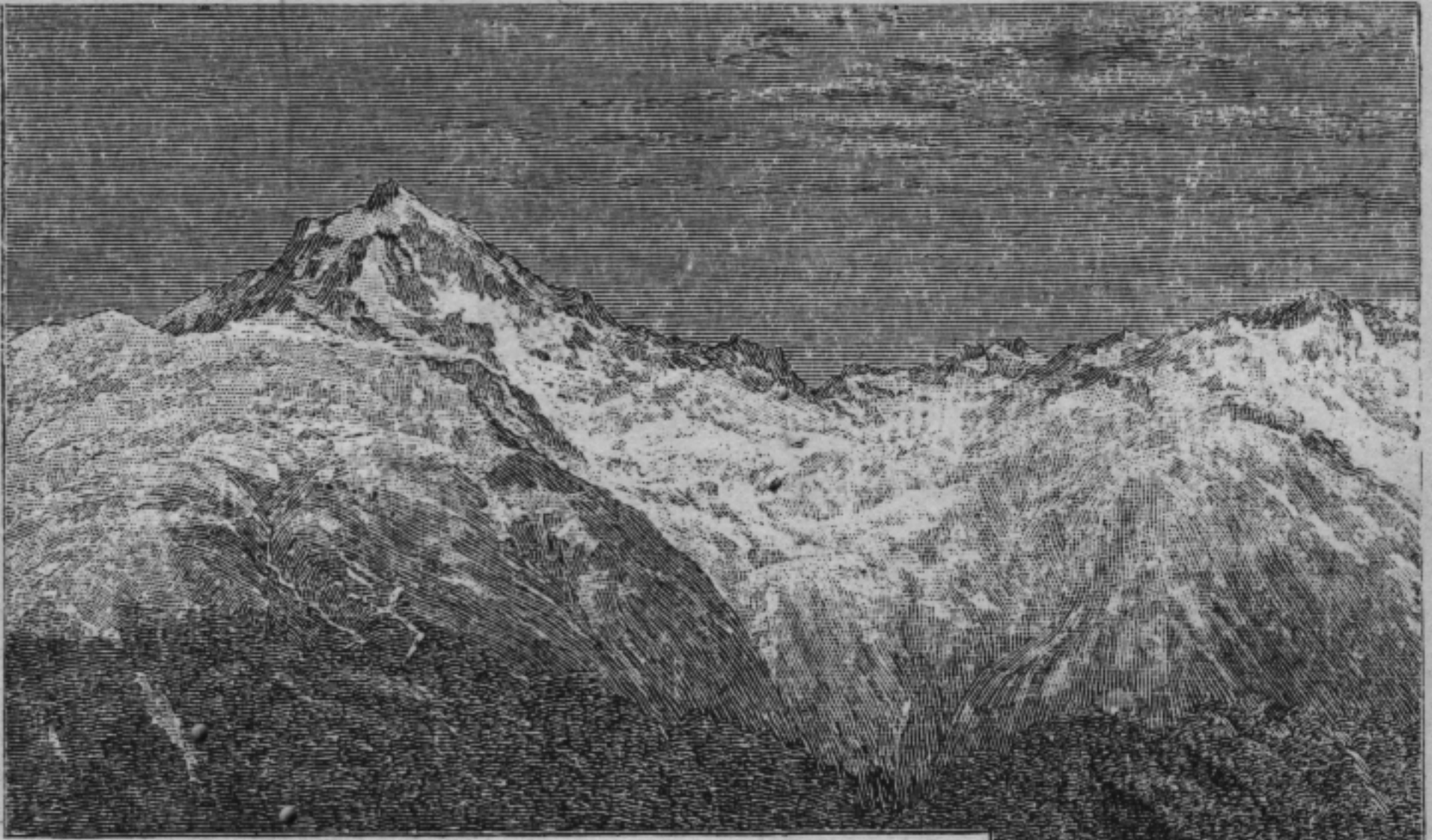
Ranges of hills covered with snow, now succeeded to the flat plains. We were quite near the snow line, and I noticed how the hills, without sloping, descended sheer down on to the plain. We arrived at Kingston at the head of Lake Wakitipu, and found the steamer, the *Mountaineer*, moored at the wharf. There ensued a very long waiting, whilst the cargo was leisurely put on board.

It was two hours after the train had come in, before the last whistle sounded, to be quadrupled by the echo from the surrounding mountains; and we were off.

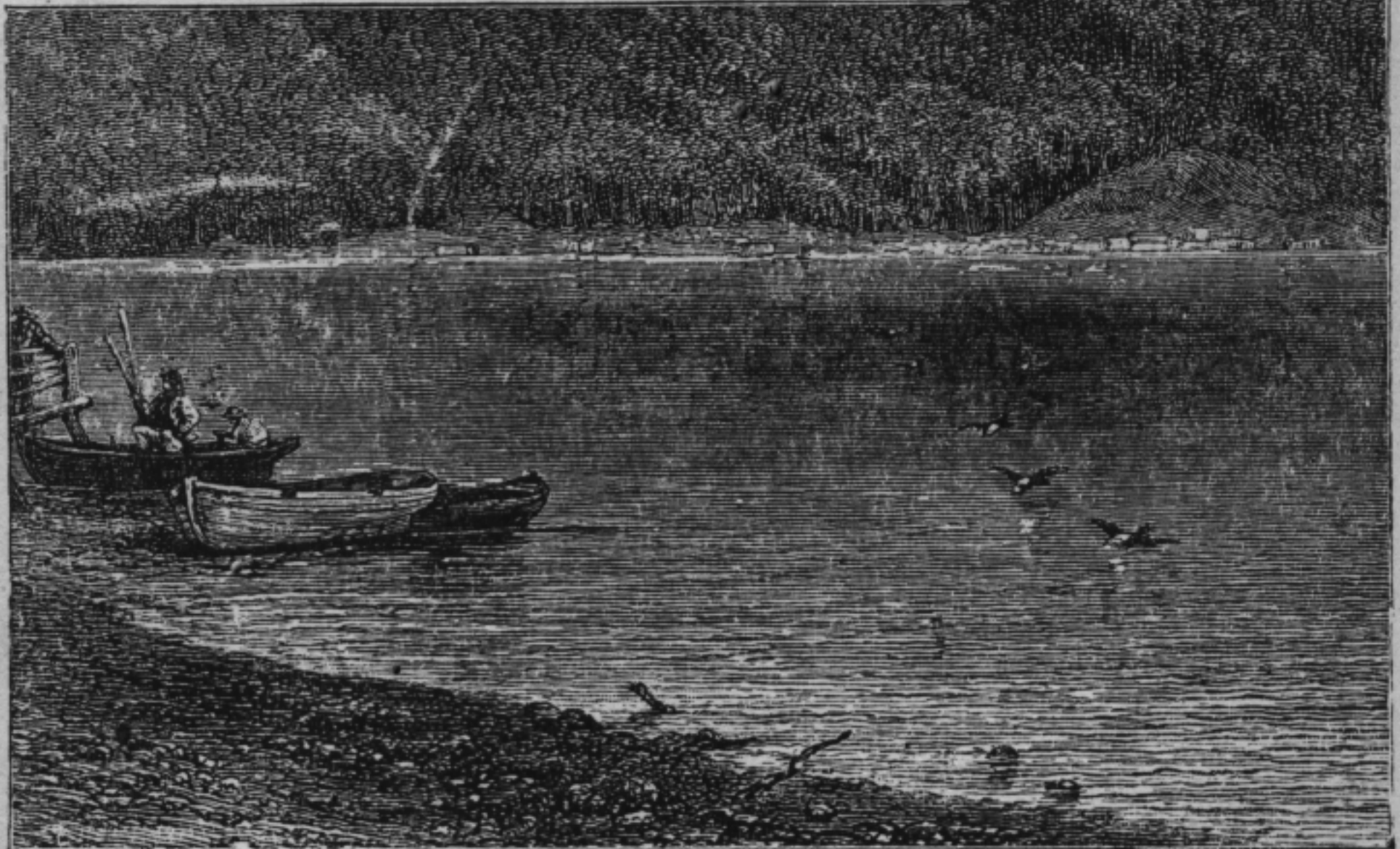
We had the most heavenly afternoon for our trip up the lake, with no wind, and the perfect stillness allowing the outline of the mountains to be faithfully mirrored and reflected back on the calm surface of the lake.

To the right there is a wild range of rocky terraces known as the "Devil's Staircase," and here the water was of an ordinary blue, but on the other, and under the lee of the dark mountains, they were of transparent marine green, very beautiful to behold. •

Lake Wakitipu is sixty miles long, varying from three to four miles in width. The surface of the lake is 1000 feet



above the level of the sea, but its bed is 300 feet below. The water is intensely cold, and any one drowned in this lake never comes to the surface again. The body is believed to become frozen before



Lake Wakitipu, New Zealand.



it reaches the bottom, so great is the depth and so icy the temperature.

The great peculiarity and remarkable beauty of Lake Wakitipu lies in the precipitous mountains that descend sheer into the lake in one straight line, varying from 3000 to 9000 feet. There are no undulating slopes or breaks in the range; no peeps of the country outside the mountains, which rise up as a fixed and impassable barrier, shutting us in whichever side we turn—making us unconsciously long for a glimpse of the outer world.

The captain of the *Mountaineer* told me that it is believed (from soundings) that the formation of the bed of the lake assumes the same shape as the mountains above; therefore, if we could look down into their icy depths, we should see the phenomenon of mountains turned upside down. It struck me as being a very pretty but fantastic theory.

We had been too early in the year for the other parts of the islands, but at Wakitipu we had come exactly at the right time, for the mountains were yet covered with snow. They looked so beautiful with it lying in smooth unbroken surfaces on the summits, and dwindling down to lie along the ridges, or in isolated patches below the snow line. Underneath that again there lay a moraine of stones and rocks, or a bit of bush flourishing in a ravine. The lights and shadows had full play on the rounded arms and jutting peaks of the mountains that afternoon, and sitting on the deck in the warm sun, we thoroughly enjoyed the two hours' trip to Queens-town.

We entered the natural harbour, and passed at the entrance the wooden triangle, with the black line, showing the height of the flood some years ago, which nearly destroyed the township. It was caused by a freshet, from the sudden melting of the snow after several days of unusual heat.

The cragged top of Ben Lomond, wreathed with snow, and that splendid range of "The Remarkables," forms a wonderfully grand background to the humble roofs of the charming little village of Queenstown.

There is a sleepy look about the few stragglers on the wharf, waiting for the steamer to come in, and a primitive air about the little hotel just opposite, with a stout landlady standing on the steps, to see what guests will arrive.

The peninsula with the tall eucalyptus trees jutting out into the lake is called "the park." You go over a bridge and through a turnstile to reach it, and find a disused cannon at the end, pointed down the lake. It is all very quiet and dull, and sounds uninteresting, but we thought it so pretty, and that Queenstown was one of the few places we had come to that we should care to linger in.

There are beautiful walks and drives by the side of the lake, up the mountains, or through the pass that leads to the village of Arrowtown.

Queenstown is the centre of the Otago gold diggings, mining operations being carried on in some of the mountains round about, and many is the story we heard of a sudden leap into wealth by the accidental find of gold. These "finds" are often rendered valueless by the want of water for working them, but the "claim" which the owner

takes out, by paying a small sum to the government, entitles him to the first use of the water nearest the digging.

Trout have been introduced, and they are annually hatching 160,000 of salmon ova to be turned into the lake, in the hope that it may become a large industry, as with a freezing apparatus they could be sent home to England. A law was passed that trout were only to be caught with a line, but now they have become so large, weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds, that government is to be petitioned to legalize the already surreptitiously used net.

*Wednesday, October 22nd.*—We spent a quiet morning, one of the first we have had for a long time, with nothing particular to do but wander along the shore of the lake. The weather looked unpromising and rough for the proposed trip to the head of the lake later on, but it changes here with the wind, which may be said to shift round twenty or thirty times a day—and by the afternoon the lake was calm and the weather bright.

The steamer was late in being signalled, and when she came alongside the jetty there was a flock of sheep to be disembarked, refusing in a body to move, till one was dragged off as a "decoy," when they all followed "*like a flock of sheep.*" Altogether we were two hours late in starting. The captain, the engineer, and the steward, greeted us again as old friends, and we felt quite at home on the *Mountaineer*.

We had not realized till we got away from Queenstown what a splendid range "the Remarkables" were, with their serrated peaks and depressed edges filled with snow, running in ridges of downwards or crossway lines. The mountains

were grander and gloomier, rising to a greater height here than in the lower part of the lake.

The flattened top of the Necklace Mountain forms the landmark where the steamer turns the White Point into the upper end of the lake. We had to go six miles out of our course to land a shepherd on a small pier, throwing his dog overboard to swim after him. The steamer stops wherever it is wanted, and a fire is lighted as a signal on the shore, or two in cases of sickness.

We were very glad of this divergence, because our course took us straight *across* the lake, in full view of all the glory and beauty of that grand collection of snow domes which shut in the lake at the head.

Monarch above all rose Mount Earnslaw, 9000 feet above the sea level, with his long saddle of pure white snow leading up on the one side to the arrête, and the small conical peak of the summit. The long descent on the other side is formed of innumerable peaks, and curved round in the shape of a circular basin.

Inside this there is a glacier of many thousand acres in extent, from under a glassy portal in whose side issues a stream called the Rees. In the summer, after the snow has melted away, the glacier takes a beautiful lake-green colour, such as those who have seen it affirm is found nowhere else.

Mr. Green gives a most interesting account, in "The High Alps of New Zealand," of his ascent of Mount Earnslaw, but he only accomplished 6000 feet, and was surpassed last summer by Mr. Walker of Dunedin, who reached a further ascent of 8000 feet. It is wonderful to think



of those eternal glaciers and iron-bound peaks, untouched by the foot of man, for ever destined to be beyond his range.

On either side of us were the Humboldt Range and the picturesque Cosmos, with their sides terraced into steps which are supposed to show the different levels of the glacier lake.

We had not seen a single fine sunset whilst in New Zealand, and if we were destined to see but one, it was well for us that it came on this particular evening. We beheld a sky mottled at first with beautiful opal tints, and then changing to a pearly grey, streaked with pale blue, succeeded in its turn by crimson clouds, that left their rosy traces on the hills, for we had a real Alpine "after-glow" reflected on the dazzling purity of the snow.

The ruddy tinge still lingered on a few high peaks, long after the others were in shade, and we watched regretfully the last warm colouring fade away, and leave them lifeless, cold, and grey, ghastly in the gathering gloom.

We sat on deck muffled in shawls, till Orion and the Southern Cross came up, and the cold wind drove us down into the stuffy little cabin, with its swinging oil lamp.

We arrived at Kinloch in total darkness about 9 p.m. We could only see the wooden pier by the light of the lantern held by an old man (we found it was full of holes the next morning), and we stumbled after him up a rough pathway. The *Mountaineer* sent forth a shrill shriek on the still night air, that echoed from the mountains round, and in the darkness we heard the steamer ploughing her way across the lake to Garlochie, her night's resting-place. Two girls came

out of a hut at the old man's call, and led us up to a deserted cottage on the hill. One brought a shovelful of coals, and lighted the fire, while another found some ends of candle. The house smelt musty and damp, as if it had long been uninhabited. I passed a very disturbed night, thinking I heard sounds outside, and the situation was strange and lonely, for we were in a deserted house, in an isolated spot, and with the front door standing wide open all night.

We were called at half-past five for the steamer, which we heard giving warning whistles, and saw coming across from Garlochie. We had a delicious morning for our return journey down the lake, seeing One Tree and Pidgeon Islands, which we had missed in the darkness last night, and Mount Earnslaw for the last time, looking superb in the clear morning air.

Twenty-five miles away lie the beautiful Sounds of the West Coast, but the road between the lake and the coast is as yet unpierced. I have seen pictures and heard descriptions of Milford and Dusky Sounds, and they must be very beautiful, but at present the Union S.S. Company only run one excursion steamer there during the year.

We stayed an hour at Queenstown, and reached Kingston at 1 p.m. The train left half an hour afterwards, and we arrived at Invercargill at eight that evening to find a gale blowing that augured badly for the morrow.

Lake Wakatipu will soon become the favourite resort for the business men of Dunedin, and we thought it as beautiful as Lucerne or any of the Italian lakes; not so *pretty* perhaps, on account of the want of vegetation,

but grander and more sublime in the outline of the mountains.

We were leaving New Zealand the next day, and with the greatest regret. The homely geniality and hospitality that we had met with during our sojourn in both islands had made the few weeks spent there full of pleasant recollections. Afterwards, when our travels were all over and we were home once more, I found we always looked back to New Zealand as the happiest part of our travels ; so thoroughly had we enjoyed our expedition to the Hot Lakes and geysers in the North Island, and to Lake Wakitiipu in the South.

## CHAPTER X.

### TASMANIA AND VICTORIA.

*Friday, October 24th, Invercargill.*—The morning had come on which we were leaving New Zealand, and it was blowing a terrible hurricane.

As we went in the train down to the "Bluff," we received no encouragement as to the abatement of the wind in the waving of the tussock-grass and ti-tree waste we passed through. A simoon was being raised on the vast sand dunes in the distance.

Arrived at the "Bluff," we found the greatest difficulty, from the violence of the wind, in walking along the wooden pier to where we saw the red funnel of the Union S.S. Company's *Manapouri*. It blinded and deafened us, and we narrowly escaped a terrible accident with an engine that was tearing down upon C., who was walking between the rails on the pier. The driver was not looking, and the noise of the wind carried away all sound of the approaching locomotive. I happened to turn round at the moment when it was just on him, and, with a shriek of horror, was just in time to seize and pull him out of the way.

The "Bluff" is the most detestable place—a cape lying out into the sea where a perpetual gale rages.

The steamer would not sail till six in the evening, having only arrived late that morning, after a terrible night at sea, in the teeth of a head-wind. The passengers in the Social Hall certainly looked as if much suffering had been their lot. All the afternoon the crew were lading grain, and taking on board a large number of cattle. The poor beasts were slung off the railway-trucks and lowered on to the decks by means of a steam-winch, and ropes passed round the body. It was piteous to see their look of terror when suspended in mid-air.

Never were ship people more thoughtful for the comfort of their passengers than on this occasion, when they gave us dinner at half-past five instead of six, that we might have it over before starting; for I venture to say that twenty minutes after starting nearly all the passengers were prostrate in their berths.

No one thought of looking out for the coastline of Stewart's Island, which is sometimes called the South Island and the other the Middle Island. We had a most terrible night's tossing in the Foveaux Straits, all so very, very ill. We had the advantage of having two cabins opposite each other, but they were very far forward, quite in the bows of the boat, and so had the full benefit of the motion.

Saturday, the 25th, and Sunday, the 26th, were very blank days for us both, lying miserably ill in our berths. We heard in the distance the strains of the morning and evening service, and around us the more melancholy sounds of many sufferers. To add to our deep depres-

sion, C. remembered, and called feebly out to me, that we were thus miserably keeping an anniversary of our wedding-day.

Generally I can count myself a fair sailor, but during this voyage of four days I was pitilessly ill, and C. ate absolutely nothing the whole time.

We were under water for the first forty-eight hours, the waves washing over the hurricane and main decks, and a porthole having been "stove in" at our end, the water swished down through the passage and into some of the cabins.

*Tuesday, October 28th.*—Since daylight the coast of Tasmania had been in sight, and going up on deck after breakfast we were just passing by the headland of a curious formation, exactly resembling the Giant's Causeway, or Iona and Staffa. Here we entered the bay formed by the River Derwent opening out to the sea; on which river twelve miles higher up lies the town of Hobart, the capital of Tasmania.

We were alongside the wharf by 10.30, and in haste to set foot on terra-firma.

I explored the chief street of the town—Manchester Street—whilst C. went to call on the Governor, Sir George Strahan. We found that his Excellency and his Private Secretary, the Hon. John Wallop, were coming by the steamer to Melbourne. Hobart has a very dull, sleepy look, and the people we met in the streets seemed to be chiefly the passengers off the *Manapouri*. The town, like the whole of Tasmania, is utterly devoid of



whom 2000 are in Hobart. So little has been done to improve the land, that the beef and mutton for home consumption have to be imported from New Zealand—witness our cargo of cattle—and the only flourishing industry is the jam trade, of which 150,000 lbs. are annually sent to Victoria.

Tasmania is an island rich in beautiful scenery—*extremely* beautiful all Australians tell you,—its mountain-ranges culminate in the lofty peaks of the Cradle Mountain, Ben Lomond, and Mount Humboldt. It is clothed with forests, in which the gum-trees attain to an extraordinary height. The climate is perfect, with a clear atmosphere and cool breeze, so that Tasmania has come to be the great sanatorium of Australia. When the heat of the summer declares itself in Melbourne and Sydney, there is a general exodus to Tasmania, and Hobart is gay during its season of three months. It seemed to me as if the Australians must be rather pushed to it for a watering-place if they make Hobart their principal one.

The *Manapouri* had gone round to the cattle-wharf to swim the cattle ashore, and, thus stranded, we wandered about exploring the dull sleepiness of the little town. Then we went for a drive through the Domain in order that I might see Government House. It is a beautiful castellated mansion, built in the old days of transportation to Van Diemen's Land, and when convict labour was cheap. The gardens run down to the Derwent, whose waters are so still and broad that you quite think it is a lake in the park. We drove next through Macquaire Street, an interminable street, called after a former governor, who gave

his name to many places, perpetuating it seemingly as far and as long as possible. On either sides were the fashionable residences of Hobart, small houses standing back from the road, like suburban villas. Already we saw no tree but the "eternal gum-tree," which alone flourishes in Australia. Its dull blue foliage formed the covering to the extreme summit of the rounded dome of Mount Wellington. Our drive to the Cascade ended in the Cascade Brewery, the waterfall being a walk of a mile farther.

C. paid a long visit to Mr. Solly, the Under-Secretary, who gave him a great deal of information about Tasmania. The Premier, the Hon. Adye Douglas, was unfortunately out of town for the day, but he came on board later in the evening. We went at four to the House of Assembly. They accommodated us with chairs on the floor of the House, and it was most uncomfortably shy work, passing before the Speaker's chair to reach them in the face of the assembled members.

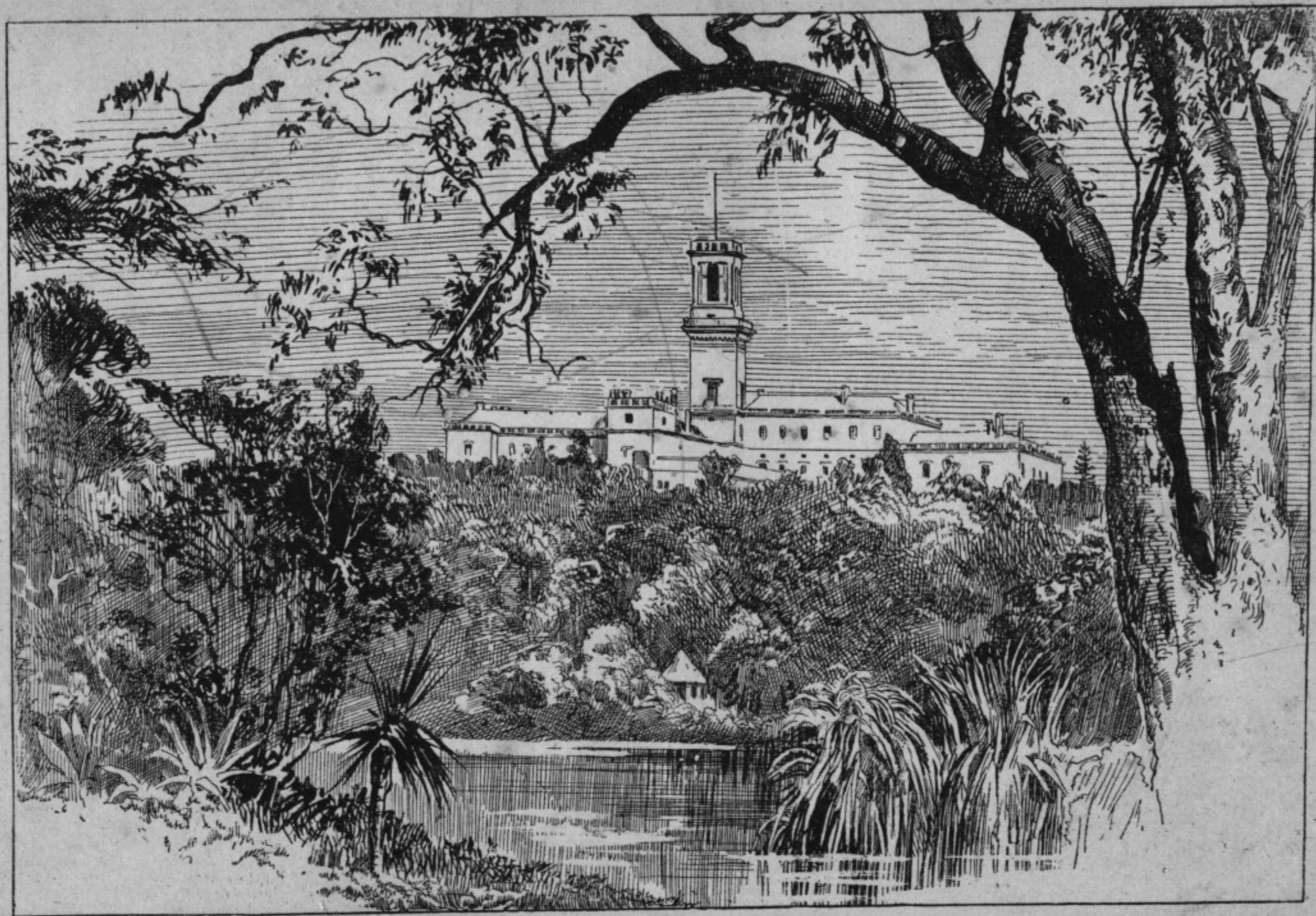
We took on board an immense theatrical troupe of sixty, and their paraphernalia and scenery, which had to be lowered scene by scene into the hold, delaying us for two hours, so that it was eight o'clock before we left Hobart.

We had half thought of going overland from Hobart to Launceston, so as to see the interior of Tasmania, but we were deterred by the twelve hours' crossing of Bass's Straits in a wretched steamer. We bought some of the pretty Tasmanian shells, but I was disappointed in not being able to get any of the native cat-skins whose soft dark fur with

now, as Government has protected them from the too great depredations that were being practised. The same protection has also had to be extended to the opossums to save them from total annihilation.

*Thursday, October 30th.*—About 11 a.m. we entered the Heads at Port Phillip, passing into the beautiful Hobson's Bay, which extends for forty miles on either side of us, and is forty miles in length from the Heads to the mouth of the Yarra. The weather became instantly warmer in the bay, and every one came up on deck to sun themselves. We passed the little island on which lies the watering-place of Queenscliff, a few houses, with a monster hotel. Later on the Quarantine Station and Sorento, a favourite resort for holiday-makers, and then we saw Melbourne, or rather its two suburbs of Brighton and St. Kilda. Twenty miles off there were the dark ranges of Dandenong, a spur of the Gipps Land Mountains forming a gloomy background to Melbourne, and to the west Geelong on the Bay of Como, with the single peak of the "Anakies." All vessels have to pass ten miles up the Yarra, and anchor at the docks at Williamstown. At the mouth of the river opposite Sandridge we stopped to take the pilot on board, and the steam launch, with the Governor's Aide-de-camp, sent to meet the Governor of Tasmania, came alongside. Captain Hughes was the bearer of a letter from the Governor, Sir Henry Brougham Loch, with a cordial invitation to us to Government House. We landed at the wharf at Sandridge. There was a guard of honour of the Victorian Permanent Artillery Force drawn up to salute the Governor, and Mr. Chomley, the Chief Commissioner of the Victoria Con-





Government House, Melbourne.

stabulary, welcomed us. Long before we arrived at Government House we saw the enormous pile of buildings, with the tower which forms the finest Government House of the colonies, and is the largest stone dwelling-house in Australasia. Some people think the building extremely ugly, and talk of the tower as the "chimney of a manufactory;" but in any case it presents a suitably imposing appearance. Passing through the stone gateway, with the carved armorial bearings, and the lodge used as a guard-house, we drove up to one of the several handsome portico entrances. The arrangement of the reception-rooms is excellent. They are entirely apart from the everyday rooms, and have two separate entrances (one of which is kept as the *entrée*), that leads to the yellow satin-lined drawing-room, the state dining-room, and magnificent ball-room, which is twenty feet longer than that of Buckingham Palace.

The party staying in the house were Sir William Robinson, Governor of South Australia, and Miss Robinson, with Mr. Williams as A.D.C., Sir George Strahan and Mr. Wallop, Lord William Nevill and the staff, consisting of Lord Castlerosse, Captain Trail, Captain Seymour Hughes, and Mr. Sturgis.

C. and I went into the town in the afternoon to fetch our letters at the post-office, and were gladdened by a large budget of home news. We were struck with the excellent arrangements for obtaining the letters, and the post-office is a magnificent building outside. It seemed so strange and bewildering at first, to see crowded streets once more, the carriages going in single file, and the people jostling each other on the pavements; for all the country-folk are



in town just now, come up for "the Cup" and the race-week.

In the evening we went to a grand fancy ball, given by Sir William and Lady Clarke at the Town Hall, which was beautifully decorated with flowers; the platform at the end being made into a bower of tree-ferns. The ball was a magnificent sight, with 1200 people in costumes of every period, interspersed with uniforms of the navies and armies of several nations. The dresses were much more elaborate and expensive than you would generally see at a fancy ball in England.

It was very strange to think that night of our first introduction to Australia—a fancy ball in Melbourne; very strange to think of a round of gaieties going on in the Antipodes, with not less "rush" than in the London season at home.

Saturday, November 1st, was the "Derby Day" of the Melbourne races. We left Government House at noon, a party of fourteen on the coach, with the Governor driving. They had considerably watered the roads, and we did not suffer from the dust, which usually rises in clouds in the broad streets of Melbourne. We drove round to the members' entrance, and up the centre of the course, pulling up opposite to the judge's stand. The Governor and Lady Loch were conducted to the vice-regal box in the centre of the stand by the stewards and the secretary of the Victoria Racing Club, Mr. Byron Moore, the band playing "God save the Queen;" and the first race, fixed for 1 p.m., then came off. There was general interest taken in this race, on account of many of the horses being imported



The Flemington race-course is extremely pretty, much more so than the course at Ascot, and the arrangements for the races are quite perfect in every respect. There is a beautiful lawn in front of the grand stand, on which the band plays, with a raised concrete terrace leading to the stand. Above that again is the artificial hill on which you see placarded sundry numbers. These numbers indicate the rendezvous of the smaller bookmakers after the race, for which privilege they pay a yearly rent of 10%. There are luncheon and refreshment rooms, and the ladies' cloak-rooms are large and spacious, with every toilette requisite, even down to the pincushion with needles ready threaded with different shades of silk, and which we were shown with great pride, as an example of the completeness of the minor details. The charge for the stand is only 10s., all inclusive. There is a separate room for the Press, communicating with the top of the stand, where they have their own operators and telegraph-line. Thus they can come down from the stand and send off the result instantly after witnessing the race. There is no rowdyism and no crowding; everybody is well-dressed and well-behaved. The betting-ring is away from the stand and lawn, and bookmakers are not allowed beyond the board marked "Silence!" There is a machine on the judge's stand, the spring of which the starter presses as the horses are off, and the hand goes round during the race, marking the minutes and seconds. The course was capitally cleared by the mounted police.

It was a very pretty sight, warm and sunny on the

ficiently, and, with a very few glaring exceptions, tastefully dressed. The tendency here is always towards bright and rather too striking contrasts; but pretty faces and pretty gowns were plentiful. The Racing Club provided the luncheon for the Governor and his party in the reserved room at the back of the stand, and there was a profusion of invitations to tea in the tents by the reserved space for carriages and the two or three four-in-hands which appeared.

The great race of the day, the "Derby of Australasia," was run at 3.30. Bargo was the hot favourite, but came in at the finish nowhere, and Rufus proved the winner of the Derby, amid intense excitement.

We left immediately afterwards, the Governor being cheered as he drove off the course.

We went to the Bijou Theatre in the evening, when Miss de Grey's Company performed "Moths" by "vice-regal command," as we learnt by the white satin printed programmes.

As we came out we heard the sound of dull cheers at the entrance, and the police with difficulty kept the path open for the Governor and Lady Loch; the enthusiastic crowd broke through as they drove off, and a most exciting scene ensued, the policemen vainly pommeling and fisticuffing the good-natured roughs, and we entered the carriage amid a general scrimmage. It was only the true "larrikin" element, showing itself after the races and on a Saturday night.

*Sunday, November 2nd.*—We went to a church chiefly

walked to it along the dusty bit of the St. Kilda road, and over the cranky wooden bridge. There is a dispute between the town and the adjoining municipality about the possession of this particular piece of road, and neither will allow its watering-carts to go over it—with destructive results.

The Botanical Gardens which we went through in the afternoon are most beautifully kept, with acres of mown grass, bright borders of flowers, and shrubs and trees of all kinds. There is a very pretty fern-tree gully, and a large artificial sheet of water, forming a lake in the centre. The gardens lie on the slope of two hills, and the paths winding in and out give it a very extensive appearance. They adjoin the garden of Government House, and Baron von Mueller has been greatly instrumental in their attaining to their present excellence. Such brilliant masses of flowers we saw growing in wild luxuriance. There were rose-bushes trailing on the ground, orange and lemon groves, camellias, and magnolias, bugenvillea and boronia, mixing with all our familiar commoner kinds, as geranium, verbena, lobelia, heliotrope, convolvulus, oleander, larkspur, cape jessamine, and many others.

*Monday, November 3rd.*—We determined not to let another day pass without seeing something of Melbourne and its public buildings. We took a hansom and drove down Swanston, Collins, and Bourke Streets. Swanston Street is the fashionable promenade, and crowded in the afternoon. One of the most noticeable things about the streets of a town like this is the absence of tramways, only omnibuses and hansoms ply, and that curious “growler” of

are laying wood pavement in Collins Street, and are talking of having "cable cars." There is a strict "rule of the road" here which obliges drivers to walk across all crossings. We passed the Mint and the new Law Courts; drove up to Sir Samuel Wilson's beautiful hall, which he has built and presented to the town at a cost of 30,000*l.*; round the Medical College and Museum; and beyond to Ormond College, built by Mr. Ormond. We saw Exhibition Buildings, where the International Melbourne Exhibition was held in 1881-82; the Roman Catholic Cathedral; and then we came to the Parliamentary Buildings.

Mr. Jenkins, Clerk of the House, showed us through these. They are at present unfinished; but from the model that we saw in the hall, they will be a splendid pile of buildings when finished, surmounted by a dome, and estimated to cost 1,200,000*l.* The contract will soon be decided on, but for the past three years the members from various parts of Victoria have been disagreeing over the material for the building, each member advocating the stone found in his particular district. The library is a fine room, with a gallery upstairs devoted to the local newspapers interesting to the individual members. The house of assembly is very commonplace; but the Legislative Council chamber is rather original, decorated in crimson and gold and lighted from the half-domes in the ceiling. It looks like the room of some old Italian palace. The Council is elected by the people for five years, differing in this from New Zealand and some of the other colonies of Australia, where the members of the Legislative Council are nominated by the Governor for life. The Legislative Assembly is elected

white, with a marble statue of the Queen in the centre. There is of course a dining-room and bar attached; but there is also the unusual provision of two billiard-tables. They affirm that it operates as the best "whip," and that Government and Opposition members are thrown together by it, and lose somewhat of their mutual acerbity in the friendly conflict of the billiard-balls.

We next drove to the Public Library, a low stone building with a broad flight of steps; it includes the Picture Gallery and Museum. In the latter there are models of some splendid nuggets found in Victoria, including those of the famous "Blanche Barkly" and "Welcome" nuggets, that weigh over 2000 ounces each. The Picture Gallery is the nucleus of a good national collection which is forming. They have several pictures by our R.A.'s, and the latest addition to it has been Miss Thompson's "Roll Call," for which they have given the sum of 4000*l*.

The Library is much frequented by all classes, especially in the newspaper-room, where we saw many working-men looking at the papers. It contains some very interesting and valuable books and prints, many of which have been collected and arranged by Sir George Verdon, who takes great personal interest in the Library.

Melbourne has no drainage of any kind; but yet its death-rate is only the same as in London. The Yan Yean water-works, sixteen miles away, supply water to the town. The reservoir contains over six billions of water.

And now, having seen Melbourne, the great metropolis of Australasia—its public buildings, its busy thoroughfares

ago since the Hentys, sons of Mr. Thomas Henty, a banker in Sussex, were the first settlers in Victoria, and less than fifty years ago since John Fawkner "pitched his tent on the rising ground" of the future site of Melbourne. We met Mr. Henty whilst in Melbourne, the descendant of these first settlers, and owner now of many thousands of acres in Victoria.

My husband had already seen the Premier, Mr. Service, who was most cordial; and all the ministers expressed a wish to be of use to him, or to give him any information in their power. The *Daily Telegraph*, the *Herald*, and other papers had interviewed him. Melbourne possesses the best paper in the colonies in the *Melbourne Argus*, and has the advantage of having Mr. Julian Thomas, the well-known author of the "Vagabond Papers," among its contributors. The *Age* is also a most excellent paper. The *Australasian* and *Federal Australian* are the best weekly papers, and are ably edited.

*Tuesday, November 4th.*—To-day was the "Cup Day," the greatest event in the racing calendar of Australasia, the "blue ribbon" of their turf.

Melbourne was *en fête*, with its shops closed and work suspended everywhere—a general holiday. Those who were not *at* the races, were in the streets looking at those who *were* going, and there was a look of generally suppressed excitement as to how the event of the day would turn out. It is very difficult for us at home, with our interest spread over such a much larger area, to realize the intense, the concentrated interest that is felt throughout Australia on the result of "The Cup." It has been the object of speculation, of discussion, and of incessant anxiety to millions for the past few weeks. The excitement is reaching the



culminating point to-day, and there are not a few whose interest at stake is so large that they tremble and long for the day to be over—in short, it is the red-letter day of the Australasian Year Book.

We joined in the general feeling of expectation, as we drove along in the stream of carriages that from every side-street and road converged to the main one, flowing towards Flemington race-course. As we neared the scene, we saw that the hill behind the stand was black with the mass of human beings upon it, and the lawn and the terrace were crowded. In our royal progress up the course, the Governor received an ovation of loyalty in the cheers and enthusiasm of the densely packed crowd.

The first race was over hurdles, and after the second we went to luncheon. It was not quite such a pleasant day as the previous Saturday, on account of the great crowd. The pretty toilettes were not so well seen, being lost among the many ugly ones, for the "country cousin" contingent were in strong force to-day.

"The Cup" was run at 4 p.m. Never shall I forget the strain and tension on every face as the cry passed up, "They are off!" the few quick observations that escaped some as the horses passed the stand, and then the strange stillness that prevailed as we watched the coloured specks flying along the horizon, as the horses settled down to their work. The minutes were ages! Life seemed suspended in that mass of human beings. The strain and tension suddenly gave way as the horses were "*round the corner*," and a faint hum ran along far away down the black line, "They are coming!" and the murmur rose into cheers, and the cheers into shouts, and the shouts ended by the waving of hats and

handkerchiefs, as, amidst the most intense and extraordinary excitement, "Malua," the winner of The Cup of 1884, flew past the judge's box. "Commotion" ran second.

We took up life again where we had left it, and breathed freely once more.

Rushing down, we pushed our way through the crowd in time to see the horses "weighed in" in the paddock, by special permission from one of the stewards. A royal progress "Malua" made back to the paddock. The crowd leaned over the barrier and cheered, and vociferated, "Well done, 'Malua;' well done!" and her jockey raised his cap many a time in acknowledging the cheers of the populace, for "Malua" had been the general favourite.

We saw all the horses weighed in. The jockeys looked such mere stable-boys out of the saddle, and came on to the scales with saddle, cloth, and bridle in their hands. Many of them had to ride with lead weights to bring them up to scale. We drove off the course before the last race—the crowds melting and streaming away over the open plain as soon as "The Cup," the excitement of the day, was over.

*Wednesday, November 5th.*—Preparations for the ball at Government House that evening were going on all day.

At 10 p.m. the Governor and Lady Loch, with the guests staying in the house and the staff—entered the ball-room and passed down to the dais at the end, whilst the band played "God save the Queen." Eleven hundred invitations had been sent out, but the magnificent ball-room was not too crowded, and Herr Ploch's band in the gallery sent forth dreamy strains. It was nearly 3 a.m. before one of the most successful balls ever given in Government House at Melbourne was finished. It was succeeded the

next night by an excellent concert, given by the Metropolitan Liedertafel, under the directorship of Mr. Herz.

*Thursday, November 6th.*—I went with Lady Loch in the afternoon to an organ recital at the Town Hall. It is a magnificent organ and very celebrated in the colonies, finer than that of the Albert Hall. Driving through the town afterwards, the streets were so full, and the air so fresh and bright that it seemed like some spring afternoon in London, with the season beginning.

Mr. Service, the Premier, Lady Stawell, wife of the Chief Justice, and others, dined in the evening. Some of the party disappeared early to go to a dance in the neighbourhood. There are known to be thirty dances in Melbourne fixed for this month of November. Another favourite form of amusement are large theatre parties. The host invites some twenty or thirty friends to meet him at the theatre on such a night, by a little card printed expressly for this purpose, with R.S.V.P. in the corner. He takes the tickets, but it is the exception for there to be a supper afterwards; and the point of the entertainment appears to be "in whom sits next to who."

Melbourne society is dreadfully divided into cliques and sets, which may be partly attributed to the many suburbs into which the town is partitioned. There are the suburbs of St. Kilda, Brighton, South Yarra, Toorak, Hawthorn, &c.; and drawing an imaginary line from the Town Hall, they may be said to extend out round the town to a distance of six miles. I heard many complaints about the great distances, and the social inconvenience occasioned thereby. We saw Melbourne during its carnival of the race-week, and it would not be fair to judge of its gaieties,



which were overwhelming just at that time; but I believe it is a fact that all who possibly can, do give dances, small and frequently. There are two houses in which dancing floors have been laid on carriage springs, and all the large houses have their separate ball-room. We were surprised to find how beautifully appointed were most of these houses, though outside they all look much the same,



and merely handsome villaresidences. Dress is much thought of, and people in Melbourne dress very handsomely, very expensively, but too brilliantly. Not a few of its residents have their gowns and bonnets out from the best London houses.

uck-jumping was the order for Friday, November 7th. At three in the afternoon, besides ourselves, some fifty others were collected in the paddock to see the famous "buck-jump-

ing" of Australian horses. Those that we saw were provided by Mr. Chomley, picked out from the police paddock at Dandenong; but though they may have

been "picked" buck-jumpers, most Australian horses, for reasons unknown, are born with buck-jumping propensities, which are only knocked out of them by the "rough-riders." So successful are these trainers, that a fortnight after the exhibition we were seeing, they will be used on patrol duty. The first process of difficulty is the saddling and mounting, for which the horse has to be blindfolded on the near side. No sooner do they feel their rider vaulting into the saddle with his knees firmly inserted under the "croppers," or large pommels which you see in all colonial saddles, than they rise up into the air, and descend with their fore-legs stiffened straight out, and, tucking their head between them, kick viciously out behind. One horse always tried to kick the spur, which has to be pretty freely used, for if once they stood still, they would buck their rider out of the saddle in a trice; and it is found to be of great importance that they should be mastered at the first try. Another horse whinnied, quivering with suppressed rage, and after some convulsive wriggling, rushed headlong at the fence behind which we were standing. The rough-riders ride so splendidly that they seem part of the horse, rising and falling with the movement of the bucking. Sometimes, when the horse cannot rid himself of them in any other way, he *has* been known to wriggle himself out of the saddle, causing it to slip over his head.

A most excellent account of the buck-jumping appeared in the *Argus* of the next morning, from which I give the following extracts:—

"The first mount was given to Evans, one of the rough-riders. He had to deal with a rakish-looking bay with a

wicked eye, who arched his back like a hedgehog when the saddle was put on him. As soon as Evans vaulted into the saddle, the brute gracefully waltzed round three times to gird up his loins, and then, putting his head between his fore-legs, charged into the fence, bucking all the way. Evans slipped adroitly from the saddle as the horse came to the ground, and quickly remounting him, stuck to the saddle like a centaur till the animal was perfectly subdued. The next comer was a bay mare, who showed the most accomplished tactics, but Priestly, a Sale trooper, was an adept in all the artifices of 'pig jumping,' and spinning on all fours, with perplexing gymnastics to vary the programme. A grey half-bred Arab showed the fire in his blood as soon as he was led out, but Fawcner got safely into his seat while the girths were threatening to part, and enjoyed a jump of twenty-five feet and a teetotum-like twirl at the first bound, as a sample of what was to come. But the greatest treat was to come. Simpson, a professional horsebreaker, got on a brown, blue light mare, which submitted to be saddled as quietly as a lady's palfrey, but as soon as she felt Simpson's weight, she wildly rose upright, and went right across the paddock in a series of the wildest rearing freaks. Simpson rode stirrupless for fear the horse should fall back upon him, and by a combination of the rarest pluck, judgment, grip, and nerve, kept his balance apparently as easily as if he was sitting in a rocking-chair. Each time the maddened creature sprang up erect, he coolly clasped his hands under the mare's neck, and swayed as gracefully as a circus-



then rode a bay, which, getting under weigh at full gallop, darted for the fence, taking imaginary fences on the journey, while the trooper sat well back, the model of a close, firm seat. After colliding with the fence, the bay broke away across the paddock, but was safely brought up at the lower end. The last exhibitor was old Anchorite, a faithful performer in harness for sixteen years, but a twenty-year-old buckner. Since he was sold to the department, rough-riders innumerable have tried to subdue the old warrior's aversion to the saddle, but with how little success we saw yesterday. Anchorite is not so lissom as some of his younger competitors for evil distinction, but he has learned a few lessons which would be peculiarly disconcerting to a novice. He fell with Simpson, in making a supreme effort to stand upon his nose, but seeing this trooper's performance in the previous round, the spectators were satisfied that nothing quadrupedal which would keep upon its legs would unseat him. As a matter of fact none of the riders were thrown, although several of their horses came down; and it is gratifying to be able to say that the Australian sport of riding buck-jumpers was, with the exception of Evans, displayed by Australian-born riders."

*Saturday, November 8th.*—We went to the last day of the races, the "Steeple-chase Day," as it is called, because of the second race on the card. At the wooden fence of 4 ft. 7 in., which was immediately succeeded by a stone wall, and opposite the stand, we saw two horses come down. One jockey recovered, and went on over the stone wall in such a plucky manner that he was loudly applauded. A

little farther on poor "Friendless," a favourite horse, broke his shoulder over the hurdles, and had to be shot.

The Canterbury Plate caused great interest, because "Malua" and "Commotion," the first and second winners of the "cup," were to meet again. Amid a scene of great excitement "Malua" was beaten, and "Commotion" came in first.

It was a bright, warm day, but the pretty toilettes were exhausted, and the novelty of the scene had passed away. The Victoria Racing Clubs set a good example to other race-meetings by extending their four days' racing over the space of a week.

*Monday, November 10th.*—The Prince of Wales's birthday, and observed as a public holiday throughout the colonies.

What an excellent thing it would be if His Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales were to visit Australasia. They would receive the unanimous welcome of a mighty people such as *even they* have not yet known.

The Governor and his staff started with C. and Mr. Wallop for Brighton, where there was a grand review of the Victorian naval and military forces, ending in a sham fight, the enemy landing from nine vessels of war, and being repulsed by the militia on shore. It was terribly sultry and close, and they all came home late, very dusty, tired and hot, to go to a state banquet, given by the Mayor elect at the Town Hall that evening.

*Tuesday, November 11th.*—We made an expedition for the day to Ballarat to see the gold-mine belonging to the Band and Albion Company. Captain Dale, of H.M.S.

*Diamond*, came with us, and we left Spencer Street Terminus at 11 a.m. Two hours in the train brought us to Geelong, where we stopped fifteen minutes for luncheon.

Geelong is prettily situated on Corin Bay, a continuation of Hobson's Bay. It has 23,000 inhabitants now, but once it hoped to rival Melbourne. The country we passed through was flat and uninteresting, though all under cultivation; but here you would rather require six acres for one sheep, instead of the six sheep to one acre of some parts of New Zealand.

Now we were able fully to realize the exceeding monotony of the blue gum, which we had previously heard so much about. Nature has fixed upon the gum or eucalyptus-tree as the tree appropriate to Australian soil, and wherever you look you see its straggling branches, and dull, ineffective, blue foliage, with light grey stems. They grow too luxuriantly, as in many places we saw fields that were being cleared of them by "barking" or cutting a ring on the trunk, some four feet above the ground, causing death through the non-communication of the sap. But it is a noticeable fact that much that is imported or grows in Australia, seems to flourish too freely. Take the cacti, the thistles, the sweetbriar, all of which are a plague to the farmer. Look at the "rabbit pest," which has ruined many owners of land, and which still remains the great problem of Australian agriculture. Each separate Government has spent thousands annually in trying to reduce the pest, but to no avail, as it appears the more they are destroyed the more they generate. They are now

talking of building at an enormous cost a rabbit-proof wall all along the border of South Australia and New South Wales. Several station owners combined together, and spent in one year the sum of 20,000*l.* on the extirpation of rabbits, and on one run 1,000,000 were destroyed in a year, or over 27,000 per day.

Some of the houses in the villages we passed through were roofed with "shingles" or narrow strips of wood. They are cheap and easily obtained, but calculated only to last some five or six years.

We arrived at Ballarat at 3 p.m., and found Mr. Tyrell, the Superintendent of the Police, waiting at the station for us with his buggy. He drove us quickly out to the Band and Albion Mine.

We had to wait whilst the night "shift" at four o'clock went down the shaft, and we watched the windlass, which winds the cage up and down by machinery, and which in this case is made of wire rope of one single piece, in place of the manilla rope usually used in mines. I had to dress up in an old petticoat and loose jacket, with waterproof boots; and looked like an old bathing woman when ready to go down the shaft. The mine manager was there, and he and I and C. got into the cage. Three planks of wood, with an iron bar in the centre, to which was attached a hook for the rope, suspended us over the shaft. There was room for two on either side, and we had to stand quite still and straight. Down we shot into pitch darkness, through the narrow hole just

winding of the pulley. Down we went into the bowels of the earth, 1005 feet below the surface.

The most curious sensation of descending the shaft is that in the darkness, though you cannot see, you feel that the walls are being passed upwards and not downwards. We flew by the doors of many galleries, going down to the tenth and the last finished shaft. They are sinking yet another now, and were getting rid of the water by sending a tank of fifty gallons to the surface, suspended beneath the cage in each of its upward journeys.

We found ourselves in a cavern at the bottom, lighted by one candle, where the trucks with the quartz were standing ready to be hauled to the surface. At this moment the tank by accident overturned and emptied its contents with an alarming rush at our feet. By the light of our candles we groped along the narrow galleries, three feet wide by five feet seven inches broad, laid with a track for the waggons. The slush and mud were ankle deep, and, at a particularly bad place, the old manager, without saying anything, quietly lifted me into a trolley, and ran me along to the end of the gallery. Here there were two miners at work, pickaxing the quartz, and one had just cut a hole for the powder to blast away a large piece of quartz rock, and was about to insert the fuze, which burns two or three minutes before the explosion to allow of the men having time to escape. We marked the dark line in the quartz, within which lies hidden the precious metal, and the roof overhead shone and glistened with bright sparks of gold. In an upper gallery there was an archway formed by a valuable vein, still unworked.

for twenty feet. The Company can go on working their claim for some distance further on one side and almost interminably on the other, always supposing that the ore still continues. The miners work in shifts of eight hours each, receiving two pounds a week without rations, and they warm their "billy," or tin can of tea, which they bring down with them, over a candle.

The relief of coming up to the open air again from the damp, muggy atmosphere was great. The cheerful light of day seemed a return to life from a living death. One feels curiously nervous of accidents in a mine, though there can be no more danger there than in a railway tunnel. We heartily pitied all those poor men who spend their lives in the underground pit.

We next visited the gold-crushing works. The quartz is crushed by steam-hammers, each weighing 16 tons, and striking with a force of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. It is then passed through water mingled with quicksilver, which detaches the gold. Subsequently some further gold is extracted from the pyrites, the remainder being valuable for knife polish, and a dark red paint.

The Band and Albion Mine has about 600 acres superficial area. Upwards of 4,000,000*l.* of gold have already been taken from the mine, and it now pays thirty per cent. Geologists affirmed that gold could not be found at such depths, but the quartz from the lowest level yields an ounce per ton.

We drove quickly round the town, and through its principal thoroughfares, out to Lake Wendouree, bordered with the pretty public gardens. We saw in the distance the



Eureka Stockade, where the miners made their celebrated defence against the authorities.

It was thirty years ago that the first discovery of gold was made at Ballarat. Melbourne was deserted, and crowds flocked to "the diggings," arriving in Ballarat at the rate of 500 a day. "Canvas Town" sprang up, and hundreds were sleeping in the streets. Since then Ballarat has become a thriving town of 40,000 inhabitants. Signs of the diggings are to be seen in the country round, which is gulched and mined in all directions. Huge mounds have been raised for the sinking of shafts, and some of the diggings deserted by the miners in quest of a more quickly earned reward have been taken possession of by the patient Chinese, who contrive still to get some good pickings out of them. Sandhurst, Castlemaine, Maryborough, Stawell, and Creswick are other centres of great mining interests.

At the bottom of Start Street, at Ballarat, stands the well-known eight-hours' monument, with this inscription:—

" Eight hours' work,  
Eight hours' play,  
Eight hours for sleep,  
Eight bob a day."

We dined at Craig's Hotel ; left Ballarat at seven o'clock, and were back in Melbourne by eleven.

*Thursday, November 13th.*—We left Melbourne. It was the afternoon of Lady Loch's weekly reception at Government House, and we found it difficult, in the midst of it, to be able sufficiently to express to Sir Henry and Lady Loch our appreciation of their kindness and hospitality extended to us during our fortnight's stay at Melbourne.

Whilst there, several propositions had been made for us to see something of the interior of Victoria, while Sir William and Lady Clarke had very kindly asked us to stay with them at their country-place, and Mr. and Mrs. Ryan to go and see their celebrated gardens on Mount Macedon. Another expedition thwarted by time was to St. Hubert's vineyard. Here we should have seen the best vineyard for the making of Australian wine, for Messrs. De Castella and Rowan carried off the Emperor of Germany's prize at the Melbourne Exhibition of 1881. At this competition the *best* wines of Germany and France were numbered for the highest class 21 and 20, and the second at 19 and 18; the samples from St. Hubert's vineyard were ranked as high as 19 points, or equal to France and Germany. This vineyard has 250 acres of vines under cultivation, and produces about 70,000 gallons per annum. The Australian wines are white, but there has been a complaint that too much alcohol has hitherto been used in their manufacture, and that they are strong and heady. This, however, is being remedied, and ere long Australian vineyards will rival those of Bordeaux. At Melbourne, too, we were obliged to come to a decision as to whether we should accept Sir William Robinson's kind invitation to Government House at Adelaide, and visit South Australia.

But after much hesitation, we decided to give up South Australia, partly on account of several days in the steamer in the much-dreaded "bight" off the Australian coast, but mostly by reason of the pressure of time and a fear that

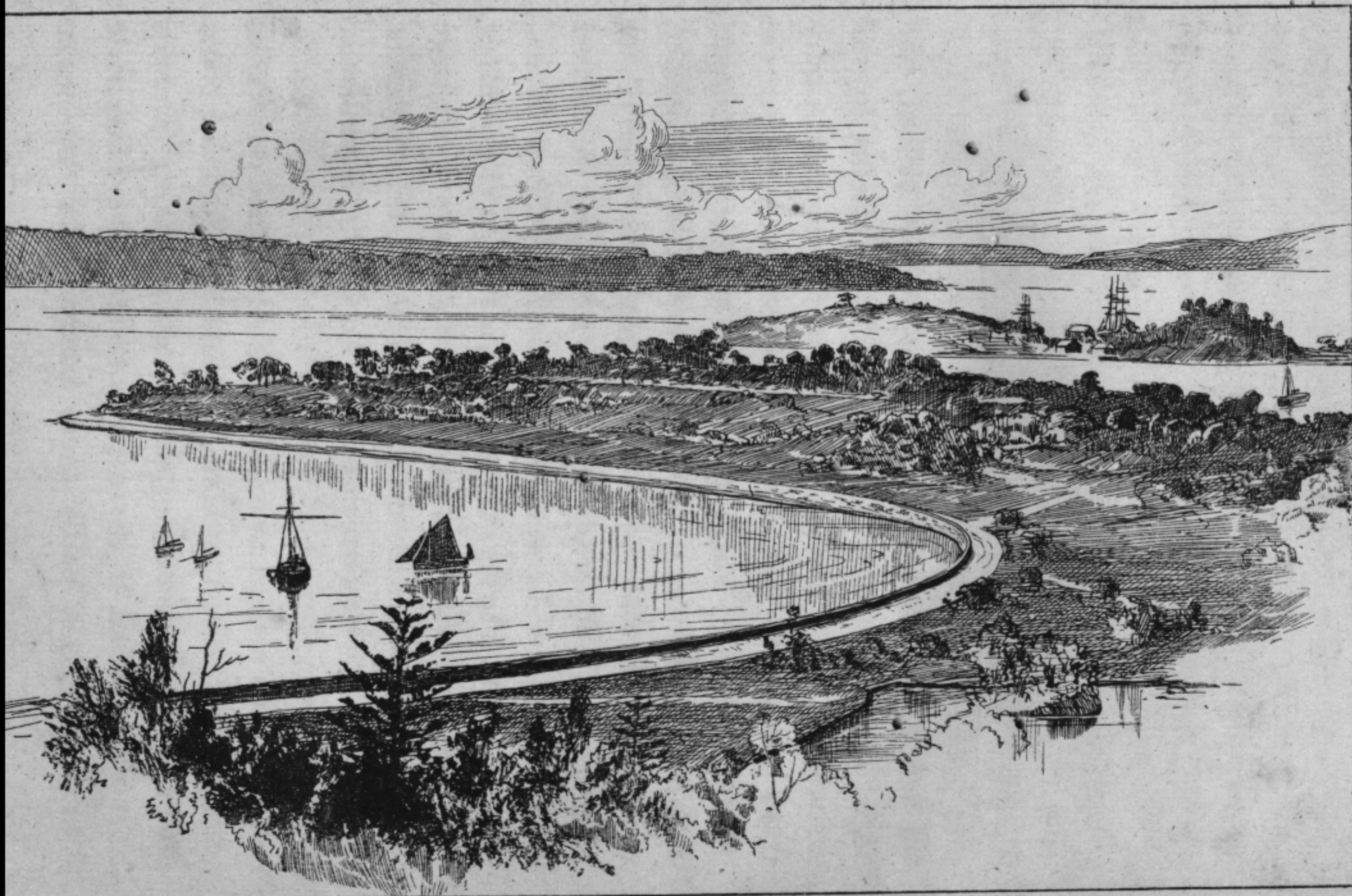
prevented my husband from acceding to the request of the Chief Secretary, the Hon. Graham Berry, that he would inquire into the organization of the police and penal establishments, and assist the Victorian Government with his advice.

## CHAPTER XI.

## NEW SOUTH WALES AND QUEENSLAND.

WE left the Spencer Street Station by five o'clock, and began the long, tedious journey of eighteen hours by rail to Sydney. We dined at Seymour, and arrived at Albury at 11 p.m., where we changed into the sleeping-car, the "Lady Parkes." These cars are much better arranged than those in America. The berths are wider and higher, and the four at the end of the carriage are reserved for ladies and divided off by a curtain. At Albury we crossed the boundary-line between Victoria and New South Wales, formed by the Murray, the greatest Australian river. After a course of 2400 miles, receiving the waters of six large rivers, it discharges the drainage of one-half the continent upon the south-western shore near Adelaide. Fortunately we were coming from Victoria into New South Wales, instead of *vice versa*, or we should here have had our trunks searched by the custom-house officials, for Victoria labours under the iron hand of strict protective duties, whereas New South Wales is governed by comparatively free trade principles. It is partly these heavy duties that make





Sydney Harbour.

Melbourne such an extortionate town. At Albury also the line changes from the broad to the narrow gauge, neither New South Wales nor Victoria being willing to adjust it to each other. We passed Wagga Wagga, of Tichborne fame, during the night, where "Roger" kept his butcher's shop; strange that we had only just been reading of his release in the English cablegrams.

We had breakfast at Goulburn, the seat of a bishopric, and afterwards passed through the wide stretch of country called the Riverina. These are the barren plains, which extend 900 miles to the west of Sydney, and form the centre of the great pastoral industry. The country became more populous as we approached Sydney towards twelve o'clock. We found the carriage waiting at the station to take us to Government House, where we received a most cordial welcome from Lord and Lady Augustus Loftus, who had known C. in St. Petersburg and Berlin, where his Excellency had been ambassador. After luncheon they proposed that we should have some fresh air, and take our first impression of Sydney from its beautiful harbour, by going out in the *Nea*, the steam-launch.

Sydney Cove was alive with launches, steamers, and yachts, and with the large ferry-boats that ply to and fro to the North Shore. Vessels belonging to every nation in the world were lying in its docks, or at anchor in the Cove. We passed the *Carthage*, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, bearing down the harbour out to sea, and from the windows of Government House the arrival of a mail



tropical climates of Chili, Peru, or the South Sea Islands. Wool warehouses, sugar manufactories, and timber-yards line the banks, giving us some idea of the vast shipping and commercial interest that centres in Sydney. We gathered, too, some idea of the size of the town from the straggling suburbs that extend out a long way up the Paramatta. Bearing up this river, we passed Cockatoo Island, famous in the convict annals of earlier days, a remembrance of which still lingers in the stone sentinel box of the keeper in charge of the gangs. It is now used as a dock for war-ships, and another island farther up as a gun-powder magazine. Leaving all traces of the busy town-life behind us, we were out in the country; the low river-banks bordered with gum-trees, and houses with their gardens sloping down to the water's edge. Once we were suddenly transported back to some happy days spent on the beautiful shores of the Italian lakes; for a stone terrace with pillars and steps down to the water made us exclaim,—“Isola Bella!” We turned homewards under the huge Lunatic Asylum standing on the hill, and where the Claimant's brother is now confined.

Government House is an architecturally picturesque building of Bath stone, built by convict labour. The entrance is very pretty, driving up under the archway of the tower. The windows of the central hall are filled with stained glass, and the walls hung with full-length portraits of former governors. The grounds overlook the harbour, and slope down to the water from all sides of the promontory on which Government House is built. But the accommodation is inadequate to the requirements of the house, as is

also the ball-room for entertaining. The Government House at Melbourne is far more imposing, but for comfort and every day living the one at Sydney is far preferable.

I went out into the verandah in the evening after dinner, to see the powerful revolving electric light of the lighthouse on the "Heads" at the entrance to the Harbour. At first you see only a glimmer of light, and then the broad rays coming sweeping round, shimmering in the darkness, till the full blaze of light dazzles the eyes for a moment. But the charms of sitting out in this verandah and garden are spoilt by the plague of mosquitoes, and for the first time I was obliged to sleep within the filmy shadow of the mosquito-curtain.

*Saturday, November 15th.*—A bright morning, promising to be very hot during the day. The view from our sitting-room window was beautiful this morning; the haze over the distant hills, and the blue water of the harbour, dancing and glinting in the sunlight. From the garden beneath there came up through the open window the sweet, sickly smell from a magnificent magnolia-tree, thirty feet high, and from the beds of gardenias, which bloom at the rate of 100 a day during the summer months.

We took a hansom after breakfast, to explore the streets of Sydney. Macquaire Street faces the open space where the Exhibition buildings stood which were burnt down, the large hospital, which remains unfinished for want of funds, the Mint, and the Houses of Parliament. It ends in Hyde Park, where, within the railings, stands the bronze statue

George, when they visited Sydney in the *Bacchante*, awaiting the statue of her Majesty the Queen.

The streets of Sydney are narrow and crooked, but it is a prettier and more interesting town than Melbourne; it has, too, a much more old-world look. The most notable feature in the streets are the huge silent locomotives, black monsters, that come gliding noiselessly round the corners. These steam tramways appear most dangerous to strangers, as the level crossings are unguarded, and there is no warning whistle. They consist of a "traction" engine, and two large omnibus cars, and there is a covered station where they start from. Omnibuses, which ply every hour between the suburbs and the town, and hansom cabs are the other vehicles most in use. The latter are very unsuitable for the steep streets in the town and the hills in the suburbs, throwing as they do all the weight when going down hill upon the horses' fore-legs.

The shops are moderately good, and though not actually so expensive as those at Melbourne, are in reality more so, when the comparative absence of duty is taken into account. With the exception of Macquarie Street and Macleay Street, all "society" lives without the town in the suburbs, clustering on the points or round the bays of "Our Harbour," such as on Darling Point, and Pott's Point, or Rose Bay, Double Bay, and Woolloomooloo. There is, too, the "North Shore," a very beautiful suburb, lying between the harbour and the sea, and only communicating with Sydney by a ferry at present, though before long there will be a bridge built.

clare that when they built any institution, Melbourne copied them in it, only building one larger and finer. Melbourne points to its buildings, and Sydney to its harbour; and it reached a culminating point last year, when New South Wales talked of the Victorians as "Our friends in the cabbage garden." Having just come from the "cabbage garden," we were close questioned as to our impressions by comparison with Sydney; I was very glad that we had been to Melbourne first, for I honestly preferred the former town.

Lady Augustus Loftus had a garden-party in the afternoon; the excellent band of the Permanent Force, which has since furnished the splendid contingent for the Soudan, playing in the garden. I was very much struck how far quieter and less well-dressed the people in Sydney were, how much more "behind the times," when compared to their sisters in the rival city.

I played "mattador" in the evening with Lord Augustus. It is an Australian game, played with dominoes, but has been stopped at the clubs on account of its enormous gambling facilities. C. went to see Mr. Semple, a wonderful American breaker of horses. He undertakes to subdue the wildest horses, by the simple but somewhat cruel method of lightly securing their heads to their tails, when they spin round and round till they fall to the ground giddy and exhausted. He has had wonderful success hitherto, and his classes of instruction are largely attended.

*Sunday, November 16th.*—I went to the cathedral in the

Primate, Dr. Barry, was away, performing country confirmations, so I did not hear him preach.

*Monday, November 17th.*—We went over H.M.S. *Miranda*, a man-of-war, anchored in front of Government House. The boat, manned by a crew in white jackets, came off to the jetty to fetch us on board, and the commander, Captain Acland, showed us over. The sailors' quarters appeared to me miserable; they have all to cook, sleep, eat, and sit in one room in the hold of the ship.

Lady Augustus, on our return, took me to the Picture Gallery, which is a poor wooden building, but contains a good collection of water-colours, and some pictures that have been exhibited in our Academy, including works by Leighton, Goodall, Vicat Cole, &c. Their latest addition has been De Neuville's "Rorke's Drift;" and 5000*l.* is now yearly put aside out of the estimates for fresh purchases in England.

They have in the gallery two or three of Marshall Wood's statues, including the beautiful one called the "Song of the Shirt." He is the sculptor of the Queen's statue in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, which we admired so much.

In the afternoon we drove through the Domain, to the rocky promontory at the end that is called Lady Macquaire's chair; it is a small park formed of the strip of land running out into the harbour.

*Tuesday, November 18th.*—I went into the Botanical Gardens, which are the most lovely I have ever seen. A

the endless shady walks that give to it a romantic beauty of its own. C. then took me to the magnificent Government buildings in Macquaire Street, to see Mr. Vernon, Secretary of the Railways, who had come across the Pacific with us in the *Australia*, but I could not see the Council Chamber, as the Council were sitting at that moment.

X There was a dinner-party in the evening, including Sir George—one of the Judges—and Lady Innes, Professor and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Fosbery, the Chief of the Police, and Mr. Dalley, Attorney-General and Acting Colonial Secretary to the present Government, a most amusing and clever man.

In society here it is said to be rarely safe to mention the word convict, for there are not a few, who, looking back to their grandfather or great-grandfather, would be obliged to claim descent from Botany Bay. It is related about this of a gentleman who inquired the meaning of the letters M. L. C. (Member of the Legislative Council) on the cards of the members, and was promptly told it meant "Mustn't Leave the Country."

To-day there has been one of the north-east winds that make the climate of Sydney so damp and relaxing, but they are nothing when compared to the north-west or hot wind, which is intensely dreaded. These hot winds are caused by the wind blowing over the parched deserts of the interior of Australia, when they bring with them a fiery blast that burns and shrivels up all before it; night or day there is no relief, during the two or three days that they remain. When the change comes it is generally with a "southerly"



these, but I never shall forget how terrible was the oppressiveness of one that we had at Melbourne, for a few hours only, whilst we were there.

*Wednesday, November 19th.*—To the opening of the Legislature by commission at twelve o'clock. The Governor did not elect to go in state, having closed the Parliament in person only the previous fortnight; this being a short session for the passing of the estimates only.

We went over the houses afterwards, which are small and inconvenient, and built of wood; but they are about to erect new ones.

Then to luncheon with Sir Alfred and Lady Stephen, who presently drove us out to see the Alfred Hospital. The foundation-stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, after whom it is named, and the handsome stone building cost 120,000*l.* All the appointments of the hospital are excellent. The house surgeon begged to be excused from taking us over as he had seven operations to perform that afternoon, and sent for Mrs. Murray, the matron, a charming woman, to do so instead. Near the Alfred Hospital is the University, the first that was founded in the southern hemisphere, and around are the affiliated colleges of St. Paul and St. Andrew, belonging to the Church of England and the Presbyterian body, where religious instruction is given, none being allowed at the University.

Sir Alfred Stephen is Lieutenant-Governor, and the late Chief Justice. Aged eighty-two, he has had eighteen children, to whom the number of nine has been always

a very long speech by counsel in the trial of a squatting action, which had lasted four days"—

“‘TWICE NINE;’ OR, JUDICIAL IMPARTIALITY EXEMPLIFIED.

“Of children this knight had no less than eighteen;  
Twice nine little heads, with a marriage between.  
He had nine when a barrister, nine when a judge;  
And of ‘sex’—since to Nature he owed not a grudge—  
Nine exactly were girls, the other half boys,  
An equal division ’twixt quiet and noise;  
While if by marriage the number he reckoned,  
There were nine of the first, and nine of the second.  
Nine in Tasmania, nine New South Wales;  
Then (to show with what justice he still held the scales)  
Since ‘nine’ it was clear he could not divide  
(A third sex yet having never been tried),  
Five sons and four daughters in Hobart were born,  
That four sons, five daughters might Sydney adorn!  
Twin daughters, twin sons, complete the strange story  
Of this patron of wigs, though constant old Tory.”

There was an evening party at Government House, followed by a small dance; the verandah looking so pretty, lighted with coloured Chinese lanterns.

*Thursday, November 20th.*—Lady Augustus had very kindly arranged a picnic for us to see the Middle Harbour.

“Our harbour” is very beautiful, but you tire somewhat of the incessant repetition of the fact that is required from all new arrivals to Sydney. Perhaps the idea of the officers on board a newly arrived man-of-war was the best, when they hung over the side of their ship a board

We left the jetty in two launches on a gloriously bright morning, a party of twenty pleasant people. We passed by several of the sheltered bays, where so many of the pretty houses lie; first the one with the soft complex name of Woolloomooloo, and afterwards Darling Point, followed by Double and Rose Bays; and then we put in at a little sandy cove, and some of the party, including ourselves, climbed up the hill to the camp of the Permanent Artillery at the top. Colonel Roberts showed us over the canteen, mess, store, and officers' huts, and C. went over the fortifications, which are very strong.

We re-embarked, noticing the lighthouse, whose friendly beacon we watch every night. Before us were the bold bluffs on either side the "Heads," which form such a beautiful natural opening to the harbour. Passing through them we should have been in the open sea. We, however, took a turn to the right to go up the part of the harbour called the "Middle Harbour," and leaving Manley Beach, the Margate of Sydney, to the right, we got safely past the sandy shoals of the spit, and laid to in a sheltered cove for luncheon. It is a grievous pity that the sparse foliage of the gum is the only vegetation on the banks, and gives to them such a dull, monotonous colouring. But very pretty are the little headlands that jut out into the water, or the larger necks that enclose some bay or inland sea, that gives one an idea of endless little harbours unexplored within the larger one. I think the harbour, or Port Jackson as it is, officially called, with its seventy miles of frontage, made up by the windings and turnings, may be likened to a beautiful lake:

lovely, that it makes a man ask himself whether it would not be worth his while to remove his household gods, that he might look on it as long as he can look upon anything," I cannot understand.

After luncheon was over we tried some fishing, but too much *débris* from the feast had already been sent overboard for the fish to do other than nibble at the bait.

In coming home, Clontarf, the spot where the Duke of Edinburgh was shot at, was pointed out to us. We landed two passengers at the camp, anchored for tea in Chowder Bay; then went slowly home, disembarking members of the party at various piers. As we neared our wharf we saw the little Noah's Ark belonging to the American man-of-war plying backwards and forwards with guests returning from the afternoon dance they were giving on board.

C. had a very pleasant dinner at the House that evening, given to him by Mr. Burdett Smith, meeting Sir John Robertson, the Speaker, and many other prominent politicians.

The next day he made an expedition to Paramatta, to see the Premier, Mr. Stuart, who had gone there for change of air after his recent attack of illness.

*Saturday, November 22nd.*—We left Redfern Station at 8 a.m., in a special train provided for us by the Government, to make an expedition up the Blue Mountains. The party consisted of Sir Alfred Stephen, the Hon. George Dibbs, Colonial Treasurer, Mr. Critchett Walker, Principal Under Secretary, Mr. Barton, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Harpott, Sergeant at Arms, Mr. Eschery, Commis-

Mrs. Francis Joseph, who had been most kind in asking us to stay with them at Double Bay, and four other ladies.

Breakfast was served on board the dining-car attached to the train immediately after starting, and if the truth ought to be told, we were eating all day long, with the wherewithal so close at hand. We passed Paramatta, or Rose Hill, the ancient Sydney, and saw its old Government House, now used as a lodging-house, and the church, with its two little towers, which was to have been the cathedral of Sydney.

At Penrith Station we were at the bottom of the Blue Mountains, and had our first comprehensive and beautiful view of them, tracing at the same time our zig-zag line up their sides. Soon we crossed the Nepean, or the more familiar Hawkesbury on a stone bridge, which has so lately been the scene of Canadian Hanlan's rowing feats. After passing Emu Plains, so called from the herds of emus that used to roam over them, we reached the first zig-zag. In eight minutes more we had ascended 600 feet.

The train at the zig-zag is run to the end of the gradient, points being shifted by the guard, and then run up the gradual ascent of the next level. It certainly is a much simpler method than that in America, where the train *describes a circle round the corner*, whilst clinging to the mountain side: We had a beautiful view over the rich cultivated fields of the lowlands in the country of Cumberland—a changing, ever-shifting view, as we ran along the side of the mountain, and then turned upwards to face the opposite way.

The air felt brisker and colder as we got up into higher

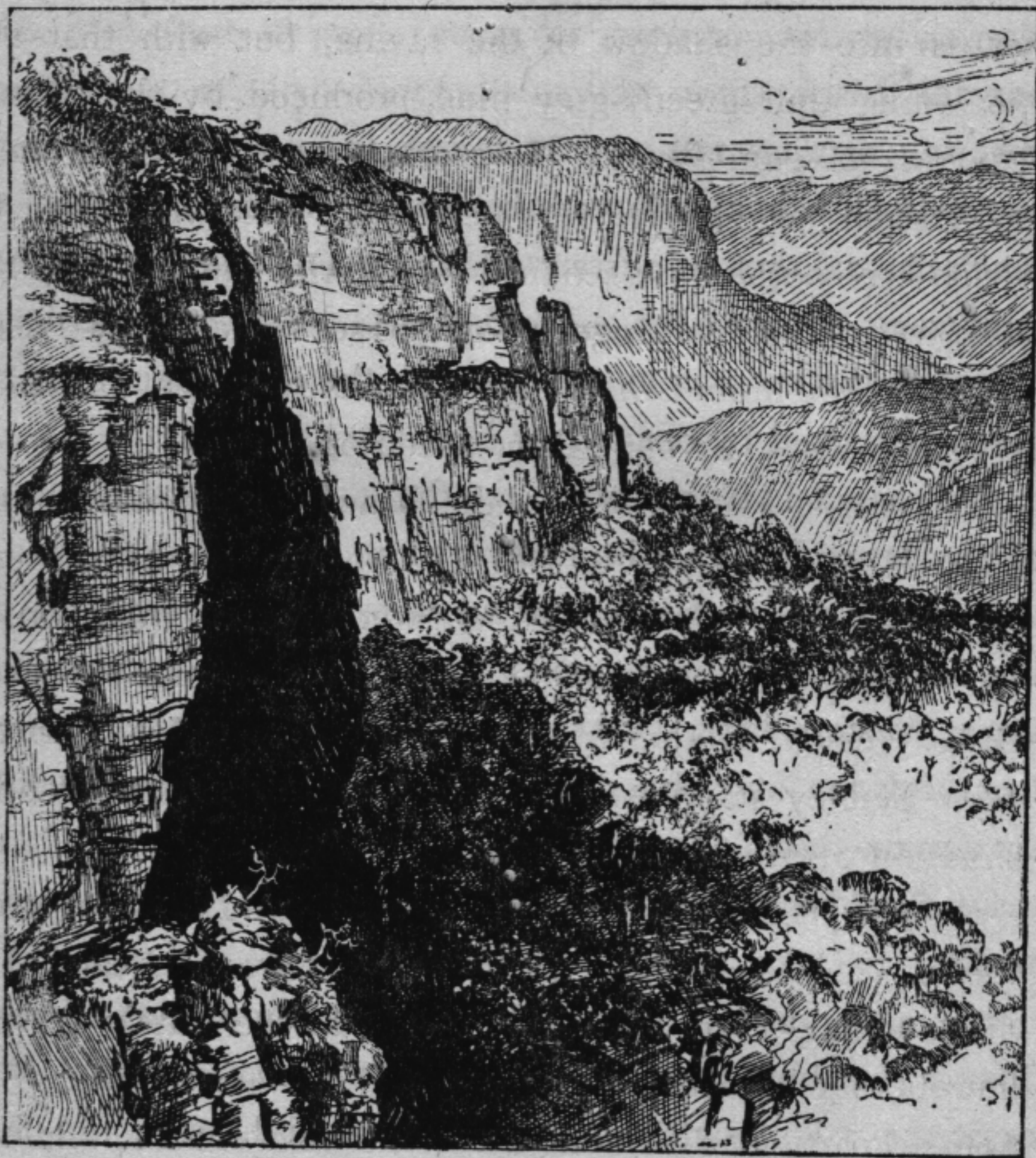
altitudes. After reaching the summit we went through many miles of gum-tree woods, the young tender shoots yet crimson in their spring foliage. Lovely glimpses of deep gorges we had, dimly defined by the trees sloping downwards into the shadow of the ravine, but with that all-pervading dull greeny-grey blue, produced by their dense covering of gum forests. It seems to me that no scenery in Australia can appear very beautiful. One view must be much like another on account of the terrible monotony of the gum-tree. How we longed to-day to see some of these deep gorges in the mountains clothed with the different shades of green produced by our oak or beech or chestnut!

We passed Faulconbridge, the beautiful mountain home of Sir Henry Parkes, who had very kindly asked us to spend part of the day with him, but we were anxious to go on to the Lithgow and the second zig-zag. Katoomba, with the Great Western Hotel, is the spot where most of the visitors from Sydney stay, its great attraction being its splendid situation overlooking the Cunjimbla Valley.

At Blackheath we got out of the train, and found a break waiting to take us the two miles to Govett's Leap. We drove along a sandy road, looking at the masses of wild flowers that bordered it, or grew in the underscrub. We noticed particularly among them the wild lobelia, and the blue iris, and the Australian "edelweiss," which they call the "flannel plant," and which has a varying number of petals, from seven to fourteen; but above all there was the beautiful waratah, that wiry flower, glorious in its deep crimson



· talking about the flowers, quite unexpectedly, and with a sudden alarm, we found ourselves on the edge of the precipice of what is called "Govett's Leap." Twelve hundred feet



Govett's Leap, Blue Mountains.

below us there was a plain, shut in on all sides by titanic walls of granite rock. I call it a plain, for it seemed so by comparison to where it narrowed imperceptibly to the gorge, only wide enough for a narrow river to flow through, and

which lost itself to us under the blue haze of the distance. This plain was covered with sassafras, or spinnefex, a stunted undergrowth, amongst which peeped up the bare heads of rocks, and all around and beyond them was only the grey-blue undulations of a sea of gums. Just to our right there was the black shiny cliff, over which trickles the falling mist of the waterfall called Govett's Leap. It is dignified you perceive into a waterfall, but here droughts are so frequent, and water so scarce, that drops trickling over a rock must be so called, or none would remain in existence. The waterfall is not called Govett's Leap, as many would suppose, after some legendary convict's leap, escaping from the pursuit of his gaolers, but after the name of the first surveyor of the Blue Mountains.

The great beauty of the scenery in these mountains lies in the grand expanse of the valleys that open out sheer at your feet, under precipices of from 300 to 500 feet, and in the curious formation of rock that generally surrounds them, standing out into their midst in jagged masses or formations that take the shape of something human.

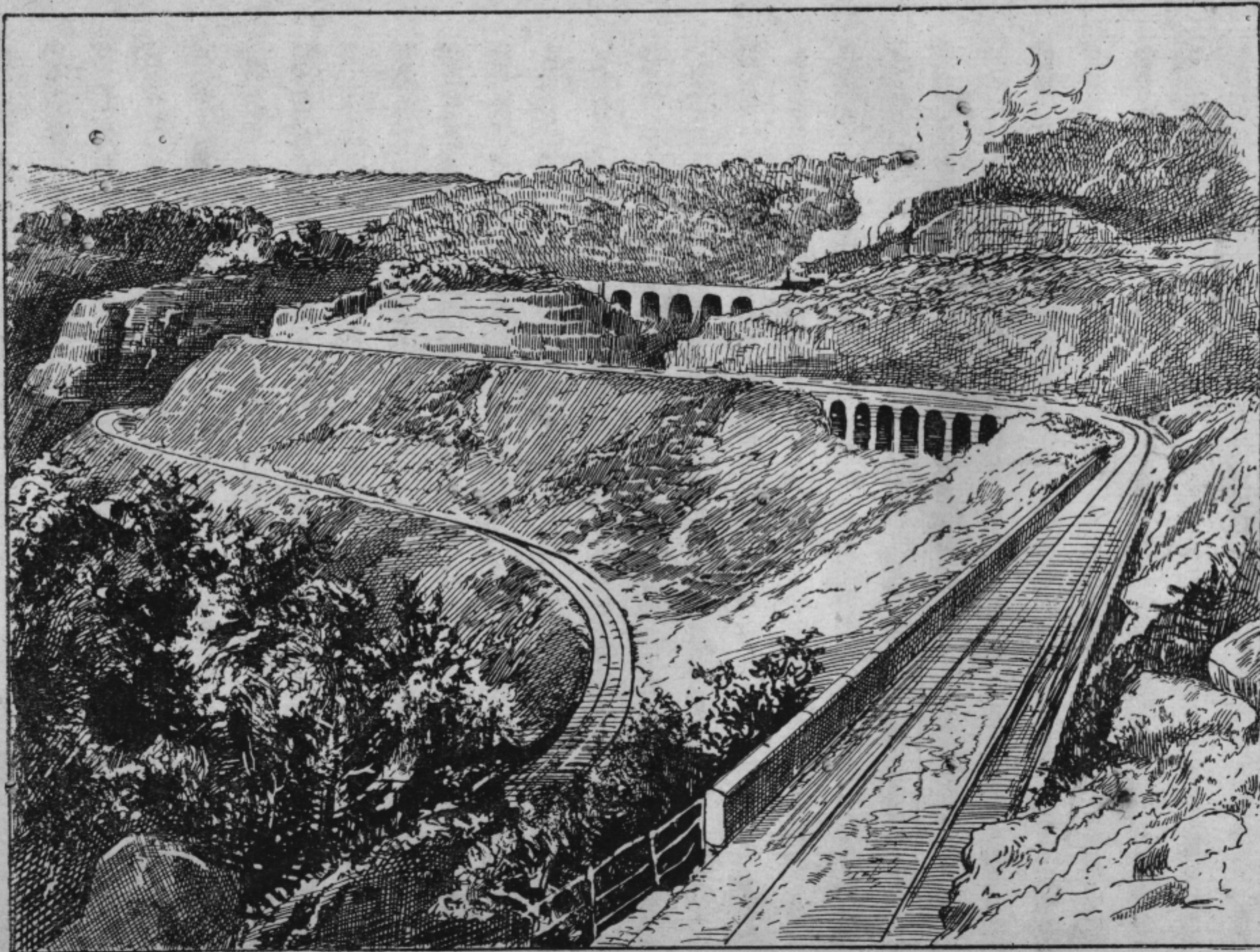
Certainly there are these grand and glorious views in the Blue Mountains, these vast panoramas as at Govett's Leap, or at the "Weatherboard;" but taking them as a whole I think their monotonous beauty is somewhat exaggerated by the fact that Australia is so poor in beautiful scenery. Going through Mount Victoria Pass we came to Mount Victoria, which has a fine hotel, and is over 3000 feet above the sea level. It is generally taken as the headquarters



reached the second, or the "Great Zig-zag," the marvel of the engineering feats. At one point we looked down and saw below us *three* distinct lines of railway, and these had only been made after tunnelling and blasting the rock away sometimes to a depth of forty or fifty feet. But I think it looked still more wonderful when we looked *up* to it from the bottom, and wondered how we should ever reach the top again. The cost of this part of the railway was between 20,000*l.* and 25,000*l.* a mile.

Lithgow formed our terminus, and we had luncheon in a siding, and some of the party went to see the pottery works opposite, and returned with bricks which they had seen baked in the oven, and tiles, and little brown earthenware teapots, valued at 7½*d.* These pottery works were started almost accidentally by the Lithgow Valley Colliery Company, who began by baking bricks for a chimney to their furnace in connection with their large coal-mining operations, and finding clay suitable for pottery purposes in the neighbourhood they continued. Nearly the whole of the pretty Lithgow Valley is spoilt by being used for manufacturing purposes, coal being found in large quantities and worked by several companies.

We ran back quickly, though the return journey seemed much longer. At Mount Victoria we experienced a curiously sudden change in the atmosphere. A little damp mist rising from the valleys spread so quickly that the warm, bright afternoon was suddenly clouded over, and changed to drizzling rain and a chill, clinging mist. We had fortunately seen the views in the morning, in brightness and sunshine, for now in the afternoon they were totally obliterated.



Zig-zag on railway, Blue Mountains.



We heard afterwards that we narrowly avoided a collision with another passenger train at Paramatta when returning, and we were saved by the presence of mind of our engineer, who ran us into the siding just in time. We reached Sydney, and were back at Government House by 8 p.m.

*Sunday, November 23rd.*—We had luncheon in Mackay Street with the Chief Justice, Sir James, and Lady Martin. Sir James has never been out of New South Wales, but he has read so extensively and to such purpose, that he knows Europe almost better than any traveller, and will tell you the exact position of any of the celebrated pictures in the galleries of Rome or Florence. Their house has a narrow garden, with a succession of beautifully-planted stone terraces leading down to the edge of the harbour.

We drove out afterwards to Rose Bay to see the Hon. James White's beautiful house. Mr. White is the owner of a celebrated stud, and had that morning taken C. out to the race-course at Randwick to see his stables. The garden is very beautiful, and from it the harbour presents the appearance of two distinct lakes, caused by the jutting out of Point Piper. Mr. William Cooper's, Mr. Mitchell's, and Sir Micrany Allen's are the finest houses at Sydney after Mr. White's. I think Sydney is a far preferable place to Melbourne to live in. It has not the "American go" and tone of the latter, nor the same amount of society; but the place is so much prettier, and the climate so bright, that the blue waters of the harbour have often reminded us of the Mediterranean—indeed the mean temperature of

"ribbon" of the colonial service, and has a salary attached to it of 10,000*l.*; but Sydney, with its salary of 7000*l.*, should be, I think, the more popular of the two.

Sir John Robertson has very kindly asked us whilst here to make an expedition up the Hawkesbury, to stay with him, but the steamer for Brisbane is leaving to-morrow. C. was also very anxious to have made a trip from Sydney over to New Caledonia; but the twenty-one days of strictest quarantine imposed by the French Government on all vessels arriving at Noruma from Sydney, on account of the small-pox here, has rendered it impossible. He has been fortunate, however, in meeting French officers, who have given him all the necessary information, and he has obtained many official papers concerning the French penal settlement.

*Tuesday, November 25th.*—We bade farewell to Lord and Lady Augustus Loftus in the afternoon, and went down to the wharf, where lay the *Ly-ee-moon*, of the Australian Steam Navigation Company, with the "blue peter" flying. Mr. Loftus, Mr. Unwin, and Dr. Garran, the editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, came to see us off. We went down the harbour, saying good-bye to Government House as we passed its windows, but seeing nothing, to our disappointment, of the race that was going on between boats' crews of H.M.S. *Miranda* and the American man-of-war. We passed out through "the Heads" into the open sea, which had a heavy swell on, the remains of a "southerly burster" of the previous night. The *Ly-ee-moon* is a dirty little steamer of 600 tons; she is fast, but rolls terribly. After it got dark and cold on deck nothing remained but to go below, and plunge,



*Wednesday, November 26th.*—On board S.S. *Ly-ee-moon*, off the coast of Queensland. Coasting all day along a country covered as far the eye could see into the interior with gum-trees. It gives one some idea of the density of the forests before the country is opened up. Sea smooth, but many ill; *cuisine* disgusting, and passengers noisy and objectionable. I wrote letters for home all day.

*Thursday, November 27th.*—The stewardess came into my cabin at seven o'clock, to say that we had been at anchor for an hour or more in the River Brisbane, waiting for the doctor to come off and pass us. The ascent up the Brisbane for thirty miles took us nearly two hours. The river is so deep and broad that large vessels are able to come up to Brisbane, and anchor at the wharves. The banks are low and pretty, but little we saw of their beauty that morning for the dense mist caused by the downpour of rain.

Mr. Prichard, the Governor's aide-de-camp, was waiting for us on the wharf with the carriage, and we drove past the Government buildings, which are very fine, and the Club House, with its broad verandahs, to Government House. Here Sir Anthony and Lady Musgrave received us most kindly. Government House is a low, ugly stone building, with numberless verandahs, into which the rooms open out. The servants' quarters are quite separate, in a bungalow apart from the house. The house lies on a peninsula, surrounded on three sides by the river, and the road which leads past the houses ends at Government House as a *cul de sac*.

The deluge of rain lasted all the afternoon, but cleared up enough in the evening for Lady Musgrave and her three boys to take me into the adjoining Botanical Gardens.

The climate at Brisbane is nearly tropical, and these gardens are proportionately more luxuriant than those of either Melbourne or Sydney. There is a beautiful avenue of bunya-trees bordering the walk by the river. On the pond in the centre grow the most lovely blue and pink water-lilies; the latter is "the sacred lotus" of the Egyptians, a plant that, besides Australia, only inhabits China, Japan, Persia, the Malay Peninsula, and the Philippine Islands. The lawns feel short and springy to the tread from the crisp buffalo-grass. There is a grove of tall bamboo-trees, interspersed with palms, the bread-fruit tree, or the traveller's tree—a species of palm which gives water when tapped by the traveller in the desert; on some of these grow the stag-horn ferns, so called because it is a fern which branches out like the horns of a stag. There were thickets of mimosa; the common sensitive plant, whose leaves curl up at the touch; interspersed with the candlenut-tree, the castor-oil plant, Moreton Bay figs, or wattle-trees, and every one of the fifty-four species of eucalypti or blue gum that flourish in Queensland. In the borders grow ohias, and hibiscus, white or red, single or double; seringea, boronia, crimson pointsettias, red-purple bugenvillea; jackerandia, like our purple wisteria; and daturas, with their pure white blossom, growing amid a cluster of dark green leaves. There were all the commoner sorts of flowers, and hundreds of others of which I did not know or could not learn the names.

The suite of rooms we have are connected by a succession of verandahs. Doors and windows open to the ground, giving in the evening a terrible invitation to the mosquitoes to enter, of which they avail themselves freely, humming and buzzing round in a maddening dance. Fortunately we are too early

for the sandflies, a tiny insect which hops like a flea, and whose bite is very vicious and painful; they have been known to worry a horse almost to death. The frogs, with their sometimes deafening chirping, are heard in the early morning or after sundown, the same as we used to hear the locusts at Sydney. The hoarse laugh of the "jackass" often rings out on the night air.

*Friday, November 28th.*—Lady Musgrave took me to the Museum in the morning, where they have a good collection of native birds. Following the example of hot climates, for the heat in Brisbane is intense, though we are early enough to escape the worst, which is between this month and April, we stayed quiet during the afternoon, and went out driving in the evening. We drove through the town and principal streets of George and Queen Streets to the Acclimatization Gardens, reserved solely for that purpose, and being so far removed from the town that they are little used. Thence to the Girls' High School, and the Grammar School; and afterwards coming down one of the fine "terraces" or roads overlooking the town, we drove out to Kangaroo Point. Then I was able to master and understand the difficult geography of Brisbane, caused by the windings in the river, which puzzle you as to which side of it you are on. The river winds round the town, so that in one street you can see it at the top and again at the bottom. Brisbane is a thoroughly uninteresting and ugly town. C. met the Premier, Mr. Griffiths; Sir Arthur Palmer, Speaker of the Legislative Council; Sir Thomas MacIlwraith and Mr. Moreland, Leaders of the Opposition, yesterday.

*Saturday, November 29th.*—We did some shopping in the town in the morning for the voyage, buying deck-chairs and

table, &c., and a box to send home to England. C. had a long talk with the Premier, detailing his Massachusetts Probation Scheme, for the probation of prisoners who have been convicted of a first offence only. An article written by him on the subject has just appeared in the Melbourne *Victorian Review*; and the three other colonies that we have visited, New Zealand, Victoria, and New South Wales, are about to adopt it as being very economical, and advantageous in preventing the manufacture of habitual criminals.

Lady Musgrave held her weekly afternoon reception.

On all sides we are hearing such terrible accounts of the drought, which has ruined and is still ruining many owners of "sheep runs" in Queensland. In some places it is two years since a single drop of rain has fallen. No water can be obtained for drinking purposes without sending many miles for it, and even in that case a serious difficulty presents itself, for the horses are dying or dead from want of food. The ground is described as being like a vast bed of sand or gravel, without grass or green thing left growing on it. One lady told me this afternoon that a relative of hers had just gone up country, and wrote to say that they had had no water to wash with for four days, scarcely any to drink, and that at last she had washed her baby in soda water! Sheep can be seen who have staggered to some creek where water had formerly been running, and sinking into the mud, perished, too weak to draw themselves out. Others, again, coming down would get piled dead on the top, forming a ghastly heap. It is computed that between two and three millions of sheep have perished during this drought, and as many as 20,000 on a single run.

ru. The rainfall here is very partial, and that which falls on the seaboard often does not penetrate up country.

Advent Sunday at Brisbane, *November 30th*.—In the midst of this torrid heat, the Advent of Christmas comes unseasonably round. We had a hot and dull morning service in the church, half a mile away. During the afternoon I was reading Anthony Trollope's "Australia and New Zealand:" what a terribly narrow and one-sided view he took of things! A thunderstorm came in the evening to clear the oppressive atmosphere, and we sat out under the verandah after dinner, and watched the lights twinkling among the houses and on the wharf opposite, with the phosphorescent sheet lightning sweeping the sky. It seems well-nigh impossible to realize the murky skies and cold gloom of the November of home, and Advent Sunday has come as an awakening of this fact. C. had luncheon with his cousin, Mr. Gilbert Primrose, at his pretty little place outside the town.

*Monday, December 1st*.—Still very hot and oppressive. Sir Anthony took me for a drive in the evening in a phaeton with pretty cream-coloured ponies, out along the Ipswich road. There were some ranges of hills in the distance, and it was a pretty drive, but a typical Australian look was given to much of the surrounding country by the scrub of dwarfed gums, and by the wooden houses perched on piles, partly for ventilation and dryness, but more to facilitate an easy search after the white ant, the serious drawback to these wooden tenements. Queensland is still in the period of much zinc roofing. There was a large dinner party of pleasant people in the evening, after which we had to pack for two hours to be ready for the morrow's start.

+ Queensland is the youngest of the Australian Colonies, and so great is its extent, that it is the same size as England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium and Denmark would be if added together. It is bisected by the Tropic of Capricorn, which runs nearly through the centre. The south is devoted, as in the other colonies, to pastoral interests. On the Darling and Peak Downs the sheep runs are fenced in, and luxuries even are found in the houses, but on the Thompson and the Herbert, the Warrego and Taroo, the flocks roam at pleasure, and "boundary riders," or men who once or twice in the week ride round the outside of the run, are still in use.

There is much talk at present going on about the division of Queensland, as the north complains that the seat of Government at Brisbane is too far distant, and that their interests are not identical with those of the south. This is so far true, on account of the tropical climate of the north, which is only suitable for the growth of sugar, cotton, pine-apple, banana, or guava plantations.

Agitation is also at present being made for the abolition of island labour, without which it is impossible for the plantations of the north to be worked, as no European can long stand the tropical heat of the mid-day sun. The cry of the south is "Queensland for the white man," and many think that this crucial point will lead to the separation of the north.

The Queensland Government is the only one in Australasia which is at present actively engaged in peopling the vast unoccupied regions of the continent. It has agents in England, and partly under a system of nomination by those already in the colony, partly by the selection of their officers, about 400 emigrants are sent out from England



gratuitously every fortnight, under contract with the British India Steam Navigation Company. Mechanics of sober, industrious habits find their wages augmented in their new homes by 300, 400, and even 500 per cent. Single women find good situations almost before the vessel is moored alongside the wharf at Brisbane. Even a maid of all work, if she can cook, receives out here nearly a pound a week for wages. There is no opening for town loafers or clerks, but ordinary labourers are frequently in demand, and Government does what it can to find them employment, and keeps them for a time at the depôts.

Before leaving Australia (though politics are not within my province), I must say that throughout Australasia there is a strong feeling among all classes for a closer union with the mother country. The loyalty of the people to the Crown and the Empire is unbounded ; but Australia finds herself strong, and should any coldness be displayed by the Home Government, a cry for separation may soon be raised, and we should never forget that, "as a field for British trade, as an outlet for our surplus population, and as producers of our food, our colonies are to us indispensable."

It is with regret that we are obliged to leave Australia without seeing something of the squatter's life in the back country, but the long sea voyage before us renders it impossible for us to wait four weeks for the next mail. If we had gone up country, I fancy previous ideas of the roughing it, and hardships of bush life, with its traditional "damper" and eternal haunch of mutton, would have disappeared before the luxury and comfort which in all but the very recently settled districts now prevail.

My husband has, however, been fortunate enough to meet most of the politicians and leading public men, for at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane the Parliaments have been in session, and this, after all, is the main object of our visit to the colonies. I have before given our reasons for not attempting to visit South Australia; and the Crown Colony of Western Australia, with its capital of Perth and still barren settlements, one would hardly go to except under compulsion. The few emigrants who arrive there rarely remain, and 25,000 numbers the entire population of Western Australia. Although its territory is enormous, it consists chiefly of a sandy waste, and a "Yankee" who landed there is said to have made the observation "that it was the best country he ever saw to run through an hour-glass!"

To my great sorrow we are abandoning our original intention of visiting China and Japan. The war with France would make the former difficult, and the season of the year would be unfavourable for the latter. These are not, however, the chief reasons, so much as a half-formed scheme we are revolving in our minds, to come home by the Cape and South Africa. We have given ourselves till next May for travelling, and it would not be possible to accomplish China, Japan, as well as British India, Netherlands India, the Straits Settlements, and the Cape. Even as it is the latter may fall through from want of time, or the absence of good steamer connection between Bombay and Natal. But we hope for the best as we take leave of Australasia and set sail for Hindoostan.

